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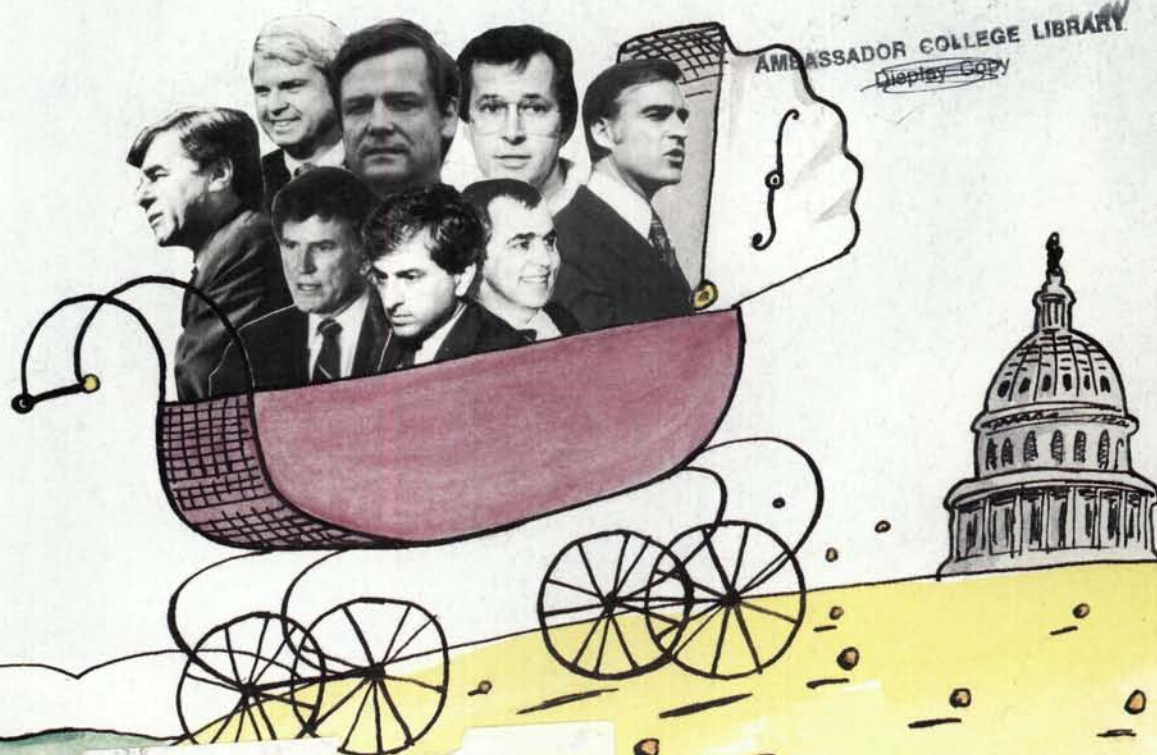
THE RIGHTS OF ANIMALS / FALLOWS ON THE HARD LIFE IN JAPAN

JFK'S CHILDREN: THE CLASS OF '74

BY WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

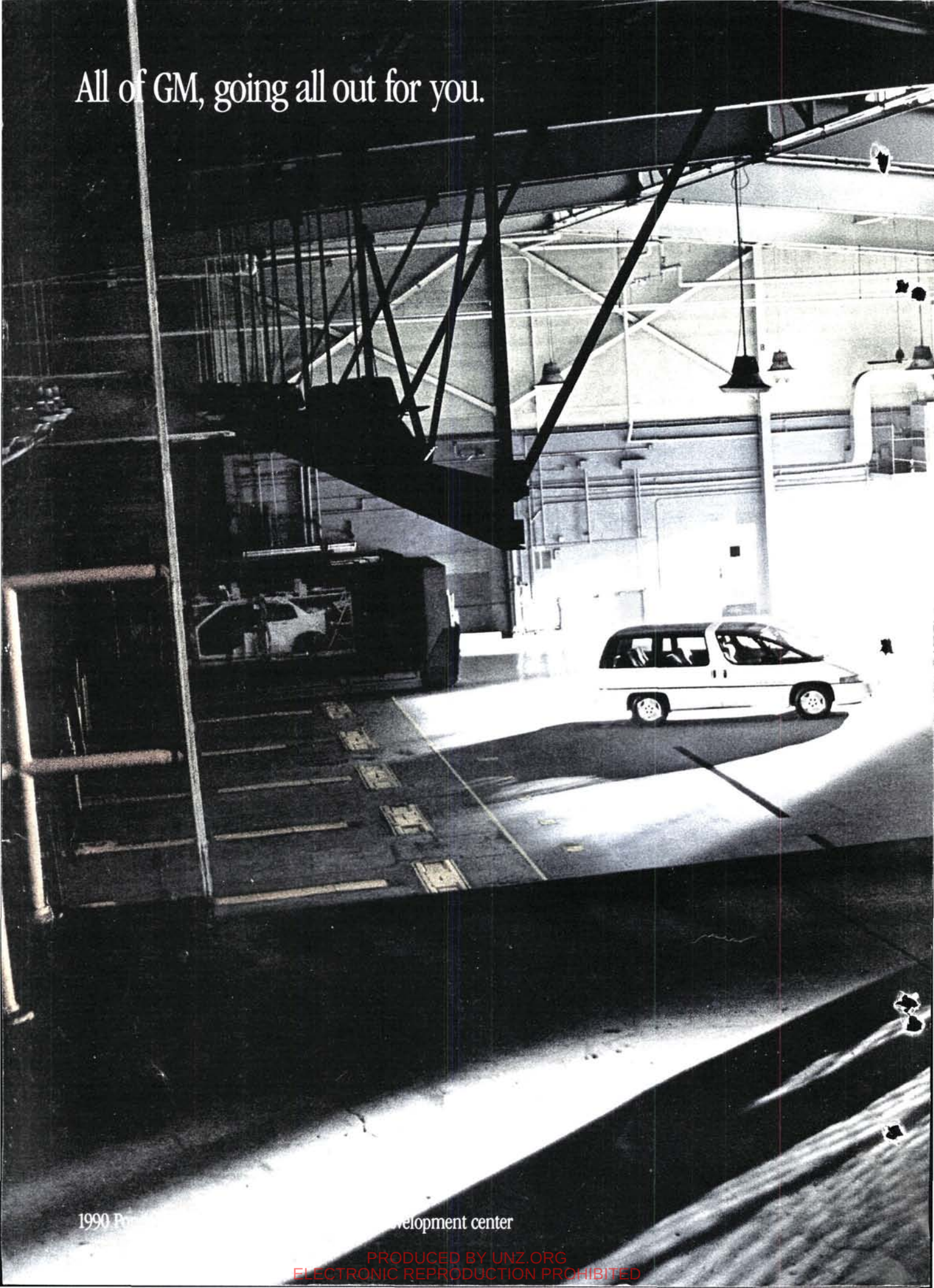
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Like their political godfather, the young Democrats who were swept into public office in the aftermath of Watergate were pragmatic problem-solvers, not knee-jerk liberals, and they were the wave of the party's future. Last year their moment arrived—they had their first presidential nominee, Michael Dukakis. Now what?



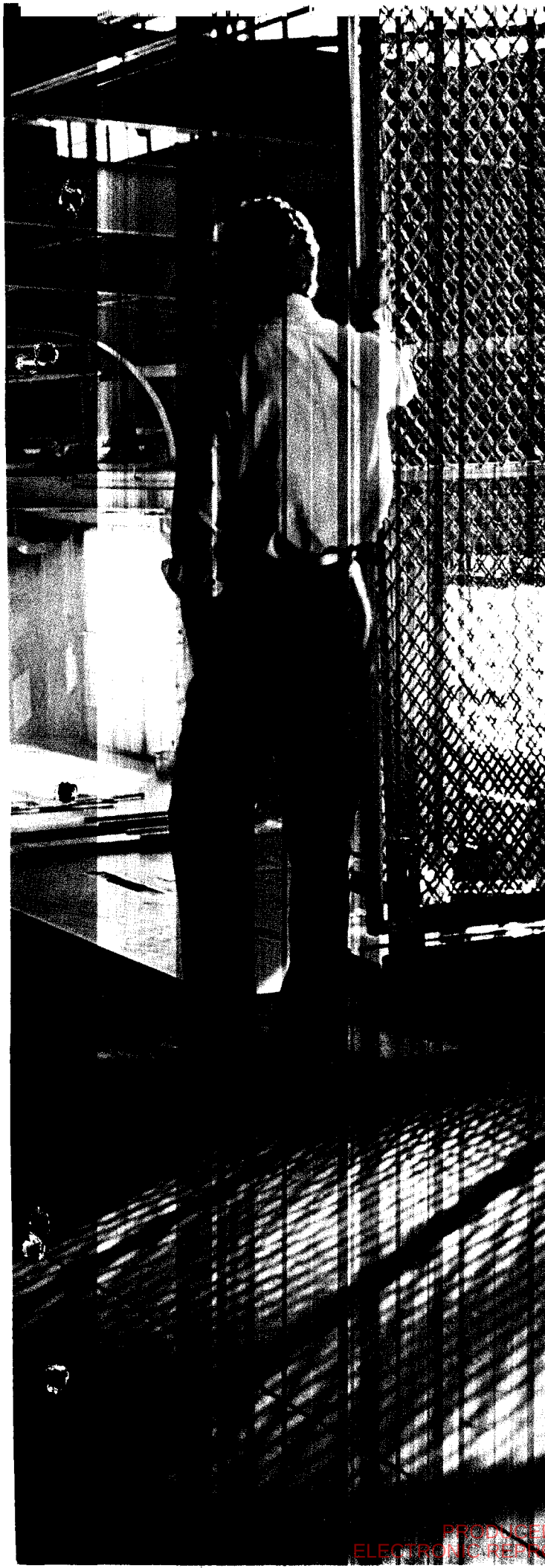
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THE CLASS OF '74 **WILLIAM SCHNEIDER**
In the aftermath of Watergate more than a hundred young Democrats were swept into state and national office. These "Watergate babies"—a new breed of clean, competent, problem-solving pragmatists—have helped to redefine the Democratic Party. Last year one of them became the Democratic presidential nominee. Now one must ask: Does the class of '74 have a future? Where does it go from here?
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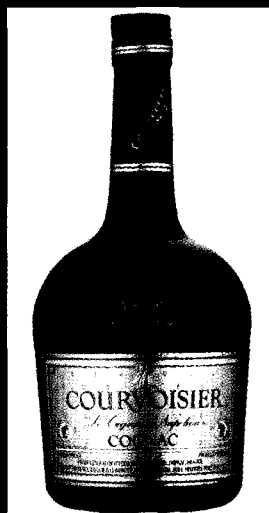
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The March Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere and the staff of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Brad Nelson, of Inter-Campus Programs, Inc.; Sharon Mock, of Destination Daytona; and Eric Latzky, of the Words Project for AIDS.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE RIDDLE OF TLE

Eve LaPlante's excellent article on temporal lobe epilepsy ("The Riddle of TLE," November *Atlantic*) gives some needed attention to a little-known brain disorder that occurs more often than is commonly realized and is also widely misunderstood. I myself have TLE. And while I have genuine feeling for Dostoevsky's statement that he would not exchange all the happiness life could give him for the bliss he experienced just before seizures, the "dreamy states" in inappropriate situations (such as at work) I could do without, thank you. For many people, once the hurdle of a correct diagnosis has been overcome (and TLE is often misdiagnosed, as anything from mental illness to drug abuse), the problem is how one lives with it. Standard medical treatment (anticonvulsant medication, psychotherapy) often does not work, while surgery in most cases is far too radical and dangerous. In fact, the person with TLE often suffers more from the numerous problems associated with having a seizure disorder in a social context than from the seizures themselves.

Often a person with TLE can "adjust" to the seizures. But how does anyone ever adjust to public "dysfunction," followed by all the necessary rounds of explanations that have to be tendered? Although the medical community is making advances in treating the disorder, very little exists in the way of rehabilitation and counseling for sufferers of TLE. This kind of help is sorely needed. That is why your article was so important: it brought public attention to the problem. No one is to blame for TLE, but more people need to take responsibility for it.

ROBERT LORD KEYES
Amherst, Mass.

In regard to "The Riddle of TLE," I surely one must add to the list of well-known historical figures who suffered from it at least one well-known fictional figure: Roderick Usher. Edgar Allan Poe's description of Usher's malady—extreme sensitivity to light and sound, mysticism, compulsion to draw, lack of interest in sex, and so forth—suggests TLE. Presumably, Poe knew a victim of

this dreadful condition; perhaps he was one himself.

ROBERT A. HUNTER
Attleboro, Mass.

Eve LaPlante's article "The Riddle of TLE" seemed to us balanced and well informed. However, we take issue with the use of Arthur Crew Inman as the sole illustrative example of the disorder.

Inman's diagnosis was never established, either by modern, technologically based criteria or on firm clinical grounds. His deterioration was not typical of most patients with TLE. Most important, the significant elements of his behavior, especially the sexual aspects, distorted the image of a disease that produces no such offensive manifestations in the vast majority of cases.

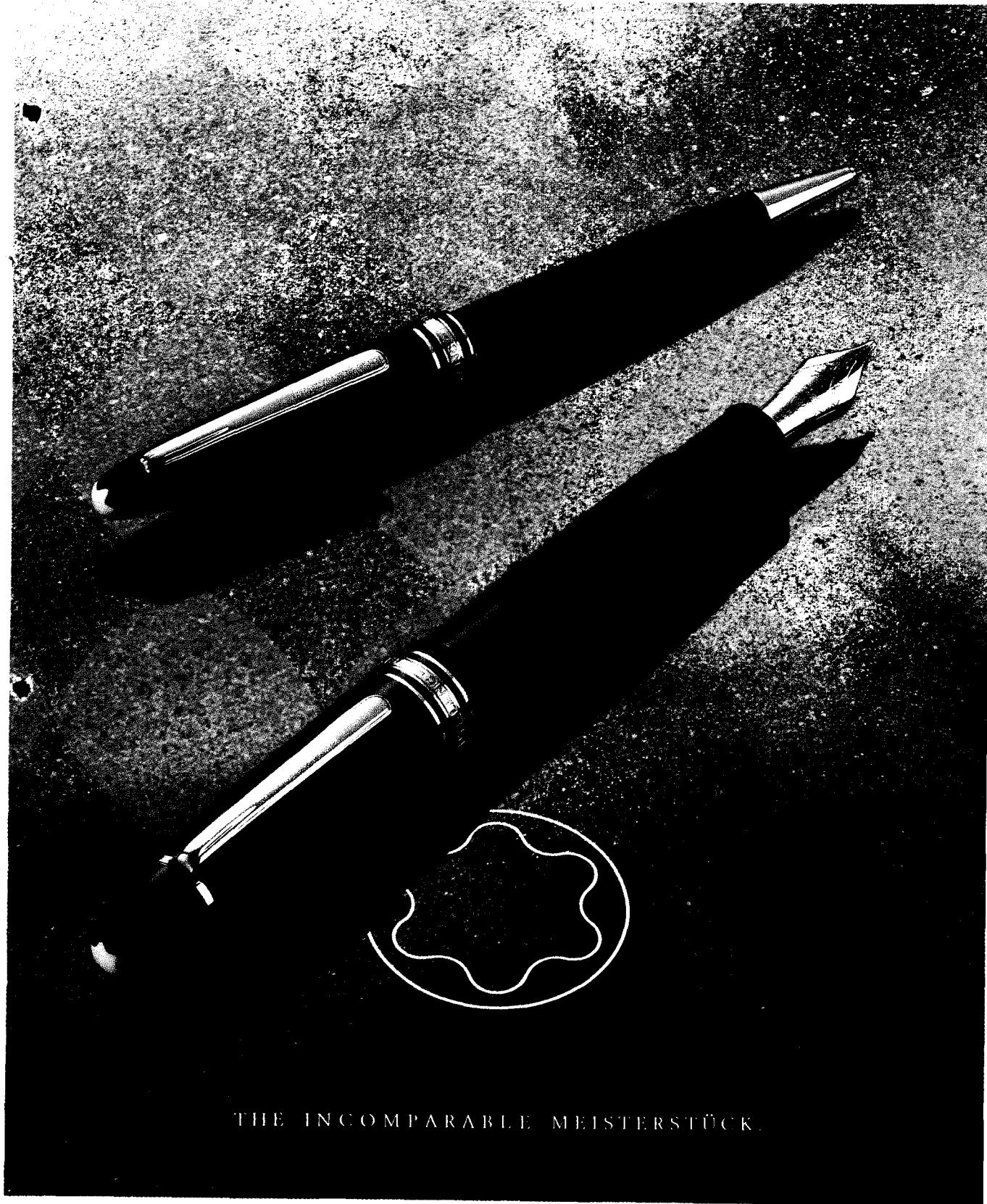
REINA BERNER
DONALD MENDER
*The Epilepsy Institute
New York, N.Y.*

Eve LaPlante replies:

I agree with Mr. Keyes that more TLE research is called for, both to help people with TLE and to help everyone better understand the mind. TLE is called "the royal road to the understanding of the brain," because it links such polarities as sanity and madness, gifts and defects, normality and abnormality.

To enlarge on Mr. Hunter's suspicion that Edgar Allan Poe had TLE, there appears to be a disproportionately high incidence of TLE among writers, famous and otherwise. This comes as no surprise, given the disorder's association with hypergraphia.

The question of what is "typical of most patients with TLE" is a subject of great controversy, as my article pointed out. No one patient can be considered typical. As a revealing and illustrative case in point, Arthur Inman proved intriguing for several reasons. First, his unusual personality and behavior were widely publicized by bewildered reviewers after the publication of his diary in 1985. Second, epilepsy specialists privately suggested TLE as a possible diagnosis. Third, his extraordinary gifts and handicaps underscored the linkage of psychic polarities that often occurs with TLE. Finally, the fact that his case



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was so unclear exemplified the difficulties of diagnosing such a complex and little-understood disorder.

COLONIAL AMERICA

Reading the article on Colonial Williamsburg by Fergus M. Bordewich ("Revising Colonial America," December *Atlantic*) reminded me of my recent visit to Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home, in Charlottesville, Virginia. One would never have known from the evidence there that Jefferson was a slave-owner. All traces of the lives and work of his slaves have been obliterated—their cabins and workshops have been removed and replaced by landscaping. The basement room of his cook is on view, but its descriptive label includes no mention that the occupant was a slave. The cubby occupied by Jefferson's body servant is described by the guide as a storeroom for "out-of-season clothes."

No one can deny the effect that being a slave-owner had upon Jefferson himself. It was a significant aspect of his life and of the society in which he lived. One hopes that at Monticello, as in Williamsburg, the perspective can be widened to show us the whole man.

ANNE M. GORDON
New Paltz, N.Y.

In his fine analysis of the Williamsburg Restoration Fergus Bordewich invokes Bertolt Brecht to help explain the philosophy behind the change. But Brecht, I believe, would be appalled at what Messrs. Chappell and Carson are doing.

Most of Brecht's work challenges the reader or viewer to realize that what he is participating in is a charade, resulting in alienation from the product and, it is to be hoped, greater social awareness. In attempting to reify eighteenth-century Williamsburg with an eye toward "truth," the curators have taken the opposite tack. Their idea of what a museum should be, no matter how laudable, would be problematic for Brecht. If anything, he might prefer the old Williamsburg and its Disney-like utopia. At least there the fraud was as plain as the nose on your face.

SEAN MEHEGAN
Westport, Conn.

Travel was slow in Colonial days, and it may have seemed to Patrick Henry that Richmond was ninety miles from

Williamsburg. The distance, however, is 45 miles as the crow flies, and was about 52 miles by the more wandering route that Henry rode.

RALPH E. LEACH
Mattaponi, Va.

HIDE AND SEEK

Brad Edmondson, in "Hide and Seek" (December *Atlantic*), implies that the Bureau of the Census will someday no longer be needed. I wonder, however, what kind of legislation will follow once TIGER has replaced most of the paper work that enumerators are now faced with. TIGER will be an invaluable gift to American businesses, and worth its weight in gold to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Drug Enforcement Agency, and state and local law-enforcement agencies throughout the country.

Combining the specific information that the census asks for with the power of a computer creates a very powerful tool. A machine that is totally objective about the information it handles can get as specific as the administrators in charge of those data want, and theoretically can handle an infinite amount of information. Wouldn't it be possible to combine the power instilled in such a computer with the various criminal data bases, to create an instrument that may someday be able to keep tabs on individuals within the system as well?

KIRT S. CATHEY
San Francisco, Calif.

Brad Edmondson says that heads of households are not very likely to forget their wives. I would like to know if they are very likely to forget their husbands. Also, I would like to know how the Census Bureau (and Mr. Edmondson) decides who is the head of the household.

DIANE M. PARKER
Austin, Texas

Brad Edmondson replies:

Mr. Cathey's vision of a computerized surveillance system is theoretically possible but extremely unlikely. To name just one obstacle, the Census Bureau does not release data on individuals. In fact, it has repeatedly turned down proposals from other agencies that would infringe privacy. Bureau officials are acutely aware that the public's good will is essential to their work.

The survey Ms. Parker refers to was taken in 1960. Until 1980 the Census Bureau assumed that a man was the head of his household. Today it asks for the person who holds the mortgage or pays the rent. In any case, I'm not aware of any estimate of how likely wives are to forget their husbands.

SMOG

Mark Thompson's article "Fighting for Cleaner Air" (September *Atlantic*) is quite good but off the mark on at least two points, which I will set straight for the record.

While citing Louis McCabe as the first director of the Los Angeles County Air Pollution Control District, Thompson left-hands him by saying that McCabe devoted his efforts to controlling refineries and missed the smog-explanation boat. Thompson credits Arie Jan Haagen-Smit with discovering the correct source, the automobile, but neglects to say that it was McCabe who funded and supported Haagen-Smit's research. They remained good friends for life.

Second, Thompson is wrong in saying that there were no diamond lanes in Los Angeles. Diamond lanes were established in 1950. However, the car-loving Los Angeles residents fought this as an unconstitutional apportionment of their highway tax dollars. They did so with single-occupancy-car parades in the diamond lanes and with joint action in the courts—and, in 1951, they won.

GILBERT LEVIN
Beltsville, Md.

Mark Thompson replies:

M McCabe may have encouraged Haagen-Smit's research, which eventually proved that automobiles were the primary source of the ingredients of smog. But the fact is that in his years as the smog commissioner of Los Angeles, in the late 1940s, McCabe made no serious effort to regulate automotive pollution. Indeed, as I pointed out, he belittled theories blaming cars for smog as "folklore" in a speech at the first National Air Pollution Symposium, in 1949.

I did not say that there have never been diamond lanes in Los Angeles. From time to time lanes have been set aside for carpools, but they have always been unpopular with the many drivers set on having a car to themselves. That is why regulators continue, as I noted, to

shy away from extending them to more than the few stretches of freeway where they are now in place.

WORD HISTORIES

I enjoy Word Watch and Word Histories, but I am not satisfied with Craig Carver's derivation for *jackleg* (Word Histories, October *Atlantic*). Its ultimate relationship to *jack*, as in *lumberjack*, *every man jack of them*, and *jack-tar*, may have some basis, but along with the qualities of commonness and knavishness, these terms suggest a simple sturdiness that would appear to be at odds with the word as it is commonly used.

A more appealing origin for *jackleg*, at least insofar as it refers to something that has been thrown together so ineptly as to be unserviceable, is suggested by its alternate use in reference to a crippling condition brought about by drinking badly made whiskey. The use of *jack leg* (and its variant *jake leg*) to describe the unsound limb of the victim of moonshine poisoning has lost currency with the decline of the illicit whiskey trade,

but it is still frequently encountered across the South, particularly among an older, rural population. This usage was first described to me in Mississippi's Yazoo Delta area. A local farmer, asked about the origin of the place name Jake-town, described it as a onetime seat of bootlegging that had produced more than its share of invalids. The term also crops up occasionally in regional literature.

ROBERT PACE
Knoxville, Tenn.

Craig Carver replies:

Mr. Pace's derivation of *jackleg* from *jack leg* (a paralyzed limb whose paralysis was caused by drinking "jake," or contaminated liquor), which is a variant of *jake leg* (not the other way around), is semantically appealing but historically impossible. *Jackleg*, meaning "unprofessional, incompetent, or disreputable," was in common use almost a hundred years (1840s) before the first recorded instance of *jake leg* (1926). It is striking, however, that both terms are regionalisms current primarily in the South, which suggests that the *jack leg* variant of *jake leg* was influenced by the older *jackleg*.

SEEING RED

David Owen ("Business: Seeing Red," October *Atlantic*) has told me all there is to know about M&M's—except that M&M's Plain contain peanuts! Read the label!

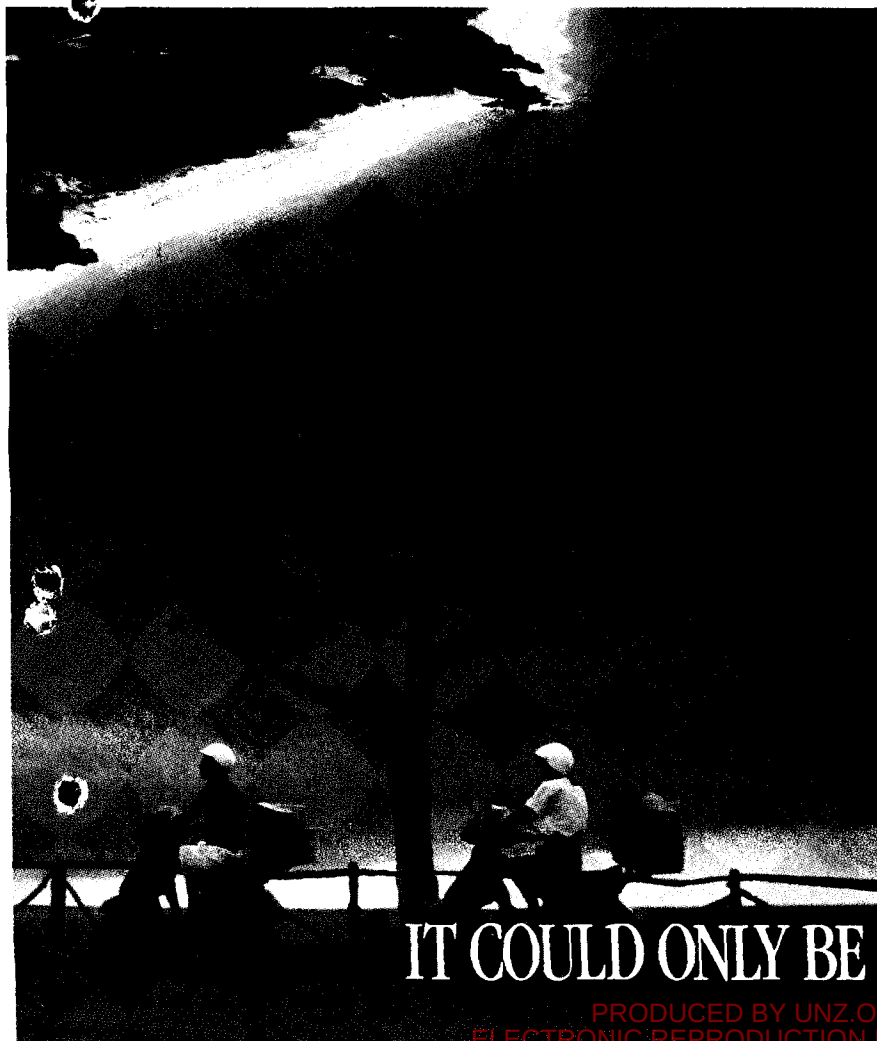
GLORIA B. KELLER
Burtonsville, Md.

Oh, come now—everyone knows why M&M/Mars has handled the red-M&M's issue so cautiously. There was no "sinister and dangerous power struggle" over the red-colored candy, as David Owen alleges. Red M&M's, as we all learned in high school, are powerful aphrodisiacs. Only recently, in this new era of "safe sex," has it made sense for M&M/Mars to reintroduce red M&M's. That's all there is to it.

ALAN E. MAYS
Middletown, Pa.

David Owen's tasty and colorful salute to M&M's would have been even sweeter if the following tidbits had been included:

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has long been rumored to be an aphrodisiac. Perhaps a little investigative journalism would be in order to discover the source of this rumor (the original soldier-customers, perhaps?).

Am I the only reader-customer to fondly remember Almond M&M's? They were marketed in the late fifties or early sixties and then vanished. What happened and why? (Too much Spanish fly in the green coloring, maybe?)

Incidentally, out here in the real world we refer to one piece from a group of M&M's as, simply, an "M."

NINA D. GASPICH
Chicago, Ill.

COOK PORK PINK

While Corby Kummer may be theoretically correct when he advises "Cook Pork Pink" in your December issue, the title of the article is irresponsible. Pink comes in many shades, and one man's pink may be another's poison.

I also disagree with the suggestion that cooking pork to 150° allows for a "margin of thermometer error and unevenness in cooking." Suppose the cook does not have the wit to insert an instant-read thermometer into the thickest part of the meat (something Kummer never specifically recommends)? And what if the thermometer is inserted too far or not far enough, giving a reading that does not reflect the temperature in the middle, or least-cooked, part of the meat?

Toward the end of the article Kummer discusses a recipe in which the meat registered "at least 145°." Where is the margin of error? Pork must be cooked to 137° after long cooking and 144° after brief cooking to kill trichinae.

What Kummer decides to cook and eat himself is one thing. Indeed, I have cooked pork to only 150° myself on occasion, and with confidence. But as a food writer, I would never recommend a temperature of less than 160° to the public.

FLORENCE FABRICANT
New York, N.Y.

Corby Kummer replies:

I suspected that my recommendations about cooking pork would worry many readers, and Ms. Fabricant expertly represents their concerns.

In researching my article I consulted with Dr. Gregory Parham, the chief of epidemiology of the Food Safety and In-

spection Service at the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Parham said that the FSIS recommends that home cooks, whose thermometers and measuring procedures are often inaccurate, cook pork to 160° (a figure I included). He also said that although there is "no monolithic temperature" at which trichinae and bacteria are killed, 150° should be safe, especially given that I was discussing pork chops. Because chops are so thin, I did not repeat my usual admonition to be sure that the thermometer is stuck into the very center of a piece of meat and not touching bone; it is always good advice.

Most cooks I spoke to cook pork to no higher a temperature than 145°, a prejudice I reflected when discussing how I had cooked my chops. I made clear in the piece the distinction between the figures of 137° and 144° (Dr. Parham, by the way, rejects such precise figures, citing conflicting data), and advised all readers to use thermometers and their own judgment given what is known about cooking pork safely.

DEFENDING WILBUR MILLS

Nicholas Lemann's typically penetrating report on the War on Poverty contains an unattributed, deeply damaging sentence: "During the initial lobbying for the Economic Opportunity Act, Wilbur Mills, of Arkansas, told one of [Sargent] Shriver's aides that he was not going to be involved in any program to help 'a bunch of niggers,' and threw the man out of his office." Lemann has allowed some unnamed person, a quarter century later, to accuse Mills of bigotry and political stupidity at a stroke, without allowing Mills to respond.

For a southern politician, the price of heroism on the racial issue in those days was martyrdom. Mills as a politician was not a heroic figure. Neither, however, was he an overt racist or a fool. Having spent many months in desultory work on a Mills biography, I find it difficult to believe that the incident Lemann describes ever occurred.

DAVID TERRELL
Reston, Va.

Nicholas Lemann replies:

The anecdote about Mills came from the Lyndon Johnson Library's oral-history interview with Christopher Weeks, who was the deputy director of the Job Corps and the man thrown out of Mills's

office. I treated this document as authoritative. It seemed to me quite likely that Weeks, interviewed for a historical archive not long after the incident, would remember it vividly, and unlikely that Mills (who, in addition to all his good works, was hot-tempered and hard-drinking) would remember it at all if asked about it more than twenty years later.

ADVICE & CONSENT

I read with interest the Health & Safety section of the December Almanac regarding the toxicity of poinsettias. Although it is correct that poinsettias do not produce significant systemic toxicity, when the sap from the plant comes in contact with the skin it can cause a dermatitis, and when it is ingested orally gastrointestinal distress can occur. The statement is made that "because many people think that poinsettias are poisonous, people will make more than 2,000 unnecessary calls to poison-control centers." Is such a call unnecessary because an ingestion would not produce serious toxicity? I don't think so. Poison-center staff can reassure the caller that eating the poinsettia would not cause serious problems, make sure that all plant material is removed from the mouth and that the area around the mouth has been washed to remove any sap, recommend a demulcent to prevent gastrointestinal effects, and provide poison-prevention information. Parents and others should not hesitate to contact a poison center for advice, and should never feel that calling is "unnecessary."

GARY M. ODERDA
*Director, Maryland Poison Center
Baltimore, Md.*

Thank you for printing Alice Munro's story "Hold Me Fast, Don't Let Me Pass" in the December *Atlantic*. It was a refreshing change to read an interesting story with no violence, no guns, no explicit sex, and no four-letter words.

CAROLYN HONER
Santa Ana, Calif.

Paul Gagnon's fine piece "Why Study History?" (November *Atlantic*) provides clear support for integrated history teaching bound together by a "democratic vision of liberty, equality, and justice," as the report of the Bradley Commission recommends.

However, as a teacher of American

history over the past thirty years, with a dissertation based on research into secondary history textbooks written during the past century and a half, I remain resistant to certain positions in Gagnon's comments. First, the implication that any one of the textbooks reviewed should have his attitudes and sense of emphasis is nonsense. I would venture to guess that almost every single-author textbook in our century was created to remedy just such feelings on the part of a professional teacher whose search for the textbook had convinced him or her that another textbook was needed. Add to that the changes made by publishers to sell to large state and regional markets, and we are fortunate to have textbooks as usable as they are. Second, Gagnon seems to believe that teachers bring only the textbook to students' learning of history. While that may have been true a century ago, before there were appropriate college curricula or professional historians, it is true no longer. The textbook is *not* the course of study, nor should the curriculum be based solely on the bias of the teacher. Resources for experienced teachers, reflecting a spectrum of viewpoints in

American history, are numerous. I should say in his defense that Gagnon does suggest outside reading for an understanding of the black experience in America, something with which I find teenagers particularly empathic.

Gagnon's call for emphases on world and comparative history seems especially valid in view of the Bradley report. Many of us, as teachers of both world and national history, knit the disciplines together in the tenth and eleventh grades in a variety of ways: revolutions, frontier experiences, and shared economic difficulties do indeed meld the

human condition. Some textbooks help make these connections—most notably, for me, Palmer and Colton's *History of the Modern World*, and George Brown Tindall's *America: A Narrative History*. At the college-preparatory school in which I teach we use these texts selectively at the tenth- and eleventh-grade levels, even if (or because) they call for a stretch by our students. Of course, most of us have our favorite textbooks for different age groups or student learning levels, and our choices remain tentative as cultural imperatives evolve around us.

litical or economic history. Perhaps he is really calling for a modernization of history, which is not a contradiction in terms but rather the way in which the discipline filters itself periodically. Most of us trained in the discipline prepare our students to expect bias, because, as Carl Becker noted long ago, we tend to see the past through the eyes of the present. Since our present is seldom in focus (even on the six o'clock news), our textbooks seem to fail to keep up with our evolving viewpoints. Thus, most of us who teach introduce geographic and

chronological connections with the present not for trendy "relevance" but rather to provide an understanding of the kinds of contemporary lessons that Barbara Tuchman has found in her historical research, and that Gagnon rightfully calls for in textbooks. For example, Tindall in *America* finds it ironic that leaders in both the North and the South sought to preserve and extend individual freedom through civil war. May not the same sort of irony apply to Ireland, the Middle East, or Central America?

As a picky teacher, I can question only one statement of fact. Gagnon twice refers to 1619 as the beginning of

black enslavement. Captive African people were first brought to Jamestown in 1619, the year before the *Mayflower* arrived in New England, but to my knowledge official hereditary life service does not show up until 1640 in Virginia court records. Otherwise, Gagnon's article is a fine and provocative piece, which I will have my students use to critique their own textbook readings as a final-exam project.

HENRY M. LITTLEFIELD
Headmaster
The York School
Monterey, Ca.

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This is the one
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WILD
TURKEY

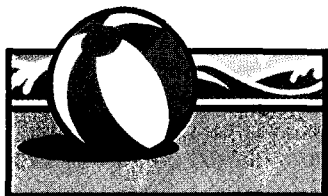
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If Gagnon were to write a similar critique in the next century, most of his current emphases would have to be revised. For example, read any twentieth-century textbook on the causes of the American Revolution, and then read the Declaration of Independence. The differences of emphasis are vast, and those differences form the essence of the changes in perspective we have experienced concerning wars of revolution. Nor am I sure that Gagnon's preamble-based position on government responsibility for the public welfare could be proved by an extended study of our po-

THE MARCH ALMANAC



DEMOGRAPHICS

Some 750,000 college students will head for the beaches of the Sunbelt during spring break this month. The communities that bear the brunt of this onslaught often have mixed feelings about it. Fort Lauderdale began to deter students in 1986 by passing an open-container law and rerouting traffic to prevent beachfront "cruising." The number of students expected there this year is only about 30,000 (versus 100,000 or more in previous years). Taking up some of the slack: Daytona Beach. A consortium of Daytona promoters and retailers has mounted a marketing campaign aimed at some 200 colleges and universities. Daytona expects to see 300,000 students this spring.

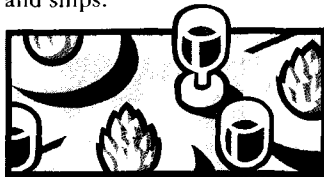
ARTS & LETTERS

March 20, "The Benefit of Words," a dinner to raise funds for the human-services programs of AIDS Project Los Angeles. Awards will be presented for literature on AIDS in two categories: fiction and poetry, and nonfiction. Scores of books about AIDS have been published since 1981, when the Centers for Disease Control first reported on a mysterious outbreak of cancers among gay men. Among the likely contenders for an award: *Mortal Embrace*, by Emmanuel Dreuilhe; *Morning Glory Babies: Children with AIDS and the Celebration of Life*, by Tolbert McCarroll; *The Quilt: Stories From the NAMES Project*, by Cindy Ruskin; *Borrowed Time and Love Alone*, both by Paul Monette; and *Eighty-Sixed*, by David B. Feinberg.



THE ENVIRONMENT

Along much of America's coastline this month avid boaters will be preparing their vessels for the coming season, and 1989 will be the last easy year for many of them. The use of marine anti-fouling paints containing tributyltin, or TBT, was prohibited by Congress last June on all hulls under 25 meters (except aluminum hulls). Bottom paints prevent the growth of algae, barnacles, and other junk on a boat's hull; unlike hulls painted with other kinds of bottom paints, hulls coated with TBT formulations need not be scraped and repainted every season. Research has shown that TBT can kill or injure marine animals that do not grow on boats, including many that are of commercial interest to man. One prominent marine chemist has called TBT "perhaps the most toxic substance ever deliberately introduced into our coastal waters." The most vocal supporter of TBT has been the United States Navy, which is barred by Congress from using most TBT paints on non-aluminum boats and ships.



FOOD

The peak artichoke season begins this month. Some 130 million pounds of the vegetable are harvested annually in the United States; most are grown in California. (The artichoke industry is centered in the town of Castroville, which in 1949 rolled out the red carpet for an actress nobody had heard of, Marilyn Monroe, when she agreed to become the Artichoke Queen.) Artichokes contain a chemical, cynarin, that makes everything one eats after eating an artichoke taste sweeter than it ordinarily would. For this reason the drinking of fine wines with artichokes is not recommended.

THE SKIES

March 7, New Moon; also, a partial eclipse of the Sun, visible west of the Mississippi beginning at 11:17 EST. 20, Vernal Equinox; the sun crosses the Equator and brings spring to the Northern Hemisphere. 22, Full Moon, also known this month as the Lenten, Sap, or Crow Moon. A few rather paltry meteor showers, including the Corona Australids and the Camelopardalids, reach their peak this month.

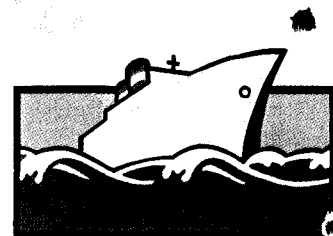


GOVERNMENT

March 1, by this date the Secretary of Defense must report to Congress on plans for the creation, as one component of the Strategic Defense Initiative, of a system to defend against "the accidental launch of a strategic ballistic missile against the continental United States." A proposed system, called ERIS (for "exo-atmospheric re-entry vehicle interception system"), would be capable of shooting down a single such missile with ground-based rockets. The legislation mandating the Pentagon report reiterates congressional support for a "strict" interpretation of the 1972 anti-ballistic-missile treaty, which limits the United States and the Soviet Union to 200 anti-ballistic missiles apiece. March 20, the Senate recesses for the Easter break, to be followed four days later by the House of Representatives.

EXPIRING PATENTS

No. 3,650,226. Document im-molator. "A security file so constructed as to facilitate expeditious destruction of documents and materials contained in the file. The file contains oxidizing panels which, upon ignition, burn and destroy the contents of the file. A flue extends along the back or side walls and along the bottom of the cabinet."



HEALTH & SAFETY

March is the last big month of the annual cruise season. The Centers for Disease Control, which conducts sanitation inspections of all cruise ships that call at U.S. ports, is proposing this year to change the way it reports the results. Under the new system, the CDC will make public a numerical score (from 1, meaning unfit for human habitation, to 100, meaning perfect) rather than simply noting "pass" or "fail." A passing score is 86; only 50 percent of cruise ships regularly pass inspection.

75 YEARS AGO

H. L. Mencken, writing about newspaper crusades in the March, 1914, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "What the mob thirsts for is not good government in itself, but the merry chase of a definite exponent of bad government. The newspaper that discovers such an exponent—or, more accurately, the newspaper that discovers dramatic and overwhelming evidence against him—has all the material necessary for a reform wave of the highest emotional intensity. All that it need do is to goad the victim into a fight. Once he has formally joined the issue, the people will do the rest. They are always ready for a man-hunt, and their favorite quarry is the man of politics. If no such prey is at hand, they will turn to wealthy debauchees, to fallen Sunday-school superintendents, to money barons, to white-slave traders, to unsedulous chiefs of police. But their first choice is the boss."





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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

HOW TO GET RICH QUICK

MOST PEOPLE ARE rich in some ways (good health, happy outlook, stimulating hobbies) but not in others (money). Ordinarily I'm not a complainer, but hearing about people who are rich in the money way sometimes makes me grouchy. Not long ago I decided to do something about this.

My wife and I know some people who have a house in the country (as we do) and an apartment in New York (as we don't). After talking to these people a couple of months ago I asked myself, Does the fact that we have only one place to live mean we're poor? A few days later I found myself browsing through the real-estate section of the Sunday *New York Times*. Buried in the fine print on page 78 was an advertisement that caught my eye. It was for an eight-room duplex apartment with two big bedrooms, a maid's room, a laundry room, a terrace, and several other rooms on the forty-eighth and forty-ninth floors of a building in a fancy neighborhood in Manhattan. By regular house standards this apartment was a little on the dinky side, but by New York standards it was palatial. A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity! Most of all, I liked the price: \$12,500 a month. That works out to \$150,000 a year.

So here's what I did: I didn't rent it. Not doing that gives my wife and me an extra hundred and fifty grand a year to spend on anything we like. It's not enough to make us *rich* rich, but it's enough to make us darned comfortable.

And not renting that apartment had an unanticipated benefit: unlike certain rich people we know, we don't have to spend half our time driving our screaming children back and forth between our place in the city and our place in the country.

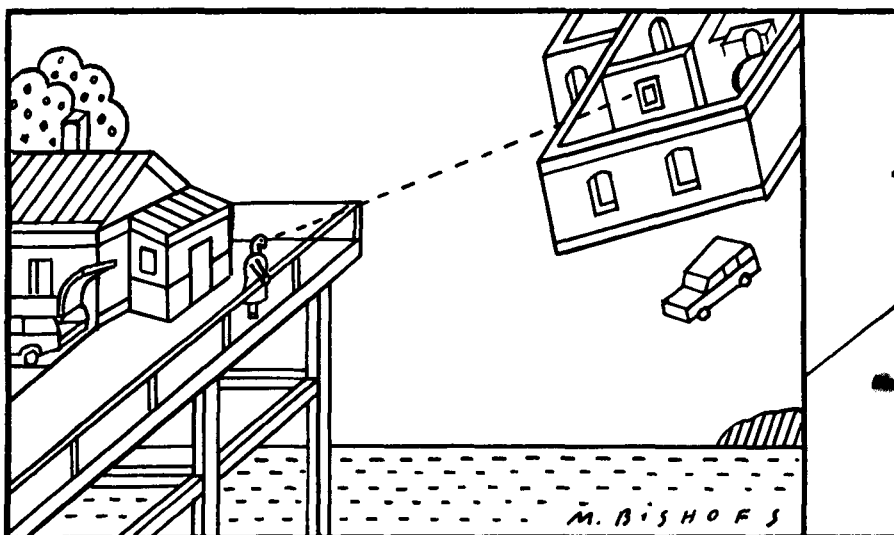
A short time later, while my wife and I were still just *nouveaux riches*, I saw one of those Mercedes-Benz station wagons. It was parked in front of the liquor store. The car was so new that it still had the dealer's price sticker in the window. Do you know what the manufacturer's suggested retail price was? It was almost \$50,000.

I was shocked. My wife and I have a station wagon, but it's just one of the normal brands. It has a front seat, a back seat, and a "way back," just like the Mercedes, and it cost only about a quarter as much. I did some on-the-spot arithmetic and decided not to trade up—a deal that left roughly \$35,000 on the table for my wife and me.

Incidentally, we park our regular station wagon in our driveway. We have a garage, but it's filled with trash cans, old

tires, toys, firewood, a huge pile of broken-up bricks, and an unknown number of garbage-eating squirrels, raccoons, and possums. None of this costs us anything; the driveway and the garage came free when we bought our house.

If we had rented that apartment in New York, however, we wouldn't have had a free driveway in the city in which to park our station wagon during our hectic, noise-filled visits. We would have had to pay for a space in a nearby garage. Then—merely in order to duplicate what we now get for nothing—we would have had to rent at least three more spaces for our trash cans, old tires, squirrels, and so on, plus another space for our other car, which we might want to bring to the city every once in a while on a whim. (When we first moved to the country, we tried to get by with only one car, but we quickly found out that if you don't have a second car you can't get to the repair shop to pick up your first car after one of you—this is strictly hypothetical—drives it into a big rock.) Each of these parking spaces, in the fancy

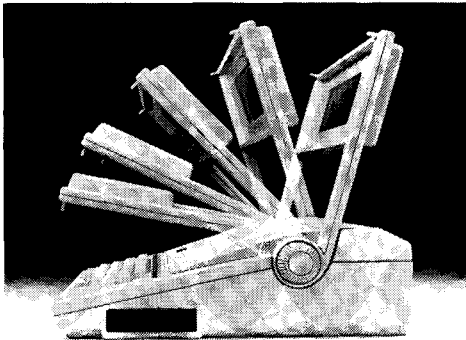


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neighborhood where the apartment we don't have is located, costs about \$350 a month. Not renting all five of them gives us an extra \$1,750 a month, or \$21,000 a year, which is really just mad money for people in our bracket.

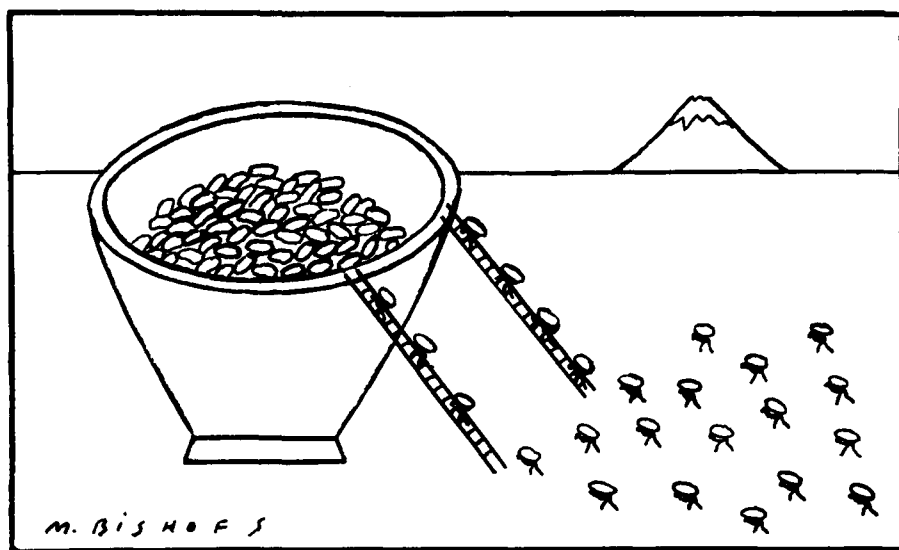
Wait, there's more. Next year those friends of ours in New York are going to send their five-year-old son to The Dalton School, where tuition for kindergartners is just under \$9,000. Not us. Our daughter will be going to kindergarten right here, in the town where we live. Tuition at the school in our town is free. That means we'll have an extra nine thou to spend on non-education next year, and there'll be a lot more where that came from each year after that. We also intend not to send our son, as soon as he's old enough not to go.

The really great thing is, the rich real-

ly do keep getting richer. Just recently my wife and I celebrated our tenth wedding anniversary by forgetting it for several days and then, unlike certain people we know, not spending a couple of weeks alone on a fabulous exotic tropical island. A trip like that could easily cost \$10,000—money we simply added to our pile. I also didn't give my wife one of those diamond eternity rings that say you'd marry her all over again, and she didn't give me one either.

I hate to rub it in, but my wife and I are terrifically loaded at this point. If we keep raking in the dough we might even decide to splurge on something we've always dreamed of having but never felt we could afford, like a second honeymoon, or a fancy car, or a snazzy little pied-à-terre in New York.

—David Owen



TOKYO THE HARD LIFE

Japanese stoicism seems to be a guarantee of continued trade imbalances

FOREIGNERS IN JAPAN soon work up lists of "Why on earth . . ." questions. Why is pachinko, a mindless pin-ball game that you "play" by watching metal balls bounce around, the most popular pastime among some of the world's best-educated people? Why is a person's blood type—A, B, O, or whatever—supposed to reveal his character, like an astrological sign? Why do men cruise through neighborhoods twice a week, in trucks equipped with loudspeakers, in-

cessantly announcing that poles for hanging laundry are for sale? (Can there be that much repeat business?) Why do the generally fastidious Japanese leave their lurid, phone-book-sized comics, known as *manga*, on train seats, on sidewalks, or wherever else they happen to finish reading them? Why have I gotten the urge to read *manga* on the train?

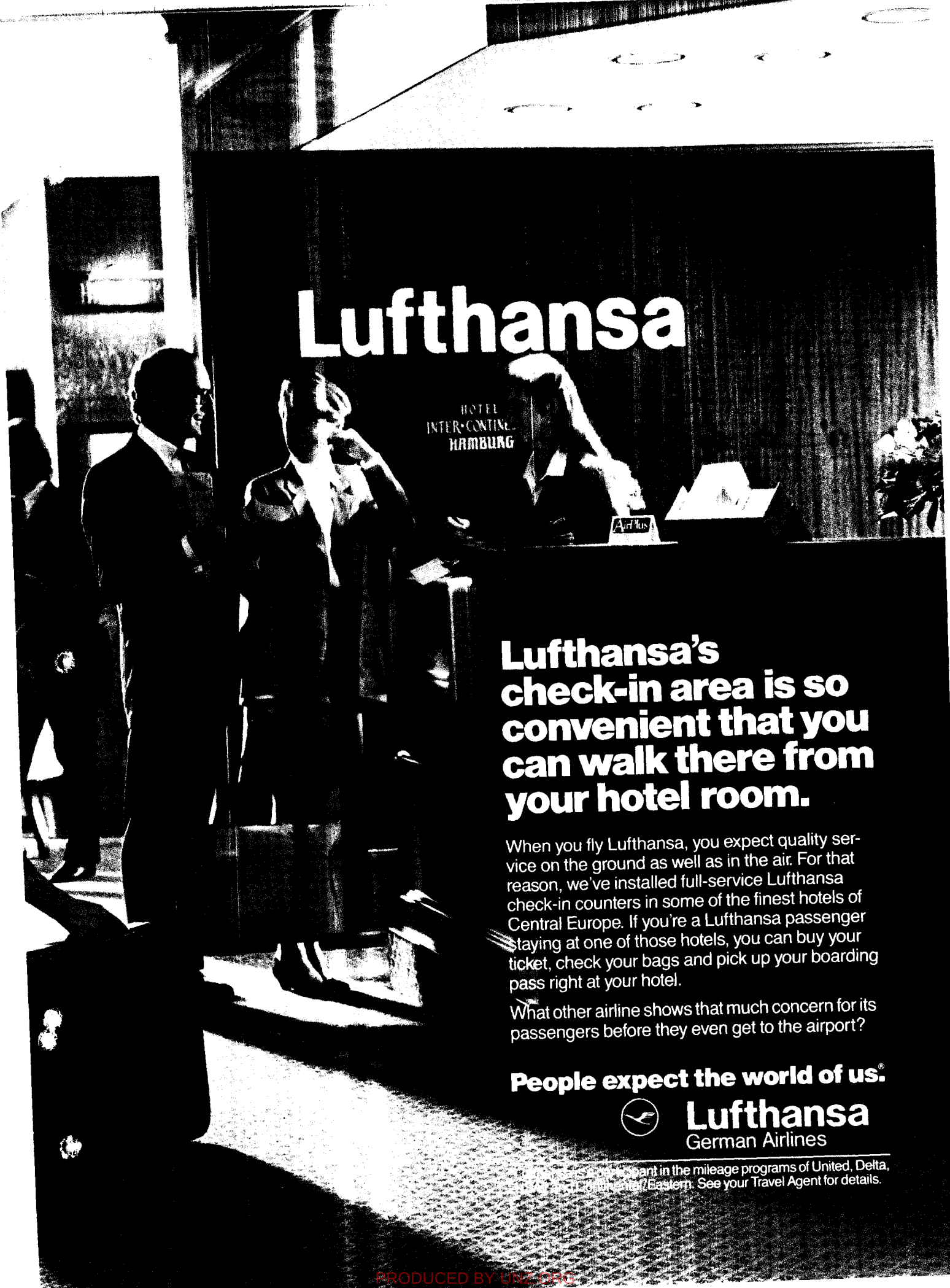
One question is even more compelling than this last one: Why is life in Japan so hard? I don't mean hard for me, with my battered dollars, but hard for the Japanese, who have supposedly won the world's economic wars. Japan, as everyone knows, now has the highest per capita income of any country, apart from, perhaps, a couple of oil baronies. Yet few Europeans or North Americans would willingly trade places in daily life with the average Japanese, whose living conditions are cramped, working hours

are long, and material rewards and chances for recreation are slight compared with those in the rest of the industrialized world. One friend from New York, on his first visit to Japan, walked through our neighborhood in Yokohama on a sunny day and saw laundry flapping from every window and porch. "You mean no one has dryers?" he asked. "This is how I expected Seoul to look." Japan now has enough money to do anything it wants. Why do rich people keep living this way?

The answer to this question is crucial, because it essentially determines whether the world's trade battles with Japan will ever end. If most Japanese people agree with the outside view—that Japanese life is needlessly hard—then trade imbalances will start working themselves out. The Japanese government may try to keep markets closed, but the people themselves will eventually rebel. They will find ways to buy cheaper imports, they will take more time off, they will get tired of tightening their belts in order to increase world market share. They will complain about, and finally change, the regulations and government-sanctioned cartels that thwart the consumer's interests in Japan. But if, for whatever reason, the Japanese public feels that its material desires have been satisfied, then trade problems might never solve themselves. Japanese workers and consumers will have little incentive to behave the way market theory says they should, by using their ever-increasing wealth to live in ever more comfortable style.

My impression is that, unfortunately, the second hypothesis is the correct one: the Japanese public is already quite content, or, more precisely, is not unhappy enough to demand a substantial change. Contentment is a plus for any country, but in this case it practically guarantees continued trade friction.

Now a few definitions: In many non-material ways Japan's standard of living is certainly very high. Crime exists, but its rarity is a luxury for which many Americans would gladly exchange loads of material wealth. Although class divisions also exist—and, in fact, seem to be widening, as it becomes more and more expensive to get children into the right private schools, which lead to the right universities, which lead to the right jobs—the divisions are muted compared with the United States or Europe. And Japanese society suffers none of the emotional or physical strain imposed on



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Boswell, *Life of Johnson* (1775)

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America by its underclass. From the Japanese perspective, the homeless and the derelicts of New York represent an incomprehensible social failure, giving the city more in common with Manila than with Tokyo. “Compared with when I first came here, in 1964, life in Tokyo is much better,” Clyde Prestowitz, the author of *Trading Places: How We Allowed Japan to Take the Lead*, told me late last year. “Life in New York and Washington is worse.” Not everyone in Japan is well educated or competent, but at most levels of society most people throw themselves into doing their jobs as well as they can. The effect is contagious: after watching gas-station attendants race out to greet each arriving car, or seeing construction workers sweep up around their building site, I feel as if I should rush to my desk, polish my computer, and sit down to work. In practice Japanese politics is not very democratic—seats in the Diet are heavily gerrymandered, and one party is in permanent control—but legally the society is impeccably free.

In the strictly material sense, too, Japan’s standard of living is higher than many countries’, and is on the way up. Twenty years ago many streets in Tokyo were unpaved. Now they are not only paved but full of modern cars. Not all Japanese-made products are as well designed as the country’s exports would indicate—ready-to-wear clothing, for instance, is generally unappealing—but at least once a day I am forced to stop and admire the delicacy and skill with which something has been made. Japan’s department stores are bursting with elegant and super-expensive goods. The riot of advertisements on television, billboards, and subway placards makes this society seem anything but frugal or abstemious. The excitement of Tokyo’s biggest, most bustling districts—Shinjuku, Shibuya, Aoyama, as well as the more famous Ginza—is a kind of materialistic frenzy. Endless streams of people surge down the streets and into the stores, gigantic open-air TV screens run nonstop commercials that look like music videos, and neon signs flash on and off, urging the cash-rich Japanese to buy, buy, buy.

How, then, can anyone call Japanese life mean or hard? Many Japanese have replied with semi-offended astonishment when I’ve raised my “low living standards” question with them; they’ve taken the very premise of the question as a sneer at what they have achieved. In attempting to explain why it’s not a

sneer, I've come up with three ways in which this ever more affluent country still seems pointlessly austere.

The first is crowded housing, and daily crowding in general. The typical Japanese dwelling is much smaller, much more expensive, and somewhat worse made than its counterpart in Europe or, especially, the United States. The typical Japanese also spends more of his day fighting for survival space in unending crowds. The second is purchasing power. Japanese factories make many products very efficiently, and Japanese exports are famous for giving overseas consumers more for their money. When they spend their yen at home, however, Japanese consumers are shortchanged no matter what they buy. The third is leisure. Certain categories of Japanese—namely, white-collar salarymen and public-school students—have essentially no free time.

The most interesting thing about such "hardships" is the sharply differing conclusions that Japanese and foreign observers draw from them. To me they look like totally unnecessary burdens, and to most outside economists they are all symptoms of an economy biased toward "underconsumption." To many Japanese, however, they're part of the broadly accepted social contract that has allowed the nation to succeed.

THE HIGH COST and poor quality of housing are the best-known Japanese problems, and the ones that Japanese themselves are most likely to grumble about. But the grumbling does not appear to be the kind that would lead to a change in behavior. Most Japanese seem to view the tight quarters and high prices as part of their fate, since they live (in the boiler-plate phrase that I have heard times without number) in a "small island nation lacking natural resources."

Japan's home-building industry has never had serious foreign competition in Japan itself and does not try to compete seriously overseas; probably as a result, its slipshod quality standards are miles below those of the well-known Japanese exporters who have been toughened in the international marketplace. Houses spring up in established neighborhoods quickly and almost noiselessly: only three or four weeks may go by between the demolition of the old house, with a miniature bulldozer, and putting the finishing touches on the new one—a job done by workers wearing medieval clo-

ven-toed booties. The finished product is not exactly built for the ages. The walls are virtually uninsulated (I deduced this merely by living in our own house, which is newly built and much admired by our neighbors, and I confirmed it as I watched others going up). Wind whistles through many of the window frames. I feel as if I could ram my hand through the typical interior walls of a Japanese house, and I am not famous for my strength. Houses are almost never centrally heated. Newly built ones have individual heating and cooling units in the bedrooms and dining room, with entryways and halls left unheated. Public schools are heated with large, throbbing-hot kerosene heaters in the middle of each room. (This is one of a million indications that the tyranny of product-safety legislation has not yet extended to Japan. On a parents' visiting day at the neighborhood elementary school I walked into my son's sixth-grade class and saw children cutting plywood with a high-speed, unshielded electric saw that would have drawn a throng of tort lawyers in the United States.) In these close quarters privacy becomes a stylized concept. I sometimes look up from my desk late at night to see the salaryman in the next-door apartment stepping into his *ofuro*, or deep bathtub. Newly built houses are connected to sewers, but two thirds of Japanese houses still aren't. In old neighborhoods it is common to see a vehicle that looks like a fuel-oil truck but has a worse smell. It prowls the narrow streets sucking up the contents of individual sewage cisterns.

Some people contend that the quick, light Japanese building style reflects historical and cultural forces. This is, after all, the land of earthquakes, which shake down any rigid structure; and in the pursuit of freshness and purity some famous shrines are torn down and rebuilt every twenty years. I have trouble swallowing this theory, which implies that Japanese homeowners waste their heating money every winter because of a cultural preference for thin walls.

In actuality, a variety of commercial and political forces leave them with very little choice but to live in expensive, inelegant houses on small plots. Japan's determination to subsidize its high-cost rice farmers means that tiny, inefficient paddies occupy about a quarter of the nation's nonmountainous land. Tax laws discourage the sale and development of land, and further inflate the price of any

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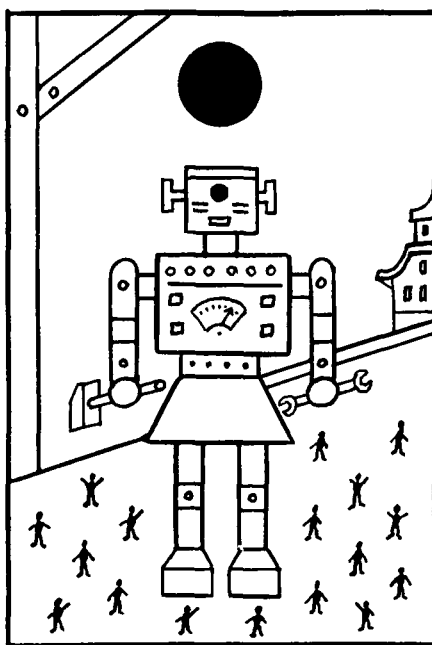
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land that reaches the market. The cost of land makes the dwelling itself seem a trivial, consumable item. In greater Tokyo the value of a house is typically only a tenth of the value of the land it's built on. This means that many houses are built to be torn down in a decade or two, which discourages heavy investment in sturdiness or finishing touches. One neighborhood near our house exemplifies the modern "Japanese dream": brand-new single-family homes, tastefully landscaped on a small scale, many even with carports to hold the meticulously shined Toyotas and BMWs. It would be obvious to any Japanese that these houses represent a tremendous concentration of wealth; a typical house in the neighborhood, with its land, costs several million dollars. Yet most foreigners, passing by, would think the houses attractive but unexceptional. To me, the neighborhood looks like a new development in Silicon Valley, with much smaller lots.

Even the state-corporate partnership that undergirds Japan's economic success indirectly leads to small, cramped houses. Because face-to-face consultation and coordination with the government are more important in Japan than in the United States, there is much more pressure on a Japanese company to have its headquarters in Tokyo than on an American company to be in New York, Washington, or any other given city. The few major Japanese companies that aren't based in Tokyo are well known precisely as exceptions. The housing problem is therefore atypically acute in Tokyo and its environs—as it is in Manhattan. The difference is that not even one percent of Americans live in Manhattan, and they are surrounded by much-lower-cost places to live relatively close by. Nearly a quarter of all Japanese live in the Tokyo-Yokohama conurbation, and even with a commute of two hours or more each way it's hard for them to escape the distortions of the world's highest-cost land market.

Besides the housing shortage, there is the general atmosphere of crowding that throws outsiders like me into a panic and must wear down even people who have been used to it all their lives. Nanjing Road, the main street of Shanghai, is celebrated by the Chinese as an extremely crowded thoroughfare, but to me it can't compare in claustrophobic density to any of Tokyo's big train stations or major shopping streets. Each morning between 7:15 and 8:45 the plat-

forms at my neighborhood train station are patrolled by "packers," ready to cram extra riders into each passing commuter train. Every train that pulls in is already full, but commuters who need to make a certain train take their places in specified areas on the platform. As the doors open, the first dozen or so people in each line push their way in under their own power, often entering backward and digging with their heels for extra traction. Then the packers take over and wedge in anyone else in line. Two or three times a week I make the half-hour trip to Tokyo on one of these trains. As I stand with my arms immobilized against my chest, someone's hip jammed into my groin and odd appendages pressed against my other surfaces, I alternately



boil with anger and rejoice that I don't have to undergo this indignity every day. When I get off the train, after giving thanks for my survival and trying to smooth out my jacket and tie, I wonder why no one except foreigners seems to think that a rich country should find a less degrading way for its citizens to get to work.

My intention is not to examine the roots of Tokyo's housing and crowding problems but simply to say that they're not likely to change. All the remedies would involve making frontal assaults on the strongest interests in Japanese politics: changing the tax laws to encourage residential development, driving out the rice farmers, moving the central government away from Tokyo. (Prime Minister Noboru Takeshita often talks about

moving government offices to the hinterland, but this seems more like a dream than an actual plan.) If ordinary Japanese had more room to live and play in, they might behave more like consumers in the rest of the world. "I can honestly say there's nothing I want that I don't have," a Japanese journalist friend of mine said one night when we were discussing the Japanese contentment with low living standards. "Oh, come on," said another friend, a professor. "You mean there's nothing you want that will fit in your house." They agreed on one thing: neither will ever have a bigger house.

THE SECOND PROBLEM, Japan's high prices, is usually misunderstood. Most Western reports about high prices focus on changes in the dollar-yen exchange rate. The typical message is that at 125 yen to the dollar it is very hard for tourists and foreigners to make ends meet in Japan. That is true, but it's less important than the fact that the Japanese consumer is in exactly the same bind. With the shift in exchange rates, average Japanese and American salaries are now about equal. (Japan's per capita gross national product is higher, but proportionately less of it is paid out in personal income; the corporations keep more in profit.) The Japanese may not feel the emotional pain that Americans here do as the dollar dwindles in buying power, but the buying power of the yen in Japan has always been pathetically low.

Before my family moved from Malaysia to Japan, last summer, we bought all the supplies we could think of for the upcoming year: tubs of peanut butter, big sacks of rice, new sofas and a dining-room table, bicycles, and clothes. Even after paying for the packing and sea freight, it was all much cheaper than if we had bought it in Japan. (This is a simple bit of prima facie evidence that something other than normal market forces is setting consumer prices in Japan. Our small-scale shipment naturally cost us more than volume importers would pay, but even so our shipped-in goods were well under the local price.) The Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development recently released a report saying that Japanese retail prices were, on average, 70 percent higher than American prices for similar products. The average Japanese spends more on consumption than the average American does (about \$13,500 a year in Japan, and \$12,500 in America) but ends

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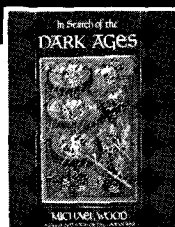
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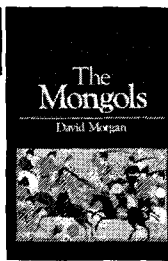
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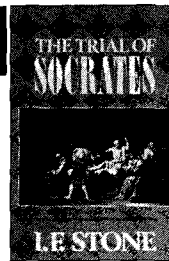
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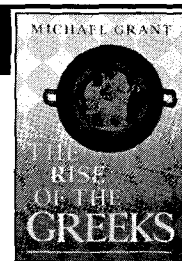
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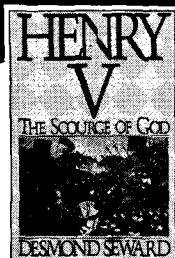
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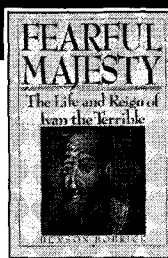
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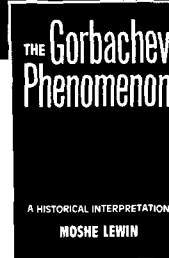
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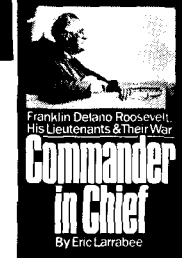
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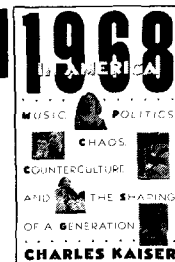
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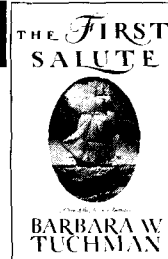
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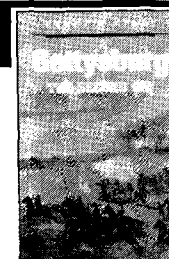
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up with much less. For his money, according to the OECD, he gets goods that would cost an American only \$7,800. After four uninterrupted months in Japan last fall, my family made a brief trip to California at Christmastime. We walked through grocery stores and shopping malls first in a stupor and then in a buying binge; it seemed to us that the merchants were giving everything away free.

The basic reason for this imbalance, of course, is the orientation of the Japanese economy toward exports and away from the Japanese consumer's welfare. Kenneth Curtis, an economist with Deutsche Bank in Tokyo, has illustrated exactly what this bias means. Since 1985 the yen has more than doubled in value against the dollar. If life worked the way economics books say it should, American customers would have to pay much more for Japanese-made products, and Japanese customers would be able to buy American-made goods for much less. But in fact, Curtis showed, neither country's retail prices have changed nearly as much as they should have, and the extreme shift in exchange rates has made little difference in the trade imbalance. The retail price of Japanese cars and cameras has barely gone up in America, and the price of American products in Japan has barely gone down. The explanation is that Japanese corporations, acting as middlemen, have penalized Japanese consumers in order to preserve their low prices (and therefore market shares) overseas.

This pattern of penalizing the Japanese consumer, through tariffs and cartel-based prices, shows up in hundreds of ways. Because the price of oil in dollars and the value of dollars in yen have both plummeted, Middle Eastern oil costs Japanese importers about a quarter as much as it did five years ago. Very little of this reduction has been passed on to the Japanese consumer who buys gas at the pump. Japanese banks are famous for the low cost of their capital, with which they bankroll Japanese manufacturers and encourage the long-term perspective on building market share. (If your capital costs are lower, you don't have to worry as much about quick profits.) How do the banks do it? Part of the mystery is explained once you become a bank customer. Japanese banks pay ordinary depositors next to no interest—the local Mitsubishi branch where I reluctantly bank offers slightly over three percent on six-month certificates of depos-

it—and charge heavily for their services. The equivalent of one personal check can cost from \$3.20 to \$4.80. It is hard to pass a travel agency in Japan without gritting your teeth in rage. Flying from Tokyo to any destination typically costs almost twice as much as the same trip going the other way. The difference is that flights originating in Japan require tickets bought in Japan, which are priced at deliberately extortionate rates. As ordered by Japanese government regulation, the carriers start with the International Airline Tariff Association fare in U.S. dollars and then convert it to yen at a rate about twice the normal exchange.

The essential fact about this anti-consumer social arrangement, however, is that it has at least the tacit consent of most Japanese. Some analysts argue that the Japanese consuming public has finally had enough, and is about to demand changes in the tariffs and cartel agreements that keep prices so high. Recently I've seen two op-ed pieces (translated by the Asia Foundation's translation service) that were written by Japanese professionals who had served overseas and were shocked by the high prices and bad housing when they returned to Japan. New chains of "News shops," which sell cut-price imports from "newly industrializing countries," like Taiwan and Korea, have been big hits. Editorialists and occasionally politicians have started to suggest that the Japanese public could enjoy the same low prices that Japanese producers offer customers overseas.

I am more skeptical. It's not that Japanese consumers are eager to throw their money away: to judge by the way shoppers prowl through the neighborhood supermarket and electronics stores, they are extremely cost-conscious. But there are two major impediments to a more consumer-oriented economy.

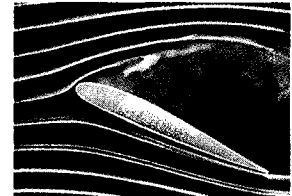
One, as with land, is the main force of Japanese politics. Almost all existing moneyed interests, except consumers, benefit from the current system. Corporations get larger profits and are sheltered from foreign competition, because it's hard for imports to retain any price advantage after they have fought their way through the middlemen and the markups. The full-employment economy, which rests on a featherbedded service sector, is preserved. Japanese manufacturing plants are more efficient than their American counterparts, but Japanese department stores, banks, and shops are heavily overstaffed and ineffi-

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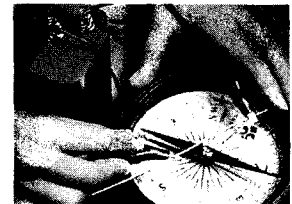
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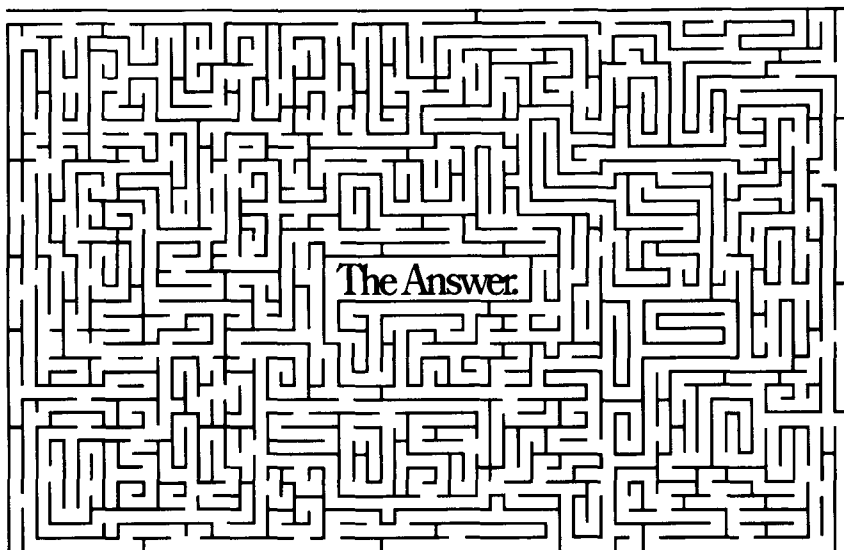
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cient by U.S. standards. They can afford to operate this way—and to keep everyone at work—only because prices are so high.

The other impediment is in the hearts of Japanese consumers. The great majority of them don't realize what a bad deal they are getting for their money, but I think that even if they were fully informed, most would still support an anti-consumer system like the one they have now. Americans take it for granted that people around the world want basically the same things we do. Let the Russians see Bloomingdale's and they'll all want to defect. It is hard for Americans to see the built-in costs of our mobile, capitalist society, which even other capitalists, like the Japanese, may not want to pay. If they had a more open economy, with fewer tariffs and middlemen, the Japanese would enjoy a higher material standard of living, and the world's trade problems would start to go away. But they would also have to live with the tumultuous effects of real capitalism: frequent layoffs, business turmoil, and similar disruptions that they now generally avoid. In a free choice between that system and one of high prices, full employment, and great stability, Japanese consumers would, I think, choose the anti-consumer social compact, which in turn guarantees an imbalance in trade.

THE THIRD HARDSHIP of Japanese life is the lack of free time. But this is even less likely than the other two to bring about a major change in behavior.

To most outsiders, the air of drudgery and joylessness is the very worst aspect of Japanese life. Being a Japanese employee essentially means turning your entire life over to the firm during your working career. (If you're a woman, it usually means working for a few years in your mid-twenties and then finding a nice young man and settling down. After that you raise the children and run the house, maybe taking a part-time job later on. This is a subject for another day, but I'm coming to think that Japanese women, severely "oppressed" by Western standards, actually have fuller and more enjoyable lives than most Japanese men do.) The typical salaryman takes the train into Tokyo at seven or eight in the morning, rushes out for a quick lunch at noon, stays in the office till at least six and often nine or ten, and then is out eating or drinking with workmates for the rest of the evening. He takes the

late train home, falls asleep, and begins all over again the next day. This pattern prevails on weekdays and Saturdays; on Sundays, according to opinion polls, the salaryman's favorite pastime is "sleep." The way I've put this is partly stereotypical and is no doubt unfair to many individuals. For instance, one of our neighbors is home every night for dinner with his wife and children. Most other men on the street, however, rarely arrive before midnight. Many families in the neighborhood lack a father on even this lodging-house basis. The fathers have been posted to Osaka or Nagoya as "geographical bachelors" for months or years at a time, returning for visits perhaps once a month.

Once or twice a week I take the late train home myself, and feel as if I'm in the middle of Japan's most depressing tableau. Half the salarymen are red-faced from their beer and whiskey. As many as can rest their heads against the train windows or their neighbors' shoulders are passed out cold. "Drunk, stunned, slack-jawed, slumped boneless in their seats as though flung there by a mighty hand," a recent magazine story called "White Collar Zombies," said about the late train. "Hair like clumps of greasy lichens, arms and legs like canned asparagus, breath like death . . . these are typical Tokyo salarymen."

Junior high and high school students are broken in to the salaryman's life with an apprentice version of the same routine. Even my son's sixth-grade classmates are already in organized activities during most of the day and night. Week-day school hours are about the same as in America, but there's also a half day on Saturday, and typically, long hours at *juku* (pre-examination cram school) several nights a week. Our house adjoins a *juku*, and no matter when I come home from the train station, I can see students through the window, bent over their desks.

To most Americans, all this sacrifice and sweat might seem to be the obvious explanation for Japan's economic success. With five days of school a week we have an enormous trade deficit; with six they have a huge surplus. I understand this view, since I interpreted Japanese work patterns in a similar way when I first arrived. But I think it is wrong.

In some areas the extra time that Japanese workers put in can be directly converted to extra output. The factory is the outstanding example: Japanese blue-collar workers not only spend more

time on the job than Americans do (eight extra hours a week) but also, I think, typically work with more dedication and care. As a result of this human difference, plus more-modern equipment, Japanese factories are the most efficient in the world. By extension the same would seem to be true of Japanese schools and offices, but I don't think it is. The Japanese white-collar world is significantly less efficient than its Western counterpart, and succeeds only because of the brute-force investment of time. Japanese schools and offices finally get a slightly higher performance out of their students and workers than do American schools and offices, by forcing them to commit dramatically greater amounts of time.

In most Japanese offices people are busy-looking but are often engaged in busywork. Office ladies bustle back and forth carrying tea, groups of men sit through two-hour meetings to resolve a minor point, and of course there are the long evenings in the restaurants and bars. Something similar is true of the schools. The children are at school for more hours each week than American children, but in any given hour they may be horsing around, entertaining themselves while the teachers take one of their (surprisingly frequent) breaks, conducting "self-improvement" meetings, or scrubbing the floors during *dai soji*—literally, "big clean-up." (Most schools have no hired janitorial staff.)

Obviously, this approach cannot be ridiculed, considering the results that Japanese schools and corporations finally achieve. But the Japanese institutions are effective rather than efficient in terms of output per hour. The human costs of their effectiveness are very high. An obvious cost is fatigue: when I take the night train, I often think of Tokyo as one mammoth ward of battle-fatigue victims. Even on midday trains half the passengers are asleep; in my wife's English classes, at a public junior high school, two or three of the forty-odd students regularly pass out with their heads on the desk. Before sending my children to Japanese public school, I vaguely thought that six-day-a-week schooling would be a good idea for America, too. Now, after watching their classmates drag themselves through the endless school week, I think Japanese education succeeds despite this policy, not because of it. Working life in America has the same tone only in extreme circumstances: during medical intern-



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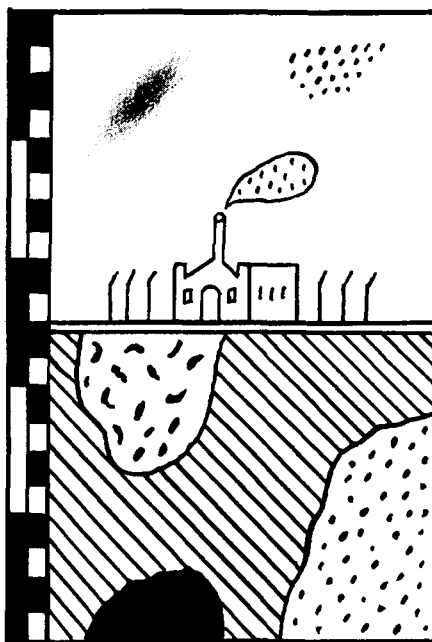
ships, political campaigns, and military combat.

Not even fatigue would be the hardest part of this bargain for most Americans. Rather, the greatest sacrifice in the salaryman's life seems to be the "opportunity cost": the near-total lack of time away from work, to do as he pleases. The salaryman's life is successful to the extent that he sees the company's (and the nation's) successes as his own, but he has at most a few hours each week to spend with his family or, as we would think of it, to enjoy himself. If America had the same economic success, at the same cost, Americans would start taking it easy. (This is, in fact, what happens in America, when frugal first-generation immigrants give way to more confident, easygoing children.) I know that many Japanese deeply resent the salaryman's life. But I don't think that the overall hard-life bargain is about to change.

There is one practical factor that keeps the salaryman from rebelling: the physical circumstances of his working life. The office is bigger, brighter, and better furnished, cooled, and heated than his house. He can eat in a restaurant and drink in a bar each night, often on an expense account, rather than sit in the kitchen at home. (Several Japanese officials have told me that Japan, with half as many people as America, spends more money on business entertainment.) He has also invested more of his time and perhaps more of his emotion in his officemates than in his wife, and has at least as strong a sense of family at work. Moreover—and this is the important part—by devoting himself to his company he is doing what all his previous life has trained him to do. He is finding satisfaction through the success of his tightly integrated group, and he feels less regret about his lack of free time than a typical American would. From their first days at school, children are taught that the deepest satisfactions come from harmonious participation in a group, not knocking around on their own.

In short, life in Japan is bad in several ways—for non-Japanese. But very little about their predicament makes the Japanese themselves feel that they must change—buy more, sell less, take it easier, behave like consumers in the United States. This illustrates the robustness of their society, but it is another reason to doubt that trade imbalances will be corrected through free trade.

—James Fallows



THE ENVIRONMENT TOXIC RESPONSIBILITY

The U.S. military's problems of toxic-waste disposal are as great as those of industry, and when finally acted on will cost taxpayers billions

BENEATH THE PEACEFUL majesty of the snowcapped Rocky Mountains an ungainly foothill has arisen. The newly constructed mound is sixteen acres across and several stories tall, built of the solid residue of a lagoon of toxic sludge called Basin F. In contrast to the striking beauty of the surroundings, the land around the Basin F site is the centerpiece of what many experts claim is the most toxic square mile on earth. The owner of this hopelessly polluted real estate and the twenty-six square miles that surround it is the U.S. Army.

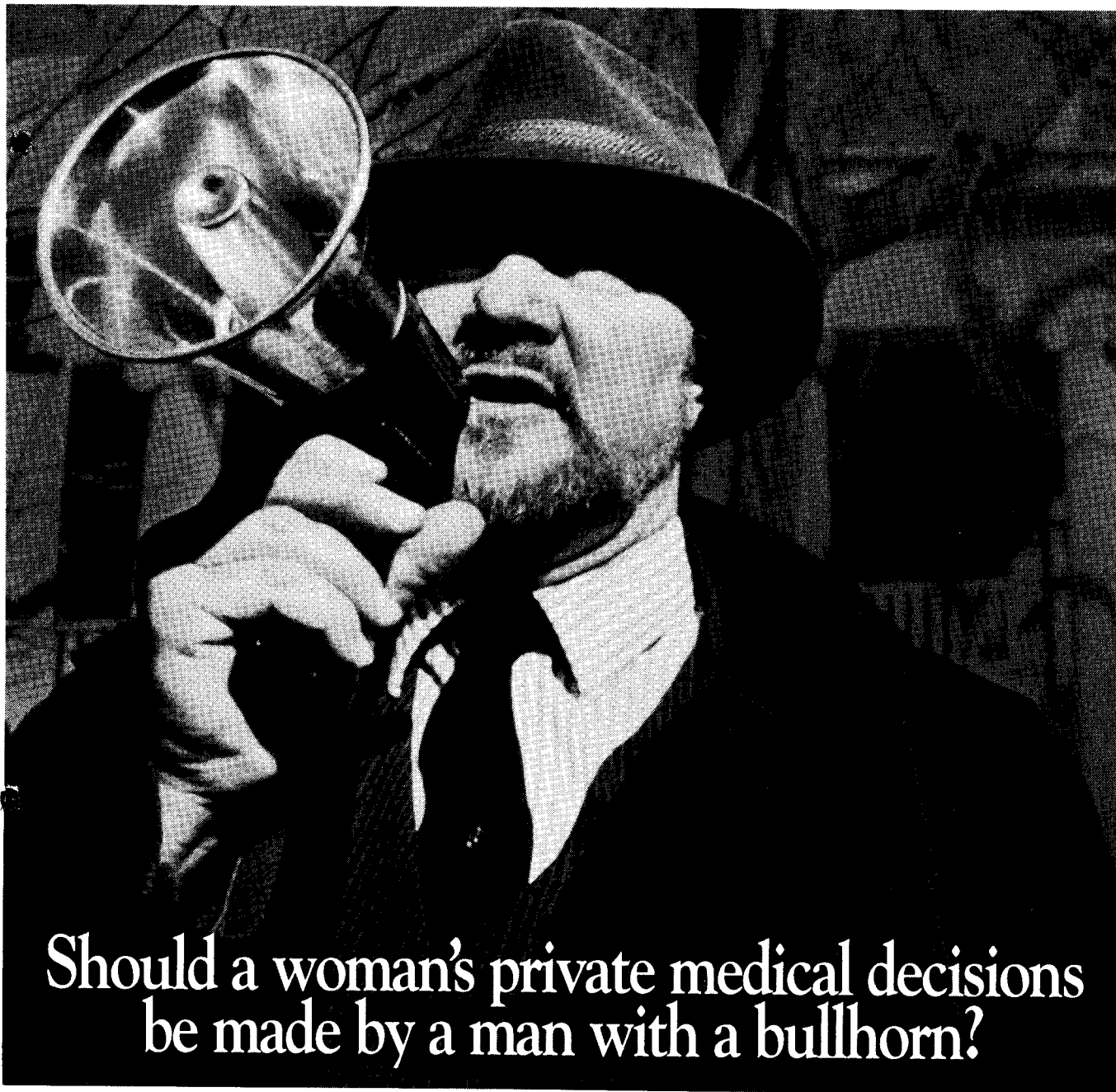
David Strang, who has worked at the Army's Rocky Mountain Arsenal for sixteen years, now presides over the technical-operations division of the Army's cleanup program for the site. The cleanup of Basin F began last summer, when workers pumped 4 million gallons of deadly aquamarine liquid from the lagoon into three vast tanks on the edge of the basin and piled the remaining contaminated residue into the new mound, to be topped with clay. Both the tanks and the mound will remain as they are until 1993, when a decision

will be reached on how to decontaminate them. According to Strang, the mixture of toxic chemicals in Basin F makes decontamination costly and complex. Perhaps an even bigger obstacle, however, is a continuing legal battle over how the cleanup will proceed, fought by the Army, the State of Colorado, and the Shell Oil Company, which leased the arsenal's facilities from the early 1950s to the early 1980s to make pesticides. As we drove past Basin F not long ago, Strang made a sweeping motion out the window and said that it is "not really the level of contamination so much as the quantity involved" that earns the arsenal its place among the world's most contaminated properties.

In fact, the arsenal is home to about 16 million cubic yards of contaminated soil—four decades' worth of dumping of some of the most toxic substances known, including byproducts from the production of mustard gas and nerve gas. Colonel Wallace Quintrell, the head of the cleanup program and Strang's boss, acknowledges that "there are contaminants found at the arsenal that are not found anywhere else."

Strang says that no military activity is under way at the arsenal, nor has any been for years. "Nothing's happening here," he said as we passed the faded factory complex where the nerve gas GB was produced in the 1950s, and again as we made our way past the crusty, burnt-looking land that stretches for acres in the now empty Basin A (adjacent to Basin F), where millions of gallons of toxic wastes were dumped in the 1940s. Unfortunately, Strang's refrain doesn't hold true belowground. There a toxic plume almost the size of the arsenal itself seeps inexorably northwest, contaminating the groundwater of towns just outside Denver.

Most people associate the problem of toxic waste with multinational industrial giants like Union Carbide, Exxon, and Monsanto. But with thousands of toxic sites around the country and around the world, the U.S. military ranks among the world's largest generators of toxic waste. Recent disclosures of environmental contamination and neglect at the Department of Energy's domestic nuclear-fuel production facilities have brought attention to the problems posed by the construction and maintenance of nuclear weapons. Less well known is the extent and unruly nature of the military's non-nuclear toxic-waste problem. Military nuclear toxic waste, serious as it



Should a woman's private medical decisions be made by a man with a bullhorn?

Let's be absolutely clear about what leading "pro-lifers" want the government to do.

Ban abortions. No exceptions.

Not even in the case of rape. Women would just lie about it, says one activist.

Not even in the case of incest. Victims consent to incest, according to a leading theorist of the movement.

Not even to safeguard the health of the woman, no matter how young she is.

"Pro-life" organizer Joe Scheidler used a private detective to track down a 12-year-old girl scheduled for an abortion, and then, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, "harangued her mother" through his bull-

horn, "demanding to see the child alone."

"[The mother] was almost hysterical," Scheidler is quoted as saying. "We couldn't reason with her."

But reason has nothing to do with it. Claiming to oppose abortion, "pro-lifers" attack every known way to avert abortion.

They lobby against birth control. ("I think contraception is disgusting," says Scheidler, "people using each other for pleasure.") And they oppose sex education that deals with the facts of real life.

Meanwhile, clinic bombers are celebrated as heroes of the "pro-life" cause.

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is, affects relatively few sites. The chances are great, however, that there is a military non-nuclear toxic-waste site near where you live.

GIVEN THE SIZE of the Rocky Mountain Arsenal's toxic-waste problems, it is not surprising that the arsenal was one of the first military installations to be placed on the Environmental Protection Agency's Superfund National Priorities List. To date twenty-nine military installations under the jurisdiction of the Department of Defense have been listed and twenty-three more proposed. The addition of government-owned facilities to the list of the nation's foremost toxic dump sites is the result of 1986 amendments to the Superfund law designed to address the federal government's toxic-waste problem. Once listed, sites become subject to the EPA's regulatory requirements, even though the agency's ability to enforce those requirements remains in dispute. The Department of Defense is required to pay the costs of cleanup.

Now that the Superfund list must include military sites, the list will undoubtedly grow. The EPA has already drawn up a docket of federal installations with potential hazardous-waste problems. Over half the more than 1,000 such installations are at military facilities, split fairly evenly among the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

Even these efforts by the EPA to increase its oversight of hazardous-waste cleanup at federal facilities do not yet take into account the full extent of toxic contamination at military bases around the country. That is the aim of the Pentagon's own version of Superfund, the Defense Environmental Restoration Program, which was established, at least in part, to preclude interference by outside agencies at sometimes sensitive military installations. To date the program has identified 5,700 sites of potential contamination, at 819 bases. So far, the military reports, only 140 sites, or less than three percent of them, have actually been cleaned up, although action is planned or has begun at another 1,800. These figures ignore potential toxic contamination at the hundreds of U.S. military bases overseas, and the many military (and Department of Energy) sites contaminated with radioactive wastes. And the Defense Department has barely begun to look at the potentially larger problem of toxic contamination on property formerly owned

by the military. The Pentagon estimates that 10 percent of the more than 7,200 such sites identified to date will need to be cleaned up. Needless to say, all this activity will prove costly to U.S. taxpayers.

The Pentagon's most recent estimate is that the Defense Environmental Restoration Program will cost \$11 billion to \$15 billion over the next twenty-five years. But cost estimates for the Rocky Mountain Arsenal cleanup alone start at \$700 million and rise into the billions. Michael L. Synar, a congressman from Oklahoma, whose subcommittee has held oversight hearings on the subject for several years, thinks that the total cleanup bill for all Defense Department sites may be as high as \$20 billion.

All the armed services use a wide array of toxic compounds in the course of their operations. "Military bases are really very, very large industrial facilities or manufacturing plants that use lots of solvents and paints," J. Winston Porter, an assistant administrator at the EPA, says. For example, tanks and airplanes are washed with cleaning compounds and solvents; these are often simply drained onto the ground or into ditches. Among them is trichloroethylene, the Air Force's widely used but carcinogenic "miracle solvent." Maintenance work, including painting and stripping, generates a variety of wastes, including toxic oils, solvents, paint strippers, thinners, and sludge. Electroplating shops, where certain kinds of metal parts are repaired, generate cyanides, acids, and heavy metals.

Of course, some pollutants are unique to the military. Bombs are packed with chemicals like RDX, an experimental explosive compound that has leached into the groundwater at six of the military bases that have been placed on the Superfund list. Indeed, in the manufacture, maintenance, and "demilitarization" of ammunition and explosives, toxic substances are repeatedly introduced into the environment.

By the military's own account, in its 1988 annual report on the problem, its disposal practices included "discharge on the ground into unlined pits . . . or local creeks," "pouring and spraying on the ground," "drainage to industrial sewers," "burning during fire protection training," and "storage in leaking underground tanks." The same Pentagon report calls these methods "the commonly accepted practices of the times." The list would make even the most callous private dumper blush. Duane Woodard,

the attorney general of Colorado, who has been fighting the Army in court over the Rocky Mountain Arsenal contamination, testified before Congress that "the federal government has been one of the nation's worst violators of [federal] and state hazardous-waste laws." Anthony J. Celebrezze, Jr., the attorney general of Ohio, similarly attested to a "widespread and long-standing disregard by federal facilities of hazardous-waste requirements designed to protect the safety of our citizens."

YET ANOTHER frequently heard complaint is that the military takes an inordinate amount of time to admit to the problems, let alone do anything about them. One of the first military-toxics controversies arose at McClellan Air Force Base, near Sacramento, California. In 1979 Air Force officials found that drinking-water wells on the base were contaminated, but failed to fully inform the California Department of Health Services. Then the Air Force delayed in giving the state a report to indicate that the contamination had spread off the base, releasing it only after the state threatened legal action. Even then, cleanup lagged until the base was sharply criticized by the General Accounting Office and pressure was applied by angry members of Congress, state and local politicians, and neighbors. Despite some cleanup efforts to date, McClellan is now ranked among the hundred worst sites on the Superfund list.

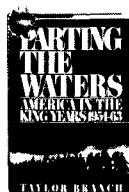
Officials also failed to reveal contamination of drinking-water wells at the Cornhusker Army Ammunition Plant, near Grand Island, Nebraska. In 1970 the Army, aware of a problem at the plant, considered building a toxic-waste treatment facility. But even as late as the early 1980s the Army maintained that it would take a century for the plume of toxic substances to reach the town boundary of Grand Island. After it found significant levels of off-site contamination in 1983, the Army waited nearly a year to make public the information that more than 500 private wells were extensively contaminated with the explosive compound RDX, at concentrations above 300 parts per billion. The safe level of RDX in drinking water, according to the military, is 35 ppb.

Chuck Carpenter, the founder of Good Neighbors Against Toxic Substances, which was formed in response to the contamination caused by the Cornhusker plant, recalls bitterly that

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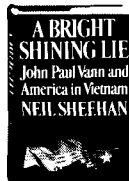
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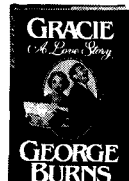
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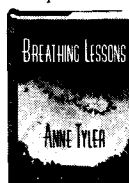
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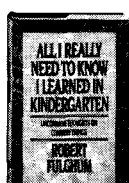
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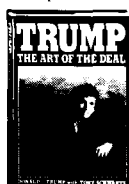
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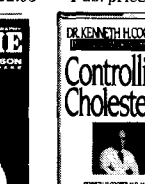
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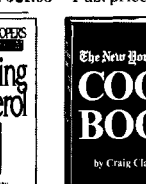
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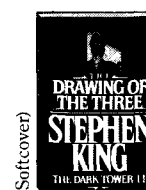
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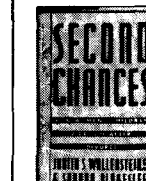
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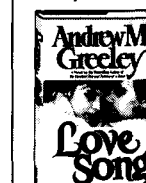
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when such high levels were found in initial tests of residents' wells, the Army refused to release the results—even to the people whose wells were tested. An Army spokesperson, Andrew Anderson, explained to reporters from the *Sacramento Bee* in 1984, "We just didn't want to excite the people out there until we knew what the readings were. We didn't want to get them overly anxious."

At Lakehurst Naval Air Engineering Center, in the Pine Barrens of New Jersey, the dumping of toxic waste was first disclosed, by civilian employees, in November of 1980. In 1983 the EPA found contamination in the part of the Cohansey aquifer that is beneath the installation. Most of southern New Jersey gets its tap water from the aquifer. A Navy report from March of 1983 showed that at least 3.2 million gallons of contaminated

not speculating, and that, at times, is hard for people to accept." Carricato added, "I don't know of any base commander today who is not aware of his responsibilities to safeguard the environment." Even Barry Breen, a former Army environmental lawyer who has often criticized the military's clean-up efforts, agrees, citing "a noticeable ratcheting up of the Defense Department's attention to the cleanup of its hazardous wastes."

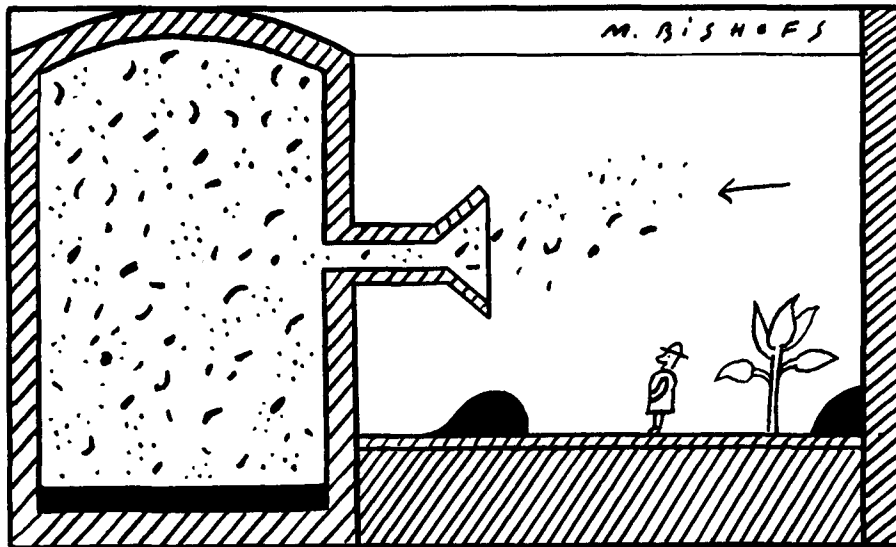
Critics claim that even hard facts have often failed to persuade the military to take corrective action, and they emphasize, furthermore, the Pentagon's disinclination to embrace federal and state hazardous-waste laws. "When we [the EPA] first started talking about these things," J. Winston Porter recalls, "there were some federal agencies saying that

EPA." Attorney General Celebrezze, of Ohio, rejects the notion of self-policing, under which federal agencies "have taken the position that they, and only they, have the authority to control the treatment, storage, and disposal of hazardous waste on federal land." Celebrezze has testified, "Persons who need account only to themselves have very little incentive to obey the law."

THE MILITARY'S reluctance to accept the EPA as a watchdog is only half the problem. The other half is the EPA itself. The inclusion of the first military sites on the Superfund National Priorities List was a small but significant victory for those who favor EPA oversight, because the Superfund sits clearly within the agency's jurisdiction. But Attorney General Woodard, of Colorado, and others, charge that the EPA is often lax in enforcing hazardous-waste laws against the Pentagon. Much of the time and energy that the EPA has devoted to the issue over the past year or two has been absorbed in feuding with the Justice Department, which has taken the position that the EPA does not have the right to sue agencies like the military services for noncompliance.

According to the Justice Department, disputes within the executive branch should not be resolved by lawsuits by one agency against another. Porter, of the EPA, initially disagreed, telling Congress, "We have the legal authority to issue administrative or compliance orders at federal facilities." But he now says, "While I would like to be able to issue orders unilaterally, that's just not provided for in the law." As Synar sees it, "Justice has basically tied EPA's hands."

Stripped of its authority to issue binding enforcement orders, the EPA has settled for negotiating voluntary inter-agency agreements under the auspices of the 1986 Superfund amendments. So far three have been signed, two with the Army, one with the Air Force. Critics hotly dispute the value of such agreements. Celebrezze has derided them as "toothless" and "worthless pieces of paper." Again, the key issue is enforceability. Early versions of these agreements did not include any enforcement provisions. Only later did the EPA include provisions that allow for legal action by third parties, such as states and citizens' groups, if appropriate cleanup steps are not taken. Porter says that the EPA has become tougher with the military on the



fuel and other toxic substances had been dumped since the 1950s. Despite measurements of groundwater at three sites showing the level of certain substances to be 10,000 times as high as the state considers safe, the Navy's report on the contamination was not made known to the public until August of 1985, after the press had independently investigated the contamination.

Asked about the Pentagon's history of withholding information concerning environmental hazards, Captain Michael J. Carricato, who oversees the military's toxic-cleanup program, replied that the public often mistakes caution for an unwillingness to share information. "It's our policy to share information as best we can when we know it, but to go through the process of doing a study takes time. We in the military tend to err on the side of working with the facts and

some environmental laws didn't apply." According to both Carricato and Breen, any attitude problems that may once have existed have been overcome. They maintain that the lingering problems in implementing the military's hazardous-waste cleanup program are largely a result of the complexity of the laws and simple bureaucratic inertia.

The Pentagon and its critics disagree about the importance of oversight by outside agencies. Carricato insists that the military "does not need to be repeatedly hit over the head with a big hammer to make us clean up." But others are skeptical. Representative Synar says, "At first federal agencies basically refused to admit that they were part of the problem. Then they were slow to comply with the requirements of the hazardous-waste laws. Now they are strongly resisting any oversight from

issue of enforcement. "I don't think EPA would sign an agreement that didn't have enforceability language at this point," he says.

The Pentagon, however, is reluctant to admit that a need exists for inter-agency agreements, let alone for "enforceability language." Carricato says, "We can and should and do get things cleaned up without signing a piece of paper."

While the EPA and the Pentagon wrangle over interagency agreements, California, Colorado, Maine, Minnesota, Ohio, and Washington have all brought lawsuits to force cleanups at federal installations. Phillip Rarick, an environmental lawyer for the National Association of Attorneys General, believes that states "really have the enforcement leverage" today. "In addition to federal laws," he says, "they have their own state laws and the common laws of nuisance, so they have a wider range of tools than EPA." Porter advocates a strong state role in federal-facilities enforcement, although he notes that his agency has "real coordination problems to work out with the states."

To Synar, though, the EPA's need to rely on states to do its job is an indication that the system has failed. "It's a sad situation," he says, "when state enforcement may be the only way we're going to get any action because our own Attorney General isn't going to do anything to protect the American people."

Almost all observers agree that the cleanup of military toxic waste is hardly a model of efficient interagency cooperation. Critics stress the need for closer public scrutiny of military hazardous-waste practices, not only to improve the cleanup effort but also as an example for corporate polluters. Breen says, "Federal-facility compliance could be an important tool in environmental protection. Besides the actual environmental improvement involved, it could serve as an important symbolic and highly visible mark of the federal government's commitment to environmental concerns."

Michael Synar puts it more bluntly. "We're demanding responsibility from private enterprise at record levels," he says, "and so we can demand no less from our federal agencies." The Pentagon and other agencies "have a responsibility to set an example," he says. "But if the last five years is any indication of what we can expect, we're in trouble."

—Stephanie Pollack and
Seth Shulman



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SCIENCE Q & A

BY FRED CATAPANO

Q. *I've heard a lot of talk lately that scientists have identified as many as six dimensions. After the first three, what could the others be for, and where have they been all this time?*

A. The fourth dimension, or "space/time," was invented by Einstein and has already been around for eighty-odd years. It's self-explanatory, and since it's really not so new, it need not concern us here. The fifth dimension "is a fairly recent development," according to Dr. Estvan Kertesz, Rod Serling Professor of Whatnot at the Palo Alto Institute of Astro-Everything. "Basically, it seems to be the place where all the other dimensions intersect, if you catch my meaning."

Scientists remain uncertain of the function of the sixth dimension, but recent research, supported by decades of anecdotal evidence, suggests that it is that part of the cosmos where things like house keys and theater tickets go for those few minutes between the time you can't find them and the moment they reappear exactly where you remember putting them.

Q. *When you take an aspirin or some other remedy for pain, how does it know what part of your body to go to?*

A. The principle according to which analgesics locate pain is very similar to the more familiar itch-scratch response. For example, if your foot itches, you don't scratch your nose. Similarly, pain-killing medications rush to where they're needed and nowhere else. It's just one of those things.

Q. *Settle a bet: my father-in-law says that superconductors will change the shape of society as we know it, but I insist that such technological advances are merely devices by which investor-owned utility companies will more efficiently bilk the American consumer,*

further aggregating our nation's great wealth in the hands of the few rich. Who is right?

A. You're both wrong. A spokesman for the Long Island Lighting Company's Center for Socio-Dimensional Stability reports that "societies take on certain shapes in response to forces that are entirely unrelated to the provision of electric service."

Q. *After seven years of marriage my girlfriend and her husband are going through a*



rough time, and I wondered if you would please reprint your response to "DNAching in Detroit" from last summer.

A. Glad to:

"You must be referring to heptase, one of the more devious amino acids. In combination with most free-radical proteins it results in benign nucleotides, but on rare occasions it produces mischievous anomalies called polypeptides. Molecular biologists are reluctant to assert that such compounds can in fact cause 'irreconcilable differences' or 'the death of romance,' but no one is willing to deny it, either."

I hope this helps, and good luck to your girlfriend and her husband.

Q. *Why is a cop never around when you need one?*

A. Such phenomena form the keystone of the burgeoning new scientific field of zero/nothingness universality, which holds that the universe is not in fact anthropocentric and that mankind-generated causalities are inconsequential in the context of cosmic machinations. This explains why young people who have their whole lives ahead of them rarely win lotteries no matter how much

they need the money, as well as why policemen are nowhere to be found when you need them. Italian scientists, who are at the forefront of this research, characterize their work as "che sarà sarà-ismo."

Q. *I'm a meteorology buff. Last January, while changing a tire on Interstate 90 just outside Billings, my husband remarked, among other things, that it was "cold as hell" outside. Was that merely an oxymoronic simile uttered in numbness or does Stan know something I don't?*

A. "Historically, hell has been represented as a region of high thermal output," says Fr. Frank Kelvin, S.J., the chairman of the graduate department of heating, ventilating, and air-conditioning at Loyola University, "but facilities managers and engineers have long known that various other factors, such as relative humidity (expressed as a percentage) and air velocity (expressed as cubic feet per minute), can and do affect comfort levels."

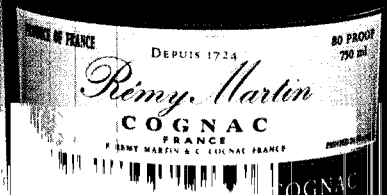
"Theoretically, therefore, one can feel chilly even when one is in a place where the temperature is high enough, say, to boil mercury."

"In view of the miscreant population of hell, however, the likeliest explanation is that some prankster either lowered the thermostat or blew out the pilot light." □

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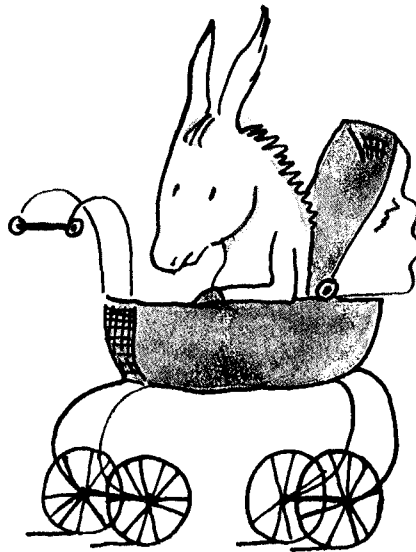
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*Their moment on the national stage
has come (Gary Hart and Michael Dukakis are both members),
but it has not yet gone. In this article The Atlantic's political analyst looks at the appeal, as well
as the limits, of a political style—one that represents the Democratic Party's attempt
to speak to the haves without losing its base among the have-nots*

JFK'S CHILDREN: THE CLASS OF '74

BY WILLIAM SCHNEIDER



“WE ARE NOT A BUNCH OF LITTLE HUBERT HUMPHREYS,” Gary Hart said shortly after he was elected to the United States Senate from Colorado in 1974. With that remark Hart raised the battle flag for a new generation of Democrats. The “we” he was referring to were the “Watergate babies,” the enormous cohort of new Democrats elected to public office in the aftermath of Richard Nixon’s resignation in August, 1974, and his pardon by Gerald Ford a month later.

Hart subsequently apologized to Senator Humphrey for the remark, which he now acknowledges was in bad taste. What he meant, Hart told me last year, was that the Democrats in the Watergate group “were not automatic regulators, new-agency creators, and higher-tax-and-spend people.” He added, “I think that turned out to be true.” Hart had announced the emergence of a post-ideological generation of Democrats. Fourteen years later the class of ’74 had its first presidential nominee. “This election is not about ideology,” Michael Dukakis told the Democratic National Convention last year. “It’s about competence.”

Dukakis’s defeat last year had a larger significance. It was not just a personal failure. It was the failure of a political movement that has come to power in the Democratic Party. Walter Mondale’s loss in 1984 taught the Democrats

a lesson: the New Deal was old, and they had to come up with something new. And so by 1988 the new generation was ready to take over. Most of the party’s presidential candidates looked and sounded a lot like Gary Hart—so much so that when Hart decided to get back into the race, he found that other candidates were already saying what he had to say. He wasn’t needed. The party had already adopted his style and his message.

The class of ’74 has purged the Democratic Party of its past: no more high-taxing, big-spending, New Deal liberalism. What have they replaced it with? Problem-solving. That works just fine in Congress and in the nation’s statehouses. But the message of 1988 was that the Democrats can’t win the presidency, or govern the country, without a vision—or a political base.

The “neoliberals,” as the members of the class of ’74 are sometimes called, have set out to free the Democratic Party from the grip of special interests. But in their quest for an interest-free politics they have failed to grasp a basic truth: that conflicts of interest are a legitimate part of political life. Moreover, a party that sets itself above interest politics has no secure lifeline to the electorate. The class of ’74 is right about one thing. The Democrats cannot simply go back to the old politics. The problem is, the new poli-

tics doesn't seem to have anything to say. Now that the neoliberals are a dominant force in the Democratic Party, where do they want to go? That's what I tried to find out when I interviewed twenty-five of them recently.

Kennedy's Children

DUKAKIS IS A WATERGATE BABY. HE WAS FIRST ELECTED governor of Massachusetts in 1974, when the Democrats made a net gain of four statehouses. Among the gubernatorial talent swept into office that year were Jerry Brown, in California; Hugh Carey, in New York; Richard Lamm, in Colorado; Ella Grasso, in Connecticut; and David Pryor, in Arkansas.

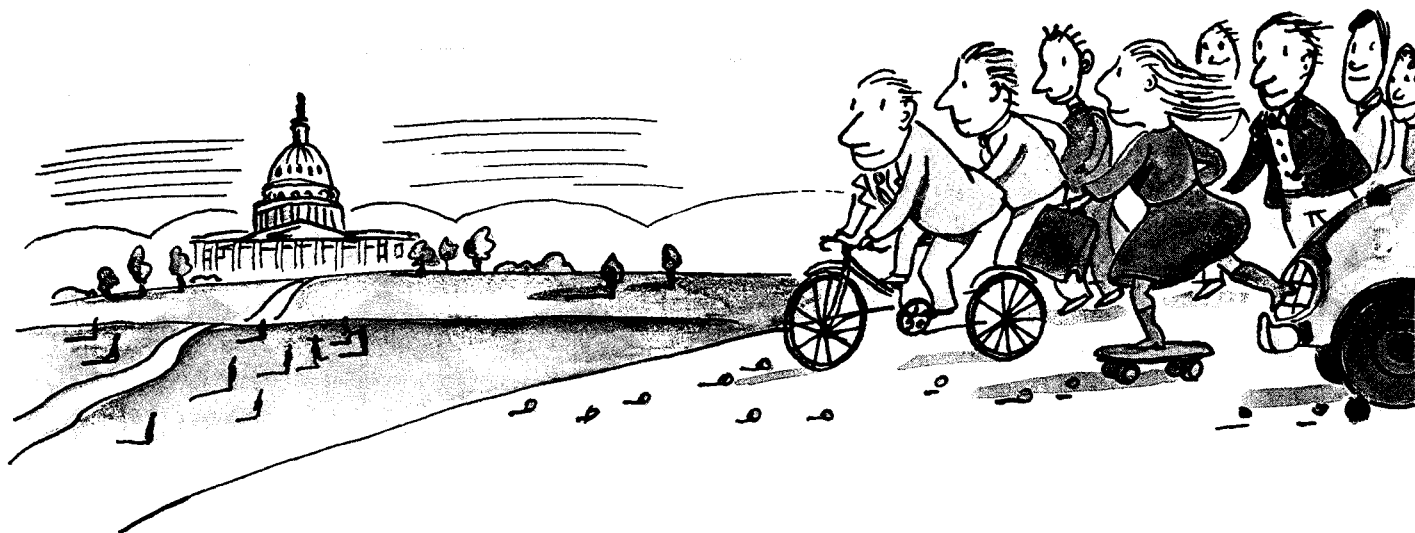
The Democrats also increased their margin in the U.S. Senate by four seats in 1974. Besides Hart, the new Senate Democrats included John Glenn, of Ohio; Patrick Leahy, of Vermont; John Culver, of Iowa; and Dale Bumpers, of Arkansas. But nowhere was the impact of 1974 greater than in the House of Representatives, where the Democrats' astonishing net gain was forty-nine seats. Seventy-five freshman Democrats entered the House in 1975, almost two thirds of them having won seats previously held by Republicans. The new Democratic talent in the House included Stephen Solarz, Matt McHugh, Edward Patten, and Tom Downey, of New York; Henry Waxman, Norman Mineta, and George Miller, of California; Christopher Dodd and Toby Moffett, of Connecticut; Andrew Maguire and James Florio, of New Jersey; Paul Simon and Martin Russo, of Illinois; William Brodhead and James

Blanchard, of Michigan; Berkley Bedell and Tom Harkin, of Iowa; Elliott Levitas, of Georgia; Max Baucus, of Montana; Paul Tsongas, of Massachusetts; Bob Edgar, of Pennsylvania; Les AuCoin, of Oregon; and Tim Wirth, of Colorado.

The class of '74 in the House of Representatives was a remarkable group, and it had a remarkable impact on Congress. "We had a real sense of urgency," George Miller told me. "We thought we were special. We thought we were different. We came here to take the Bastille." At first the class had two major goals, several members recalled. One was to end what remained of the war in Vietnam. The other was to reform Congress. "We found that almost all of us were talking about the seniority system, the fact that Congress had been dominated by Dixiecrat Democrats," Les AuCoin said. "We needed to shake things up."

They did. By April of 1975 the war was over, although it is hard to argue that the new Democrats in Congress were primarily responsible. What they clearly were responsible for was casting the votes that revolutionized congressional procedures. New members made up more than a quarter of House Democrats in 1975. Veteran reformers finally had the votes to end the seniority system and make committee chairmen responsible to the party caucus.

"We realized we were a large enough group to make a difference," Tom Downey told me. "The older, more experienced political hands molded this very large lump of clay into the effective tool they wanted to modify the seniority system." Toby Moffett recalled, "When I walked into the first meeting and started raising points of order my



first day there, Bella Abzug looked over and said, 'My God, reinforcements have arrived.' I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Thus reinforced, the reformers took control of the House Democratic Caucus. They passed a rule requiring that committee chairmen be confirmed by secret ballot in the caucus. They took the power to make committee assignments away from the Ways and Means Committee and gave it to the party leadership. They democratized the subcommittee system. And in a dramatic show of strength, the freshman bloc was instrumental in ousting three powerful southern committee chairmen.

"I can still remember sitting in that room over on the House side," Senator Tom Harkin said. "The committee chairmen came in to talk to us. It had just been unheard of before. They came in obsequiously and sat down and talked to the freshman Democrats, asking for our votes. That was incredible. It was quite a thing to see that happen." Some chairmen were not obsequious enough. The chairman of the Armed Services Committee, F. Edward Hebert, of Louisiana, for instance, made a fatal mistake. As Moffett recalled, "Eddie Hebert came in and said, 'Now, boys and girls.' He actually called us 'boys and girls.' That was the end of him."

The class of '74 did more than vote for procedural reforms. Its members discovered their shared backgrounds and shared experiences. Many of them had never held elective office before. Referring to new House members from both parties, the political scientist Burdett Loomis has written, "Considerably fewer than half of the 1974

class had any legislative experience, the lowest percentage in more than twenty-five years." Many members, however, had grass-roots organizing experience as activists in various liberal movements of the 1960s and early 1970s. "We were the sixties generation that didn't drop out," Bob Edgar said.

Edgar's career is an interesting case in point. He told me, "I had been a minister and a street activist in the city of Philadelphia. In 1972 I co-founded a service called the People's Emergency Center, which was a shelter for women and families. I spent the late 1960s and early 1970s dealing with racial issues, gang-related issues, and housing issues in the city.

"It was the day Richard Nixon fired Archibald Cox that I began to pursue the possibility of running for office. I ended up running nine months after I looked *Democratic* up in the telephone book. When I went to the Democrats in my community and asked them whom they planned to run, they said, 'Well, the last time we won an election was in 1858, and the candidate we ran in 1972 lost by 42,000 votes.' So the likelihood of winning was slim.

"They were convinced they had to find a lawyer who needed some publicity, and the party expected him to lose. I spent November to January of 1973-1974 looking for another candidate to run. I couldn't find anybody, so I announced in February and then got elected in November. We put together a people's campaign. In 1974 being a minister and not a lawyer was an advantage."

Edgar was re-elected five times. In 1986 he gave up his seat to run, unsuccessfully, for the U.S. Senate. He now



works for an arms-control organization in Washington.

Or take Toby Moffett. He and his wife had enlisted in the Peace Corps. When she became pregnant, they moved to Washington, where Moffett joined Lyndon Johnson's War on Poverty. "I was the guy dealing with street gangs, trying to get them to do storefront-school training projects," he said. As a civil servant during the Nixon Administration, Moffett was put in charge of the Office of Students and Youth at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. He left that position after calling a news conference to protest Kent State and the invasion of Cambodia. He then went to work for Senator Walter Mondale.

In that capacity Moffett set up hearings for the Select Committee on Children and Youth. "Ralph Nader had been after me to come back to Connecticut and start a citizen-action group statewide," he told me. "So I finally left Mondale and started the Connecticut Citizen Action Group, ran it for three years, and then ran for Congress."

Moffett served four terms in Congress before giving up his seat to run, unsuccessfully, for the Senate in 1982. He is now a news anchor in Hartford—a fact that is not without significance. Media savvy was important in getting the class of '74 elected. As Norm Mineta put it, "They had grown up with TV. Over half of them were challenging incumbents. The incumbents had been in for ten, twenty, or thirty years and were not accustomed to dealing with television, whereas the new, young upstarts were very media conscious."

The new House members were forty years old, on the average, in 1974. Their youth gave them a common generational experience. Former Senator Paul Tsongas observed, "Our generation did not know the Depression. The kinds of things that would motivate, say, Tip O'Neill were not part of our experience. We were a generation that was much more questioning, because of Vietnam." This common background also produced an unusual class spirit. Tsongas said, "You got there and you saw all these other people next to you who shared the same philosophy. A remarkable number of friendships developed in that group. Most of my friends are former classmates."

Moffett recalled one of the first meetings of the class of '74, at the old Congressional Hotel. "We went around the room and each of us took four or five minutes and said, 'Here's the way I ran, and here's what I want to accomplish.' Suddenly we realized that we were a force and that we had run on the same things, even though we had never had a meeting before or plotted the strategy. There was this tremendous spirit."

Moffett wrote in his diary, "God, there's something going on here." He observes now, however, that "most of it was process stuff—anti-establishment, anti-Watergate, let's open up the system. It was *glasnost*, not *perestroika*."

Marty Russo recalled going to orientation meetings where "a couple of the real hard-nosed senior members

would say, 'If you look to your right and to your left, two of you are going to be gone. Only one of you will survive. This was a fluke election.'" Russo added, "It was a challenge thrown down at our feet. We would say, 'Baloney, this ain't going to happen. We're going to get re-elected. We're going to work together and share ideas. What can we do? How can we do it better?' We were a very close class in terms of things like that."

George Miller and Toby Moffett organized a weekend retreat for the class in February of 1975. "I would say eighty percent of the class attended," Moffett told me. "It was amazing. It's not easy to get all those people to go away for a weekend." He went on, "I remember Sam Donaldson and Lesley Stahl were outside the gates of Air-*lie* House, waiting to see what we were going to do next, because we had toppled those chairmen and changed the caucus rules. What they didn't know is that the conversation turned immediately to incumbency protection. That's what the weekend was spent on. Out of that weekend came congressional town meetings all over the country, issue forums, more sophisticated ways to target direct mail. We had workshops on how to handle the press." He added, "There were workshops on issues, but those were not nearly as popular. Everybody wanted to know how to get re-elected."

It worked. Only two members lost their seats in 1976, and one of them was embroiled in a scandal. Altogether, twenty-three members of the class of '74—fewer than one in three—lost bids for re-election to the House between 1976 and 1988. Those who remained in the House have done extremely well, retaining their seats even during the Reagan years and advancing rapidly to positions of power in Congress. Their survival is all the more remarkable because so many of them were elected in strongly Republican constituencies. Les AuCoin was the first Democrat to hold his seat in Oregon. Pat Leahy is the only Democrat to have been elected to the Senate from Vermont in the state's two-hundred-year history.

Tim Wirth said he survived in Colorado "by an enormous amount of hard work, and probably by a lot of luck." He won his House seat by one percent of the vote in 1974. In 1976 he survived three recounts. He told me, "I used to wake up during every election campaign driven by fear, enveloped in fear, fear of survival. I could have been eliminated in any one of those moments." Instead, he was elected to the Senate in 1986—with just over 50 percent of the vote.

"So many of us came from districts that were marginal at best and fully Republican in many cases," Tom Harkin said. "So we knew we couldn't rely on the party structure. We had to do something ourselves, individually, if we wanted to get re-elected." The Democratic class of '74 initiated a new era of constituency politics in the House. George Miller goes home to California every weekend. Pat Leahy estimates that he met a third to a half of all the voters in Vermont during his first term.

Marty Russo said, "I was always around. If there were

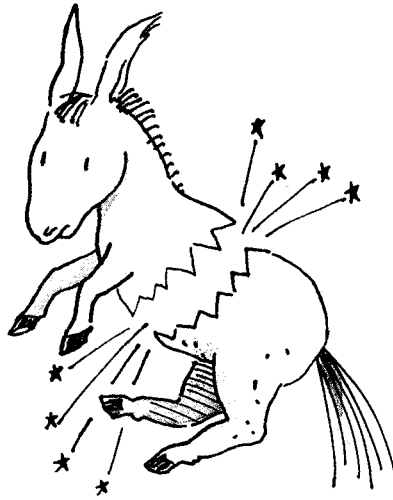
two people in a room, I'd show up." He said that a lot of members made "cold calls" to voters in their districts. "We'd call back to the district every night, 'cold call' people on the phone and say, 'How are you? This is Marty Russo. Just called to see how you're doing.' We found that it worked very well. People would be stunned to know their congressman was calling."

The political environment got hostile for Democrats after 1976. The tax revolt broke out in 1978 with the passage of Proposition 13 in California. The great inflation of the late 1970s produced a revolt against government, which brought Ronald Reagan to the White House and a Republican majority to the Senate in 1980. Democrats had no popular President to hang on to. I asked Paul Tsongas why so many Democrats from the class of '74 survived and even prospered in the face of such adversity. His answer: "We were not **G**en as the Democrats they were revolting against."

The class of '74 was dominated by politicians whose inclinations were anti-establishment, whose careers were independent of political party, and who had to survive in unfriendly political territory. A new kind of liberal emerged out of this context: unorthodox, reform-minded, iconoclastic, and staunchly independent of Democratic Party tradition.

Many of the Democrats I spoke to told me that the Kennedys had served as their inspiration. Moffett said, "One of the things that really moved me was going to visit my colleagues in the course of business and finding a picture of John Kennedy and usually Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., in every office. It was unbelievable. It was like we were members of the same religion." Former Governor Richard Lamm told me, "Like so many other people of my generation, I was apolitical. If you had taken a vote of my high school or college class, I would have been among the least likely to become a politician. But I got out of college the year John Kennedy was elected President. That was a siren call to a whole generation."

What these Democrats associated with Kennedy was not ideology. It was idealism. Their idealism motivated many of them to engage in grass-roots activism. In fact, a disproportionate number were veterans of the Peace Corps, the symbol of Kennedy-era idealism. Their approach to politics was not rooted in party loyalty or interest-group advocacy. They were Kennedy's children, and, like him, they were committed to a new kind of politics—a politics of ideas.



After one of the first meetings of the class of '74, at the old Congressional Hotel, Moffett wrote in his diary, "God, there's something going on here."

"More Reformers Than Liberals"

POLITICAL OBSERVERS DID NOT know quite what to make of these new Democrats. David Broder wrote about "the economic and social-policy revisionism of many of the young Democrats elected to Congress in that Watergate year." He added, "They have been far less sympathetic to organized labor, and far more concerned about middle-income taxpayers, than many had expected." In 1978 Henry Fairlie commented in *The New Republic*, "It is universally agreed that the 1974 and 1976 crops of Democratic freshmen in the House are strikingly conservative."

Conservative? These guys? "I have always considered myself a liberal," Chris Dodd told me. I asked Andrew Maguire whether he had thought of himself as a liberal when he first came to Congress. "Yes," he said, adding, "We were always trying to redefine the word. We were al-

ways trying to say that the words *liberal* and *conservative* were more misleading than illuminating. What is somebody who wants every CETA [Comprehensive Employment and Training Act] dollar to be accounted for and doesn't want any political payoffs in the program? You were conservative in the sense that you wanted the program to work efficiently, you wanted financial accountability. But you were a liberal, I suppose, if you went anywhere near the CETA program."

Paul Tsongas explained, "A lot of us were instinctively more reformers than liberals. Watergate was tailor-made for that kind of instinct. Michael Dukakis and I came to power by fighting the hack politicians. I see myself and always did as a reformer first and a liberal second." I asked him to explain what he meant by "liberal." He said, "I call myself a liberal on social issues. But I am pro-business and turned off by a lot of liberal doctrine on economics."

"It was very suburban," Toby Moffett said in describing the class of '74 phenomenon. Suburban voters could tolerate social- and foreign-policy liberalism. Indeed, many upper-middle-class voters were attracted to candidates who were reform-minded, libertarian in their social views, and anti-military. But these voters had no interest in big-spending, high-taxing, pro-labor Democrats.

The generational fissure in the Democratic Party actually goes back to 1968, when the party divided between the regulars, who controlled the convention and nominated Hubert Humphrey, and the New Politics liberals, who protested Humphrey's nomination on the streets of Chicago.

Chris Dodd explained to me how Vietnam divided the old and the new Democrats. For him, the division was a deeply personal one, involving his father, a U.S. senator from Connecticut. "The old liberal, the old ADA [Americans for Democratic Action] member, was progressive on health-care and workplace issues but fairly conservative on foreign policy. Like Hubert Humphrey, my father was a classic example of the New Deal Democrat—guns and money. But the sixties and seventies defined a new liberalism. [Anti-war Senator William] Fulbright became a liberal, even though he had signed the Southern Manifesto. My father became a conservative. Vietnam was the event that changed the definition of conservative and liberal."

The fight over the war raged on into 1972, when the outsiders, seeking revenge, seized control of the Democratic Party and nominated George McGovern. The 1968 election proved that the regulars could not win without the New Politics liberals. The 1972 election proved that the liberals could not win without the party regulars. When the Vietnam War ended, in 1975, the Democrats had a historic opportunity to reconcile the party. A kind of deal would have to be made: the regulars would admit their error in Vietnam and accept a less interventionist foreign policy, and the liberals, who came in with no attachment to the old politics, would endorse the big-government, pro-labor, social-welfare liberalism of the party establishment.

The moment came in 1976. One Democrat embodied this consensus and had legitimacy among both liberals and regulars. Senator Edward M. Kennedy had a strong anti-war record and a deep commitment to economic populism. But he chose not to run in 1976. So the liberals gravitated to Morris Udall, the regulars supported Scoop Jackson, and George Wallace had his last hurrah. Jimmy Carter, who was neither a liberal nor a regular nor a racist, managed to defeat each wing of the party on its own turf: Wallace in Florida, Jackson in Pennsylvania, and Udall in Wisconsin. It worked, as long as he faced his opponents one at a time.

Late in the 1976 primaries the liberals and the regulars realized that if they pooled their strength, they could defeat Carter. They rallied to a '74 Democrat, Governor Jerry Brown, of California, who upset Carter in Maryland. But it was too late—Carter had the delegates.

The historic moment was lost. In the late 1970s, as the national agenda shifted from foreign policy to economics, the old and the new Democrats began to move apart again. The tax revolt, the energy crisis, and the great inflation made big government

the principal issue of the late 1970s. The national debate was over taxes, spending, and regulation. And on these issues the class of '74 was to the right of other Democrats. The New Politics liberalism of the early 1970s turned into the neoliberalism of the 1980s.

The split at this point was between two different approaches to politics, not two different ideologies. James Florio describes the views of his generation of Democrats as "pragmatic liberalism," a phrase that he explained as follows: "It was a sense that, on balance, there was an activist role for government to play. But it did not mean that government solutions were necessarily the appropriate solutions. We stepped back from the idea that government programs were per se desirable."

I asked Florio what motivated this skepticism about government. "I think it was a response among some of us to having been burned by Great Society programs," he replied. "I am a product of the War on Poverty and the Model Cities program. I was in legal services at one point. There were some good things there, but we were naive in believing that the creation of these programs was going to enable us to address those problems. We had to be smarter and less naive about what government can do." The idea was to infuse the liberal tradition with the values of pragmatism, effectiveness, and good management—with a commitment to making things work. The things they wanted to make work were the things liberals had always wanted: equal opportunity and economic justice.

What the class of '74 rejected was the notion of a fixed ideology. "We didn't take our marching orders from organized labor, nor did we take them wholly from business," Les AuCoin said. "One of the marks of our class has been—and still is, to some extent—a search for the best practical ideas in a number of ideological camps to put together something that works in a rapidly changing world." He and his colleagues, he said, had been aware that "something new was coming—the new global economy and the changes it was going to bring to the United States socially, economically, and politically."

And so they deliberately broke with the past. "We were not just marching forward with New Deal formulas for our answers," AuCoin explained. "I think it was refreshing for a lot of constituency groups that had not supported Democrats before to see that in this new class of congressional and senatorial and gubernatorial Democrats there was something different: different from Carter, different from Mondale, and

"You've got to reform every institution that is out there," Lamm told me. "The most dangerous animal in America is the sacred cow. It's going to kill us."



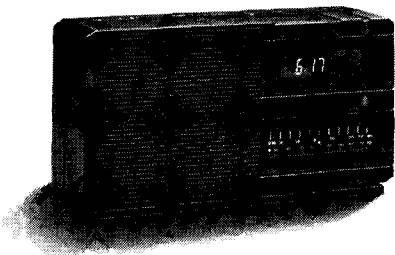
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different from the demons Reagan campaigned against."

In *The New American Politician*, Burdett Loomis uses the term "entrepreneurial" to describe the class of '74. "Their prevailing legislative philosophy emphasized problem solving by individual legislators," he writes. "The new pols by and large developed into policy entrepreneurs who hooked their careers to ideas, issues, and problems—and prospective solutions." They adopted the view that political issues are problems that have right answers, as opposed to conflicts of interest that have to be reconciled.

This approach can be traced directly back to John F. Kennedy. Kennedy articulated his philosophy in a speech he delivered in 1962 at Yale University. "The central domestic problems of our time," Kennedy said, "do not relate to basic clashes of philosophy and ideology, but to ways and means . . . sophisticated solutions to complex and obstinate problems." The President continued,

What is at stake in our economic decisions today is not some grand warfare of rival ideologies which will sweep the country with passion but the practical management of a modern economy. What we need are not labels and clichés but more basic discussion of the sophisticated and technical questions involved in keeping a great economic machinery moving ahead. . . . Political labels and ideological approaches are irrelevant to the solutions. . . . Technical answers—not political answers—must be provided.

The most devastating critique of this approach to government was made by David Halberstam in his book *The Best and the Brightest*. Halberstam accused the Kennedy Administration of ignoring the moral and political dimensions of the Vietnam conflict and treating it instead as a problem in counterinsurgency warfare. This was the new challenge of communism, and Kennedy intended to solve it. How? By bringing the best and the brightest minds to Washington—men like McGeorge Bundy and Robert McNamara, tough-minded, hard-nosed, clear-thinking experts whose minds were unclouded by passion and ideology. The President intended to rely on an elite force of Green Berets and other advisers who were specially trained in counterinsurgency warfare. It is not clear that Kennedy would have ever made a large-scale commitment of American troops the way Lyndon Johnson did, particularly given his experience with the Bay of Pigs. But the mind-set of the administration was to treat Vietnam as a problem to which there was a right answer.

Problem-solvers live in a highly intellectualized political culture that respects expertise and competence. This does not mean that they practice a value-free politics. Several members of the class of '74 I interviewed took offense at being called technocrats, and virtually every one of them placed great emphasis on his commitment to liberal values. What is distinctive about them is not their values, however. It is their approach to politics. Problem-solvers practice a politics of *ideas*. More-traditional Democrats see themselves as advocates; theirs is a politics of *interests*.

I asked Tom Downey how Democrats of his persuasion

deal with constituencies like blacks, labor unions, and cities. He answered, "We tell them that if we deal with you as separate, individual constituencies, we will fail you and ourselves. The problems of the working poor, for instance, apply to both black and white working poor. The infrastructure problems do not occur only in the cities. They also exist in the suburbs and throughout the country. They require an approach that allows the cities and the other constituencies to get their share without dealing with each of them separately, in isolation. You do a version of Ronald Reagan's idea: A strong economy is best for the poor. You don't want it to appear as though you have been hog-tied or collared by those groups because they voted for you in the last election."

Paul Tsongas made the same point. He said, "You tell them that if the U.S. falls apart, if we become a second-rate economic power like Great Britain in the last decade, then we all suffer. If the U.S. economy does well, a rising tide lifts all boats." Les AuCoin said, "We brought a commitment to traditional Democratic values without putting them into a class-warfare context."

The Schism

THE SPLIT BETWEEN ADVOCATES AND PROBLEM-solvers in the Democratic Party has widened during the 1980s. There were early signs of it in the 1980 contest between Jimmy Carter and Edward Kennedy. Several of the people I spoke to recognized a similarity between Carter's style of politics and their own. Norm Mineta told me, "Carter was considered part of the new generation. He wasn't part of an old political machine. To a great extent, 1976 was the leading edge of the new approach to politics and governing." Edward Kennedy, of course, is the consummate advocate, the spokesman for the great Democratic tradition. Kennedy won the 1980 convention's approval for several platform amendments, including a \$12 billion anti-recession jobs program, a measure that captures perfectly the spirit of traditional New Deal politics.

In 1984 Walter Mondale represented the old Democratic faith, which is to say, interest politics: you support organized interests and they support you. Gary Hart offered "new ideas." Like others in the class of '74, he was disdainful of special interests and treated issues as problems susceptible to rational solutions. Thus he accused Mondale of trying to find a fairer, more compassionate way to divide up the economic pie, while his announced goal was to stimulate growth and get a bigger pie.

The 1988 contest between Michael Dukakis and Jesse Jackson was yet another showdown between a problem-solver and an advocate. Like Hart, Dukakis made no promises to special interests. His program was directed at national needs and national priorities. And like Hart, Dukakis won about four percent of the black vote in the Democratic primaries. Jackson spoke the language of advocacy politics. "The good of our nation is at stake," he



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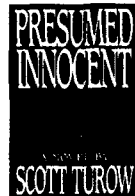
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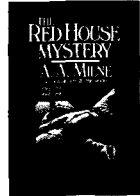
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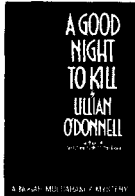
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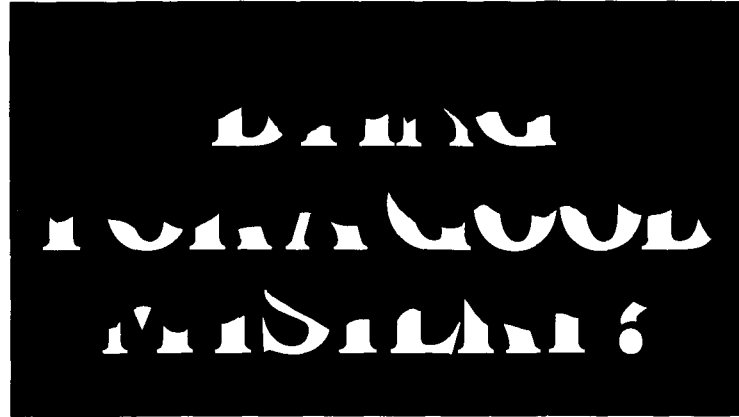
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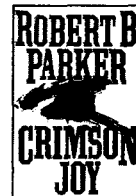
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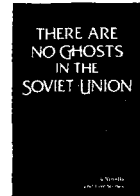
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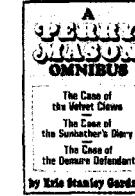
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told the Democratic Convention, "its commitment to working men and women, to the poor and the vulnerable. . . . When my name goes in nomination, your name goes in nomination." Dukakis rarely talked like that. He spoke the language of regional economic development, centers of excellence, and employment and training-choice initiatives. Instead of defending interests, he offered solutions. Jackson spoke to Democrats' hearts, Dukakis to their heads.

The distinction between the politics of interests and the politics of ideas has deep roots in American history. I saw it several years ago when I wrote an essay comparing the two great reform movements of the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries. Populism was a radical agrarian protest movement that reached its greatest strength during the depression decade of the 1890s. It took the advocacy of interests very seriously. Populist ideology was permeated by what the historian Richard Hofstadter called a "dualistic version of social struggles": "us" against "them." While its principal target was monopoly capital—"the money power"—many Populist leaders expressed a broader antagonism to the symbols of industrial civilization. The movement was widely perceived as anti-urban, anti-eastern, anti-immigrant, and, most damaging of all, anti-business.

The platforms of the People's Party regularly called for government ownership of railroads and telegraph systems, a graduated income tax, currency expansion ("free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present, legal ratio of 16 to 1"), the regulation of banking, and, sometimes, "a

war on capital." Populism was both an economic protest movement and a moral crusade. It was infused with the spirit of radical agrarianism and evangelical Protestantism. William Jennings Bryan neatly packaged the two when he told the 1896 Democratic National Convention, "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

There is a good deal of continuity between the populism of the 1890s and the progressivism of the early 1900s. Many Populist programs, including government regulation of railroad rates and government ownership of public utilities, found their way into Progressive platforms. In style and strategy, however, the movements were entirely different. Populism was a protest movement born in hard times. Progressivism was a reform movement that emerged in a period of prosperity. Scholars have had little difficulty defining the social basis of Populist support. Studies of voting behavior during the Progressive era show no clear correlation between class or ethnic background and Progressive sentiment.

Progressive intellectuals wrote and spoke in terms of "the public interest" and "the public good." They sought to define values that all Americans could endorse: reform, progress, good government. The Progressives abhorred social division and refused to define the battle in class terms. Instead, they chose specific targets of protest—party bosses, corrupt industrialists, arrogant corporate leaders—and attacked their behavior, not their interests. No important group in society, including the business community, opposed the values that Progressives stood for.

The strategy of progressivism was to promote ideas, not



to defend interests. Many of the ideas associated with populism, like free silver, seem antiquated today. Progressives, however, achieved an array of reforms at all levels of government. Their reforms remain significant: child-labor laws, regulatory agencies, nonpartisan municipal elections, professional city management, pure food and drug laws, initiatives, referenda, primary elections, and a host of other measures that have profoundly transformed American government. While Populists stirred up resentment, Progressives built coalitions. When a Populist-originated measure like railroad regulation was presented as a Progressive reform dramatized by tangible abuses—rather than an attack on capitalism—success was much easier to achieve.

Populism is an ideological tradition. Progressivism is a reform tradition. Both are visible in contemporary Democratic politics. Since the New Deal the Democrats have laid claim to the tradition of economic populism. They are the party of the poor, “the common man,” and the average American, the party that protects the economically vulnerable against adversity. For more than fifty years the class barrier has prevented Republicans from becoming a majority party. They are still the party of the rich and big business, of the country club and the boardroom. When Jesse Jackson and Richard Gephardt attack corporate greed and foreign competition, they are speaking the language of Democratic populism. When Gary Hart and Michael Dukakis talk about “new ideas” and good management, and when they attack Democratic interest-group politics and Republican corruption, they are squarely in the progressive tradition.

Progressive politicians faced one great difficulty. Because they didn’t speak the language of interest politics (“us” against “them”), they had trouble creating and retaining a political base. The Populist movement of the 1890s realigned the bases of Democratic and Republican support for a generation to come. Progressivism, however, was nonpartisan. There were progressive wings in both major parties before the First World War. (The Republican Theodore Roosevelt and the Democrat Woodrow Wilson were both progressive.) By pursuing a coalition strategy, the pre-war Progressives enjoyed considerable success on the issues. But their failure to exploit group antagonisms kept them from developing a distinctive social base with an ideology and a party loyalty.

“Your base,” Representative Barney Frank, of Massachusetts, once said, “is the people who are with you when you’re wrong.” Advocates like Hubert Humphrey, Walter Mondale, Edward Kennedy, Mario Cuomo, and Jesse Jackson are closer to the Populist tradition. In their speeches they passionately defend the interests of the disadvantaged and the victims of discrimination. Politicians like Jimmy Carter, Gary Hart, Jerry Brown, and Michael Dukakis are in the Progressive mold. They sell their ideas and offer their skills as problem-solvers. (To be sure, before he became governor of Massachusetts, Dukakis hosted a public-television show called *The Advocates*. But he was never an advocate; he was the moderator.) Carter, Hart, Brown, and Dukakis all had a similar experience. At some point each of them lost his political base.

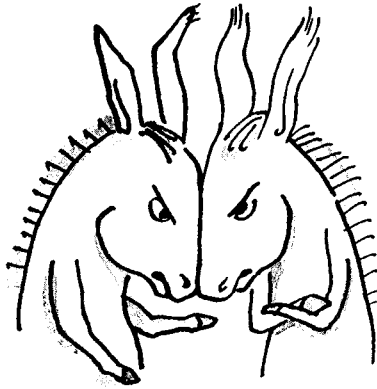
Carter’s presidency was typical. He ran on a platform of

integrity and competence (he once wrote a book titled *Why Not the Best?*). When his solutions worked, as they did in the Camp David negotiations with Prime Minister Menachem Begin, of Israel, and President Anwar Sadat, of Egypt, Carter was strong, effective, and popular. When his solutions failed, as they did in the energy crisis of 1979, everybody abandoned him. The whole premise of Carter's presidency was competence, and when that image evaporated, there was nothing left.

Compare Carter's experience with that of Ronald Reagan. Reagan was not a problem-solver. If anything, he was a problem-creator. But he did not premise his presidency on intellectual skills or managerial competence. He was a passionate advocate of conservative causes who never hesitated to depict political issues as "us" against "them." When he got into trouble as President, his conservative base stood by him. In 1982, for instance, the nation suffered the most severe recession since the 1930s. Reagan argued, "Stay the course," and millions of Americans responded. In the Iran-contra affair Reagan made a far worse mistake than anything Jimmy Carter did as President. His supporters were horrified when they found out that he had sold arms to Iran. But they stuck with him. He had stood up for them time and again in the past. He was their advocate, and he could call forth a great reserve of loyalty and commitment when he needed it. He had a base. Not only did it carry him through the crisis; it held together for his chosen successor, George Bush.

When Gary Hart got into trouble in 1987, the most conspicuous feature of that whole embarrassing episode was that nobody stood up for him. Even his staunchest supporters abandoned him. He called forth no great loyalty from the generation he claimed to lead. He was not really their advocate. They simply admired his ideas. When doubts were raised about Hart's judgment and his authenticity, his support collapsed. He had no base. In 1984 Jesse Jackson was accused of a far more serious transgression than Hart's. Most people would probably say that being suspected of anti-Semitism is a bigger problem than spending a weekend with a girl. Jackson weathered the crisis, however. Most of Jackson's supporters were undoubtedly shocked by his lapse of judgment and did not endorse his anti-Semitic language. But he apologized and they forgave him, because he had championed their cause so many times in the past. He had a base.

Governor Jerry Brown lost his base in California in 1982. Liberals abandoned him after the "Medfly crisis," because he had never cultivated their loyalty. When Brown ran for



"Walter Mondale blew up at me," Durkin recalled. "He said, 'I thought you were a liberal.' I said, 'Well, maybe I am, but I'm not a damn fool.'"

the Senate in 1982, the anti-Brown backlash not only elected a Republican senator but also helped to elect a Republican governor, George Deukmejian, on the same day.

Michael Dukakis, at the end of his first term as governor, was abandoned by his liberal supporters because, like Brown in California, he refused to champion their cause. Dukakis's own party denied him renomination for a second term, in 1978—a rare humiliation in American politics. Even Jimmy Carter beat Ted Kennedy for the Democratic nomination in 1980. Dukakis, however, was different in one respect. He turned out to be one of the few politicians who came back—to win a second term as governor, in 1982—after losing his base.

Again and again I heard members of the Class of '74 describe the trouble they have had acquiring their own base. "One of the problems the new Democrats have," Bill Brodhead said, "is that they try to pander to Republican businesspeople and maybe even get their votes, but when push comes to shove, those people are not going to be with them. That's one of the dangers facing the Democratic Party as it develops a new base. You let go of the old base but you don't have any firm roots in a new one yet."

That is one reason why social- and foreign-policy liberalism is important to the class of '74. It gives them the only base they have. Paul Tsongas said, "I had a base among environmentalists and anti-war activists, because I was up front on those issues, as I was on gay rights and women's rights. I had those groups in place, and then I moved on to the business community. If you don't have a core constituency, you're exposed."

Problem-Solving Is the Problem

AFTER MONDALE'S FAILURE IN 1984 THE DEMOCRATIC Party seemed to learn a lesson. It figured out that it couldn't elect an old-fashioned advocate anymore. Interest-group liberalism had lost its appeal. The 1988 field was dominated by progressive liberals selling competence and new ideas, including four from the class of '74 (Dukakis, Hart, Simon, and Bruce Babbitt, who was elected attorney general of Arizona in 1974 and subsequently acceded to the governorship upon the death of the incumbent). It was apparent in the debates that the other Democrats were saying the same things Gary Hart was saying, only they didn't have Hart's personal liabilities.

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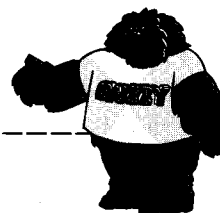
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ample, Lloyd Bentsen is a party regular who heads a powerful political organization. He is not a liberal or a conservative; in fact, he is not ideological at all. He fit in with Dukakis because they both saw the Democrats as a governing party, not a party of activists. Dukakis and Bentsen are pragmatists. The post-ideological tradition and the pre-ideological tradition joined forces on the 1988 ticket.

The theory behind the Dukakis nomination was that the Democrats can't elect a traditional liberal anymore; the only way the party could win was by selling competence, not ideology. Competence was supposed to be an appealing theme. It offered the voters precisely what they were not getting from Ronald Reagan.

There were two problems with this theory. First, had he been elected, Dukakis would have been in the same situation as Jimmy Carter was. A problem-solver has no secure base. A politician who runs on competence is going to be judged on competence. His solutions have got to work.

But Dukakis couldn't even manage to get elected. That was a devastating lesson for the class of '74. Problem-solving obviously works in Congress, and it may be an adequate approach to state government. As Bruce Babbitt pointed out, "In state government you're not in this magnetic field of opposing philosophies. It is absolutely natural to say, 'We're problem-solvers.' The philosophy books are irrelevant to ninety percent of what you're doing." But problem-solving is not enough to get you elected President of the United States, especially in a time of peace and prosperity. John F. Kennedy, the father of the '74 Democrats, did not run as a problem-solver in 1960; he had a strongly nationalistic theme—namely, U.S. military weakness and lagging economic growth. If things are going well in the country, why should the voters be concerned about competence? "They thought they could make this a value-free election," a Dukakis aide said, describing the Democratic campaign. Dukakis discovered that it is impossible to exclude values from a presidential contest. Values are exactly what gave him the most trouble.

Bush insisted that the election really was a contest of values. "Values are the thing the working man is going to decide on," he said in October. "I've got those values on our side." The values Bush was talking about were social, not economic. He used the Pledge of Allegiance issue and the "tank commercial" to portray Dukakis as soft on defense (and, some said, to send a subliminal message that a son of Greek immigrants is not a real American). He used the American Civil Liberties Union and criminal-furlough issues to portray Dukakis as soft on crime (and, some said, to send a subliminal message appealing to white racism).

During the last weeks of the campaign Dukakis countered by endorsing a warmed-over economic populism ("I'm on your side"). He started to pick up support, just as Richard Gephardt started to do better when he adopted a populist line in the early Democratic primaries ("It's your fight too"). Gephardt's theme was economic nationalism. Dukakis experimented with economic resentment. It is doubtful whether the audience for that kind of message is

as large as it used to be, particularly in a period of prosperity. Economic populism worked for Harry Truman in 1948. It almost worked for Hubert Humphrey in 1968. But it didn't work for Michael Dukakis in 1988.

Throughout American history populism has had two faces—left-wing on economic issues and right-wing on social issues. In other words, populism is consistently anti-elitist. These days liberal Democrats are vulnerable to attack as cultural elitists ("limousine liberals"), while conservative Republicans can be charged with economic elitism ("country-club conservatives"). In the 1890s southern conservatives used the race issue to divide the Populist movement and destroy the threat of economic insurgency. White supremacy displaced agrarian radicalism. Last year Bush's social populism defeated Dukakis's economic populism, even though neither candidate was remotely convincing as tribune of the people.

Dukakis's experience does say something important about the class of '74. The Watergate babies entered politics in the late 1960s and early 1970s from the left, as liberals on civil rights and foreign policy. They continue to honor that heritage, even though they have moved to the right in their economic thinking. Dukakis chose not to run on his social values. But he could not escape them and was eventually forced to acknowledge his liberal roots.

Each of the leading progressive Democrats has failed. It is easy to explain their failures in personal terms. Jimmy Carter was overwhelmed by events. Gary Hart suffered from a tragic flaw of character, and he didn't understand how to relate to constituencies ("Where's the beef?"). Jerry Brown had a personality problem—flakiness and arrogance don't mix. Michael Dukakis ran a timid campaign, refusing to defend his values and failing to convey any sense of vision or theme. But could there be something else going on here—a failure not of individuals but of an entire approach to politics? Is there something basically flawed in the political style of the class of '74?

Neoliberalism: The Triumph of Buzz Words?

IN 1984 RANDALL ROTHENBERG PUBLISHED *THE NEOLIBERALS*, in which he identified the basic themes of the class of '74's revisionist approach. Neoliberals believed in investment (creating a larger economic pie, to use their favorite metaphor) as opposed to redistribution (figuring out how to slice up a shrinking pie). They favored "appropriate technology," meaning a mixture of governmental and private incentives, instead of government programs alone. And they believed in cooperative problem-solving ("the national interest") rather than us-against-them politics ("special interests").

What they were offering was a new methodology, one that was realistic, efficient, and, above all, politically feasible in the Reagan era. Michael Dukakis talked about tough choices; Hubert Humphrey never did.

Indeed, neoliberals defined themselves mostly by what they were against. According to Andy Maguire, the '74

Democrats felt that policy-making "was often corrupted by considerations other than what would make good public policy."

Partisanship was suspect. "It was hard to paint one side as bad Republicans and the other side as good Democrats," Bob Edgar said. "Party labels didn't matter. I would jokingly say at meetings that we ought to have National Choose-Up-Sides-Again Day, because I got elected in a conservative Republican area. I never ran races from day one as Democratic versus Republican. It was good government versus bad government. It was reasonable, rational, targeted, fiscally responsible, spend-the-dollars-well-and-wisely government." He acknowledged, "It sounds very conservative."

What the new Democrats were really against was made clear when Charles Peters, the editor of *The Washington Monthly* and the godfather of neoliberalism, published his "Neo-Liberal's Manifesto" in *The Washington Post* in 1982. What Peters and his followers rejected was the adversarial approach to politics. He condemned "a trend toward separatism, not only by race, but by class and interest group, that has divided the nation and produced the politics of selfishness. . . . The adversary approach to problems has come to dominate our national life, at a disastrous cost to all of us." Two of the neoliberals' strongest commitments were to resurrecting the public schools, which had become, in their opinion, "the principal instrument of class oppression in America," and restoring some form of national-service obligation, so that "all classes would share equally in the burdens and risks of military service." "We want," Peters wrote, "to bring people together."

How did they propose to do this? The neoliberals placed their faith in two principles: economic growth (which, Peters wrote, "is essential to almost everything else we want to achieve") and education. Tim Wirth told me, "The single most important expenditure we have to make is investment in education. That's top on the agenda."

Not only did the class of '74 believe in education; its members put it to use in their careers. "Our class represented people who decided they could get power not through the leadership structure or the committee system but through information," Bob Edgar said. In Rothenberg's book Paul Tsongas offered this description of how the '74 Democrats approached issues: "Whether it was economics or defense posture or what have you, we'd sit around, bring in the experts, and say, 'What the hell is going on?' . . . That was very different from the traditional Democrat, who would say, 'All right, what do the unions want? What does constituency X want?'"

Even in early 1984 Rothenberg was critical of this bloodless approach to politics. In what could serve as a postmortem on both the Hart and Dukakis campaigns, Rothenberg wrote, "All the new ideas in the world will be to no avail without a context. A context for neoliberalism may be implicit in what its leading politicians and advisers do and say. Yet the neoliberals seem to fear the explicit revelation of their underlying ideology."

INSTEAD OF IDEOLOGY, NEOLIBERALS HAVE CONCEPTS. Investment is good. Spending is bad. It is good to have priorities. It is bad to call for programs. We need partnership, not big government. Talk about national needs, not special-interest demands. Call for growth, not redistribution. Above all, address the future. Reject the past. After a while neoliberal ideas begin to sound like random combinations of buzz words. How about a partnership for investment in future growth priorities? Or national investment priorities in a partnership for future growth? Or a national growth partnership for future investment priorities?

The politicians I interviewed were keenly aware of how these concepts made them different from the old Democrats.

George Miller, one of the more passionate members of the class, told me, "You replaced visions and dreams with questions like 'How much does it cost?' There has been a decade here where, in some ways, you lost your voice. You really didn't quite want to speak out for universal health care or child care." In Miller's view, "Reagan did it. When the Reagan drumbeat came on the scene, it completely wiped out every other bit of noise. There was this ten-ton gorilla walking around town."

Naturally the new Democrats faced resistance, more often from labor and old-line Democrats than from Republicans. Referring to the capital-gains tax, Paul Tsongas said, "The traditional Democrat would take the position 'If business is for it, I'm against it.' Our position would be 'If it generates wealth and helps the economy and makes us more competitive, we're for it.' That is a tremendous divide." I asked Tsongas how he would respond to the charge that his was a "me too" philosophy. He answered, "If you look at economic issues, the 'me too-ism' charge is real. But I don't give a damn, because if the economy works and the worst thing you can say about me is 'me too-ism,' then I accept the charge." He pointed out that he had sponsored a gay-rights bill. "On environmental issues, social issues, defense issues, and Third World issues," Tsongas said, "we're traditional liberals."

John Durkin told me this story about the clash between the old and the new liberalism: "The very first markup session I went to in the Senate was the Youth Camp Safety Act. It was sort of an OSHA for summer camps. The son of a guy from Connecticut had been killed at a camp in Maine. He wanted to impose new rules. It was a tragedy that his son died. But I looked at Bill Hathaway, who sat to my left, and I said, 'Any problem in Maine, Bill?' He said, 'No.'

"Bob Stafford sat to my right. I said, 'Any problem in Vermont?' He said, 'No.' And I said, 'Well, what the hell are we voting for this for?' So I voted for every crippling amendment and then voted against reporting it out.

"Walter Mondale blew up at me. He said, 'I thought you were a liberal.' I said, 'Well, maybe I am, but I'm not a damn fool. We don't need this.' Then he snapped back and said, 'You're the type of guy that would send your kids to summer camp and not want them back on Labor Day.' I

said, 'Look, I don't know who elected—or, rather, appointed—you, but the people who elected me can't afford to send their kids to summer camp. Your banker friends can call the banker where the camp is and find out whether it's safe or not to send their kids.'

"After that blowup," Durkin added, "Mondale and I never hit it off."

Anti-Establishment Politics

THE WATERGATE BABIES DID MORE THAN INTRODUCE buzz words. They created a new tradition of anti-establishment politics. They took on the congressional establishment, and the liberal establishment as well. In fact, their challenge to the party establishment may have a far more enduring impact than any of their specific problem-solving ideas. In Tom Harkin's view, the class of '74 felt that "traditional liberals were just part of the institution, and the institution wasn't working that well." He added, "Traditional liberalism was patronizing. Traditional liberals always said, 'Are you hurting? Have you got a problem? Well, we can get some program to take care of that.' They didn't ask, 'Why are you hurting? What is wrong with the system that makes you hurt? Maybe we have to change that system a little bit.' That's what we were asking."

It was Richard Lamm, of Colorado, who refined the art of anti-establishment politics. "You've got to reform every institution that is out there," he told me when we met last fall. "The health-care system. The education system. We've got too many farmers in America. And too many lawyers. The most dangerous animal in America is the sacred cow. It's going to kill us." Lamm boasted, "I've taken on almost every constituency within the Democratic Party. I've taken on the labor unions. I've taken on the teachers. The Hispanics just go crazy because of immigration reform. The elderly are the most powerful political group in America, but they just have to be taken on. They're already getting too much, not too little."

"I took on death and dying," he continued. "You know, every day in hospitals across America somebody is brought back from death and we spend a lot of taxpayers' money on them so they can die again tomorrow. There was not a Democratic constituency that was happy with me by 1982. And I won, by two to one."

So there are two distinctions to be made—one between problem-solvers and advocates and another between establishment and anti-establishment

politicians. In 1984 the party establishment nominated a presidential candidate from the advocacy school, a skilled and experienced proponent of interest-group liberalism. He lost. In 1988 the party establishment turned to a candidate from the problem-solving school, one who promised competence, not ideology, and who won the nomination without making any commitments to special interests. He, too, lost. Only once has the Democratic Party nominated an anti-establishment candidate. That was Jimmy Carter, in 1976. He won.

The 1988 Democratic contest looked a lot like the 1984 contest, but with a twist. Both campaigns ended up with two major contenders, an advocate and a problem-solver: Mondale and Hart in 1984, Jackson and Dukakis in 1988. The difference was in the positioning of the party establishment. Mondale, the advocate, was its candidate in 1984. Dukakis, the problem-solver, was its candidate in 1988. While Hart and Jackson had very different political messages, both their campaigns were energized by anti-establishment sentiment. That was exactly what was missing from the 1984 and 1988 Democratic tickets. Voting for either Mondale or Dukakis meant voting to restore the Democratic establishment to power. In short, the Democratic Party seems to have learned the wrong lesson from the class of '74's experience. The party has gone from ideology to problem-solving, but that has made little difference. The anti-establishment lesson has not been learned.

Recently I had an extended conversation with Gary Hart concerning his role in the Democratic Party. Hart readily agreed with my characterization of him as an anti-establishment figure. He disagreed, however, with the notion that he and Dukakis represented a similar approach to politics. "I never advertised myself as a manager," Hart contended. "The competence standard seems to me to say, 'It doesn't much matter what we're doing—we can do it better.' I care very much about what we're doing. I just don't believe what we're doing ought to be more agencies, regulations, higher taxes, and more spending. That's all."

What he offered the Democratic Party, he said, was a new "conceptual framework." "My approach to politics is that my party must totally rethink its big policies: its defense policy, its fiscal policy, its foreign policy. Not whether we buy the B-1 bomber or not, or whether we provide arms to the contras or not," Hart wanted to do something more than solve problems; he wanted to reconceptualize them.

Although he had a strongly liberal voting record, Hart never sold him-

**The '74 Democrats
have perfected the skills of
incumbency protection
and constituency service. But
Presidents are supposed
to do something else.**



**During his years as Secretary of Defense,
as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare,
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Federal Trade Commission,
everybody's been telling Cap Weinberger
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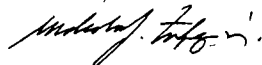
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Bill Rice, the bu the Lands' End Inte

There wasn't much moving on that shimmering hot summer day not long ago, on a West Texas ranch. Just a skittish lizard, here and there. And a tractor, plowing the fields, driven by a man named Bill Rice.

Now, summertime and bugs seem to go together like bacon and eggs. So it wasn't surprising that pretty soon, a bug crawled down into the Lands' End Interlochen Knit Shirt that Bill happened to be wearing that day.

(While we have gotten pretty well acquainted with Bill Rice, we can't tell you anything about this bug, whether it

was a brave bug or an ornery bug, a wise old bug or a foolish young bug. It disappeared without giving any interviews.)

Anyway, we'll let Bill tell you what happened at this point, in his own words.

"There wasn't room for me and the bug, so I yanked the shirt off and just hung it on the back of my tractor.

"Well, to make a long story short, the shirt fell down and I accidentally plowed it under. After I plowed it back up and threw it in the washing machine, it was still as good as new. Now that's a well-made shirt."

A shirt good enough to meet the President.

At this point in the story, as Bill talked to us, he began to warm to the topic of our Interlochen Knit Shirts.

"I wear them everywhere I go. Working out here on the ranch, and going into town too."

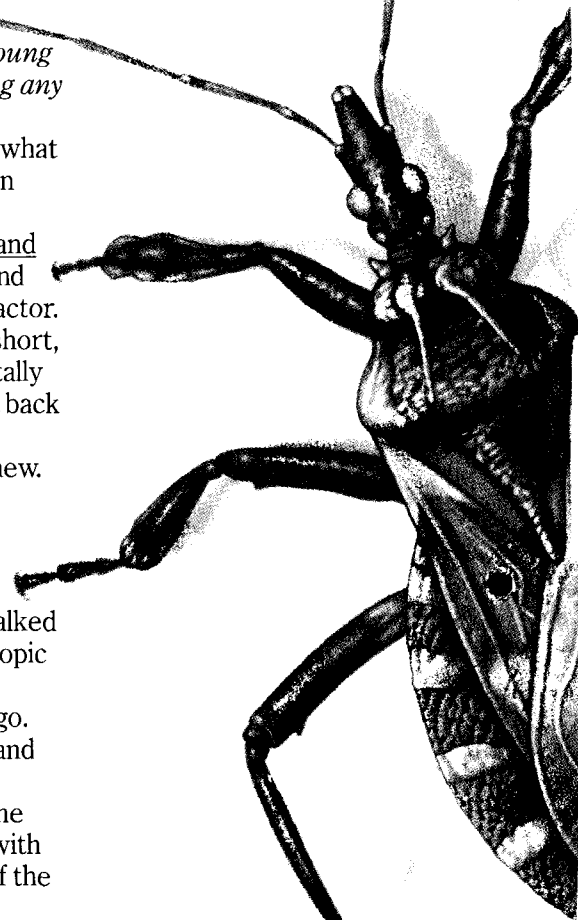
Bill says it's the comfort of the shirt that's got him sold. Along with the way it looks. (He owns six of the shirts he's pictured in here!)

"If I was going to meet the President," says Bill with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "I'd wear this shirt."

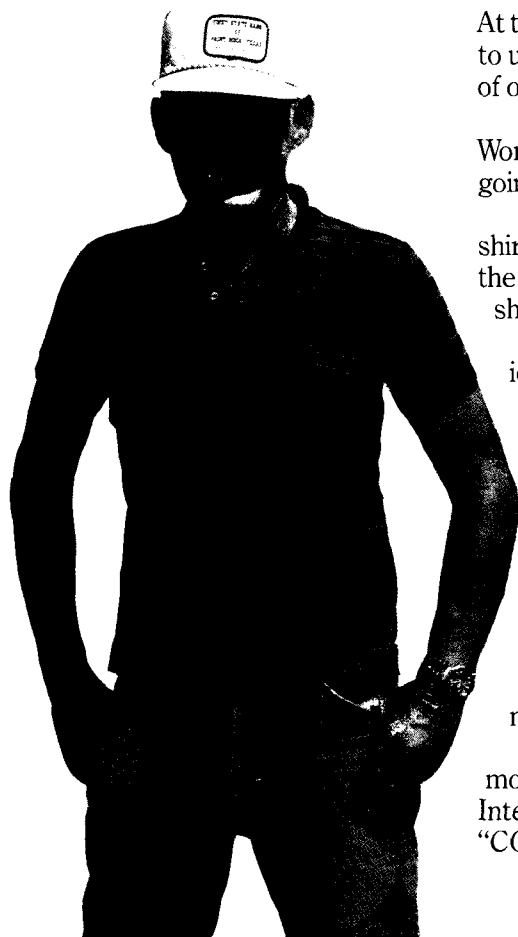
What's so special about our Interlochen Knit?

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In one of our more exuberant moments, we once declared that our Interlochen Knit Shirt is absolutely "COTTON BALL SOFT!"



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smoothly finished inside—all so no rough edges of fabric ever come between you and the softness of our Interlochen.

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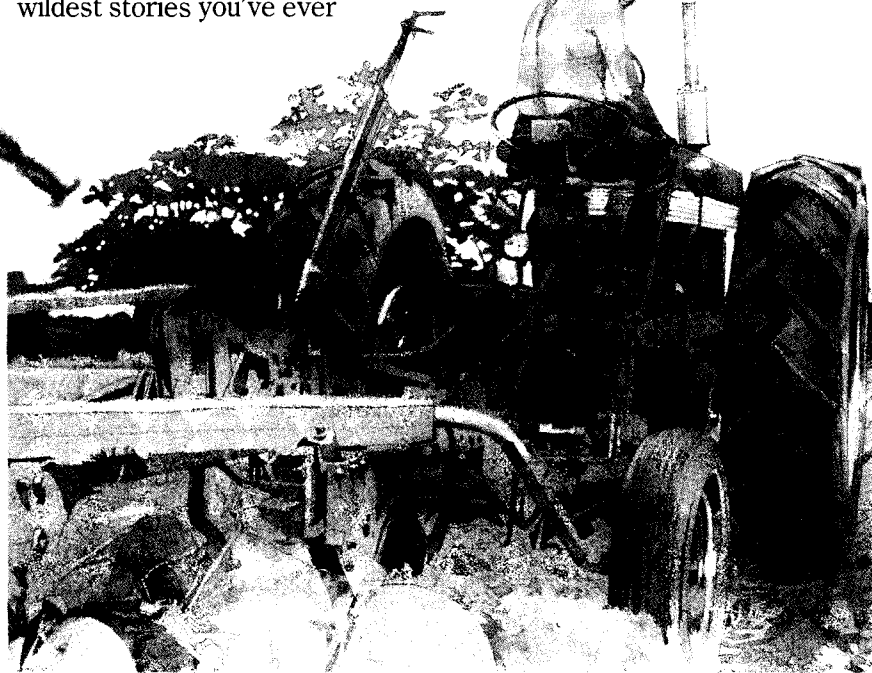
seem to appreciate that.

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self as an ideological spokesman. His call to reconceptualize problems was, in his words, "beyond management but short of ideology." Nevertheless, it elicited an emotional commitment. "The reason I won twenty-six primaries and caucuses in 1984 wasn't that I was a technocrat," Hart said. "I beat Mondale in New Hampshire because I was intense. Those activists who get behind you early when you're at one or two percent don't do it because they like your mind. They knew I was out to save the Democratic Party." The desire for change gave the Hart movement its passion and its energy. It was an anti-establishment passion, with Walter Mondale the symbol of everything stale and unchanging in the Democratic Party tradition.

Problem-solvers don't offer change. Problem-reconceptualizers do. According to Hart, that is where he differed from others in the class of '74. "The Democrats from the class of '74 tend to be too micro," Hart said. "They've got programs. I go back and ask how those programs fit into a conceptual framework."

The ultimate objective of this conceptual whole was to stimulate growth, which, Hart felt, required reducing the deficit. "We cannot make the economy grow again in any responsible way without reducing the deficit," he said. "That's why additional revenues are necessary, and that's why I've got them in there."

Walter Mondale had them in there too. How did Hart expect to sell the idea of raising taxes?

"Give an alternative other than going back to more Democratic spending," he replied. "The alternative is to use market forces: use new mechanisms to stimulate market forces to raise the revenues to pay for the programs that make us a more just society." Essentially, Hart put forward the same liberal goals, but he had reconceptualized the way of achieving them. Traditional Democrats say tax and spend. Supply-siders say cut taxes and grow. Hart offered a new idea—tax and grow.

At the core of Hart's philosophy is a deep antipathy toward interest politics. I asked him about "fighting for people's interests" as a political objective. "The word *fight* has always bothered me," Hart said, "because it conjures up a rhetorical approach that only works when times are good. Then the question is 'Who cares about me the most?' The dirty little secret now is that the pie is not growing. Anybody who touches all the hot buttons of labor, blacks, and women, who makes those kinds of promises, is not going to be able to meet those promises."

Despite what has happened to his own career, Hart feels that he succeeded in transforming the Demo-

cratic Party. "What happened after '84 was that my argument won," he said. "My argument was, we're going to have to find new leadership and new approaches. In 1983 that's what the party did. If you look at the cast of characters in '84 and the cast of characters in '88, it's a revolution. It's a generational revolution."

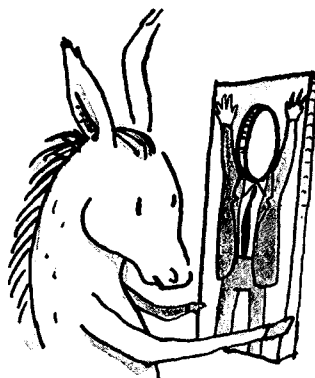
I COVERED MANY OF THE SAME ISSUES WHEN I MET JERRY Brown a few weeks later, in Los Angeles. He served eight years as governor of California, the nation's most populous state, and he was the first member of the class of '74 to run for President—and to run twice (in 1976 and 1980). I asked him what new ideas he had brought to the Democratic Party.

Brown recalled that when he was elected governor, in 1974, "you had a lot of skepticism about education and the programs that had come out of the Great Society." He said, "A lot of studies were coming out showing how difficult it was to prove that these programs were effective. Something new had to be developed." Brown started out with a slogan. "The symbol of my campaign was, 'California needs a new spirit.' Of course, after a while people asked, 'What is this new spirit? What does it consist of? Where's the content?'" (In other words, "Where's the beef?") "Basically," he said, "I had a feeling that the old politics was not working." The theme he adopted was the Zeitgeist theme of his generation. "I talked about the era of limits," Brown said. "We can't do everything we want. You have to decide: freeways, child care, education, medical care. We have to look at it all, including salaries." He added, "What that did was create a lot of tension with traditional constituencies."

Like Hart and other '74 Democrats, Brown felt the need to formulate an alternative to traditional Democratic interest-group liberalism. Hart's answer was severe rationalism. Jerry Brown's alternative was different but no less severe. It was the politics of virtue. He told me, "I thought if you were virtuous, political success would follow, that if you didn't make deals and if you brought in people who were left out, you could create a whole new coalition. My idea was that integrity is the most important thing."

Brown noted that he'd had considerable success bringing in new constituencies. He encouraged farm workers to participate in politics through a new collective-bargaining law. He empowered women through his appointments: half of his cabinet was women, and he appointed a woman chief justice of the state su-

"We haven't had the great leader," AuCoin said, "the person who can say, 'I've got new ideas,' and who can reach out and lift a people to great goals."



preme court. He brought in critics of government, including "a lot of public-interest lawyers who had worked against government." Brown did everything except the one thing Democrats had always done in the past—spend money. As he put it, "My idea was that without raising taxes, by a careful use of the regulatory power, we could protect the environment, we could ensure equal opportunity, and we could bring new people into government, realizing that there were going to be limitations on resources." He added, "The important thing was to avoid taxes and not spend too much money."

Brown tried to change politics by his own example. "My sense was that sincerity was what government needed. I felt that there was a lot of baloney, a lot of artificiality, a lot of cynical manipulation. So I wouldn't do that." For example, Brown said, "I wouldn't let them put my picture up in the motor-vehicle departments. I said, 'We don't need that. This is a government of laws, not of men.'"

He told me of an instance in which his politics of sincerity backfired. "Reagan had a signature machine," Brown said. "I thought that was counterfeit. I'm not going to give out my autograph because that's silly. It's for movie stars, not serious political leaders. I didn't send out pictures either. The state would have to pay for it, and it would take up time. I said, 'We're a frugal government and we're not going to waste money on nonsense.'"

"What happened was that a young girl from upstate New York got a campaign going through the Associated Press. She had written to forty-nine governors and gotten autographed pictures from them. She said, 'Jerry Brown is insensitive and doesn't care. He's the only governor who didn't give me an autographed picture. I have all the other governors, and it's for the eighth grade, and isn't this terrible?' So ultimately I had to capitulate. They were just beating me over the head." He added, "I didn't send her an autographed picture. I sent her a letter and said, 'Well, I guess you win.' At that point I realized it was going to be interpreted not as sincerity but as indifference and lack of concern." Not to mention arrogance.

In Brown's opinion, the technocratic approach is just a way for Democrats to hide from their ideological problems. He said, "Problem-solving is used to escape the dilemma that you're on the wrong side of some of the social issues. You talk about competence when you don't want to bite the bullet on tough issues, because they are too polarizing. You say there is no ideological issue, there's just a problem making the machine work." Brown's answer to this dilemma was to look for ways to create new values.

Brown cited the example of the California Conservation Corps, the program that, he claimed, "expressed my philosophy the best." He described the CCC as "an attempt to promote values." He said, "My idea was to take kids, particularly from urban areas, and put them into the hills and get them making trails, planting trees, clearing streams, and living there . . . to get them out of their environment and into a new environment that would be tightly controlled."

The purpose, he said, "was to counter the loss of values

and inspire people with discipline." He added, "They would be better citizens. Environmental values would expand their time horizons. They would learn to work with blacks, Hispanics, middle-class people, college students, people from a whole variety of backgrounds. It reflected the idea of inclusion, of environmental values, of community, and of serving some larger purpose." Brown concluded, "That's my idea of what we should be doing, but it should have a million people in it nationwide."

There was one big problem. "The trouble with the idea," Brown acknowledged, "is that nobody benefits immediately. If you talk about a new health program, there are health-care providers who make money from it—hospitals, doctors, nurses. If you talk about education, the people who do the collective bargaining know exactly how much money is going to go on the table when you adopt a certain program. If you talk about building power plants, you know exactly which building trades—electricians, boilermakers, pipefitters—are going to benefit. When you talk about the CCC, there's no money going into anybody's pocket. All you can say is that young people are going to be given an opportunity for a new start in life. There is no constituency around the political table that draws an immediate, tangible benefit."

During his tenure Brown ran afoul of interest-group politics. He explained, "The pressure to spend and the pressure to conform to the political process was very powerful. The people standing in line for money are all worthy people. They're disabled, they're disadvantaged, they're hardworking schoolteachers, they're university professors, they're doctors taking care of the poor, they're nursing homes that take care of the elderly, they're people who claim that a freeway is needed everywhere there's a 'blood alley.'" But he did not feel his policies had been a failure. In Brown's opinion, "The idea of using sincerity and political virtue and making it an inclusive government and not spending money unless it was absolutely proven that it was necessary—that formula did work. After all, I beat Carter in five primaries."

He has not given up. After spending time studying Buddhism in Japan and tending the sick and dying with Mother Teresa in India, Brown returned to California with some new ideas about what the Democratic Party could do. He announced his intention to run for state party chairman, normally a job with neither power nor glamour. He told *The Washington Post*, "The political parties have been very weak, in effect anti-parties. The result is that power has flowed to the special interests." Brown's alternative, as he explained it to me, was to turn the state Democratic Party into a grass-roots fund-raising and service organization.

Brown envisioned the state party as a kind of reverse political machine. "Instead of fighting over a lot of abstruse issues," he explained, "I think we're better off escorting seniors to the doctor or volunteering in a hospice or feeding the hungry or doing a constructive public service." His purpose, he said, "was to empower the grass roots through grass-roots financing and with activities that are not just



make-work but really contribute to the quality of life in people's communities." He observed, "It's a powerful idea, and it's an untried idea."

But not an idea that has met with universal acclaim. Last fall forty local party officials who opposed his candidacy published an open "Dear Jerry" letter that said, "Our party has enough work to do without trying to explain why you have come back to lead the party you once shunned."

Ideology Matters

ACCORDING TO BRUCE BABBITT, ADVOCACY IS A PROBLEM for the Democratic Party. "The passion in our party simply narrows our base," he said. "The culture of advocacy is directed toward ends that have been rejected by the majority of the American people." In other words, you can't win elections anymore by holding the Democratic base together. There aren't enough people who identify as have-nots.

On the other hand, John Durkin had a simple but graphic explanation for why neoliberal problem-solvers have had so much trouble building a base. "They don't like people," he said. "They want to manage them but they don't like them. And the people know they don't like them. They put up with it as long as the guy isn't making any mistakes and things are going well. But when he stubs his toe, people say, 'We never liked the guy anyway. To hell with him.'" For some politicians in the class of '74, Durkin observed, "their only strongly held belief is their unshakable belief in themselves."

Several of my sources attributed the problems of Carter, Hart, Brown, and Dukakis to a failure of personality. "These men had something in common that caused them to find themselves alone when things went sour," Les AuCoin noted. "That was their personality." Bill Brodhead described the Humphrey-Mondale tradition as "warm—'We love everybody, more of everything for everybody, this is a big party, the tent's big enough to hold everybody.'" By comparison, he said, "the Jerry Brown approach is, 'You people are bastards, you don't count.'" "There's this coldness about it," Brodhead declared. "Dukakis reminds me of that new bloodless liberal," John Durkin remarked. "They want to help mankind as long as they don't have to speak to them."

About Gary Hart, Durkin said, "You always got the feeling he left part of himself outside the room." As for Jerry Brown, "A curbstone psychologist once said, 'Never support anyone for high office who doesn't get along with his father.'" "The problem with Dukakis," Durkin remarked, "is that in that photograph of him in the tank, the tank looked warmer than he did."

Babbitt felt that Dukakis had at least solved part of the Democratic Party's ideological problem. In his opinion, "Dukakis did a relatively good job on the one issue he anticipated, which was the big-government, big-spender stuff. He saw it coming and effectively inoculated himself." Babbitt's view, however, was that "he did not do that

on the cultural issues, and he didn't do it on foreign affairs." Which could be taken as a judgment of an entire generation of Democrats.

Politicians from the class of '74 seem to succeed except when they have to defend their ideology. Then they don't have much to say. As Durkin put it, "You can't go around saying, 'My opponent's shoes aren't comfortable, so I don't want you to buy them. But I don't have any shoes to sell you.' That's the position we're in. 'Don't buy his. We just don't have ours yet. Save your money until ours come along.' It's still inchoate what the new Democrats are talking about."

The 1988 election results confirmed the split-level rule in American politics: The higher the office, the more ideology matters. And the more ideology matters, the worse Democrats do. The '74 Democrats have perfected the skills of incumbency protection and constituency service. They are efficient, effective, honest, intelligent, serious, and hardworking. They can solve problems, which is exactly what governors and members of Congress are supposed to do. But Presidents are supposed to do something else. They are supposed to develop a personal relationship with the voters, based on a sense of shared values. Americans identify with the President far more than with any other public figure. That is why "character" issues are more important in a presidential campaign than in any other contest. The President, and only the President, represents America. The President has to be an advocate. He can always hire problem-solvers.

In Search of a Theme

A GOOD DEAL HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE Democratic Party's race problem. For instance, no Democratic presidential candidate has won a majority of white voters since Franklin Roosevelt, with the exception of Lyndon Johnson in his 1964 landslide. With the class of '74 a new difficulty has arisen. As a result of its success, progressive values have become dominant in the Democratic Party. Populist values have become subordinate. Class, rather than race, may now be the Democrats' biggest problem.

In 1974 the Democratic Party expanded beyond its base among poor and working-class voters and established a new beachhead in the upper middle class, among voters who responded to the racial and foreign-policy liberalism of the 1960s and to the national outrage over Watergate. Many of them were Baby Boomers, but their loyalty has been difficult to sustain.

This New Politics vote helped keep the Democratic Party alive. The old base of the party was eroding quickly. Most voters no longer thought of themselves as have-nots. Moreover, Republicans were cutting into the white working-class vote by appealing to racial, religious, and foreign-policy conservatism. The Democratic Party is now a cross-class coalition. The liberal upper-middle class responds to high-minded progressive values: political reform, an "edu-

cational" approach to issues. Poor and working-class voters continue to respond to populist themes: Whose side are you on?

The fact is, the Democrats cannot survive on the new—that is, class of '74—politics, and they cannot go back to the old politics. Both formulations leave out the nation's vast middle class. Middle-class voters are threatened by economic populism, except when there is a serious recession. Under normal circumstances it is difficult to persuade them to go back to the bad old days of taxing, spending, and inflation—that is, to the 1970s. Moreover, middle-class voters do not share the social values of the liberal upper-middle class, except temporarily, at a time of scandal (Watergate), moral outrage (segregation), or foreign calamity (Vietnam). Under normal circumstances the Democrats seem to have little to offer. Except, perhaps, competence.

The 1988 election marked a great victory for the class of '74. They succeeded in doing something they have been trying to do for fifteen years—namely, discredit the party's tradition of special-interest politics.

And the Democrats still lost. The 1988 election was a continuation of a long-term trend in American politics. The Democrats used to be a populist party. Now they are primarily a liberal party, especially on social and cultural issues. By refusing to acknowledge the legitimacy of interests, the class of '74 has, in effect, completed the transformation of the party's social base. In the past the Democrats offered protection against economic adversity to those who felt threatened or insecure. That they do so now is not so clear. Meanwhile, the Republicans are offering strong defense, a tough stand on crime, traditional religion, and old-fashioned morality—what George Bush calls "those values." And low taxes besides.

"If one thing rings false in all the rhetoric of neoliberalism," Randall Rothenberg wrote in 1984, "it is that the 'national interest' may be nothing more than the special interests of the liberal upper middle class." The columnist Mark Shields has written about "Cotton Mather Democrats," the contemporary American Puritans who call for increased "sin taxes" on beer, tobacco, and gasoline to help reduce the federal budget deficit. He asks, "When did the Democrats plunge into the fatal error that somehow it is acceptable to be rich, virtuous to be poor and that the only sin is to be a member of the middle class?" The answer is 1974.

The party needs a theme that will unite its populist and progressive constituencies and reach beyond them to the white middle class. My interviews revealed one potentially powerful Democratic theme. Virtually everyone I interviewed spoke of the challenge of international competitiveness and the need for a national economic revival.

Jerry Brown felt that in order for the Democrats to advance, "there has to be a challenge." He said, "I see that challenge in the changing world, both economically and militarily, because we're going to have to become more competitive. The lack of trained people, the threat of the

environment—there's a bundle of needs that translates into an opening for a Democratic initiative." Paul Tsongas offered the most provocative idea. He said, "My campaign theme would be, 'Make America No. 1 again.' Talk about America's wealth being dissipated by the deficits, foreigners buying up everything. Raise those issues in a very jingoistic fashion—America's pride. Make no apology about how you feel. Say we're going to get involved in basic education. We're going to do whatever is necessary to make the United States competitive. We're going to have a capital-gains differential based on holding periods. If that's pro-business, let it be pro-business. If that means we do things Democrats have not traditionally liked, the hell with them. We're going to do it. And I think people would respond."

The "new nationalism" was a favorite theme of early-twentieth-century progressives like Theodore Roosevelt. Competitiveness captures the spirit of idealism, national revival, and sacrifice associated with John F. Kennedy ("Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country"). Finally, it addresses the problem that Americans today see as the most serious threat to our national security—our declining economic power.

There is only one thing wrong with the issue. It makes liberal opinion-makers and highly educated voters nervous. People who talk about economic nationalism often end up sounding like protectionists. And protectionism is not a respectable sentiment in the liberal upper-middle class. Whenever a mainstream politician makes a speech that sounds protectionist—as John Connally did in 1980, Walter Mondale did in 1983, and Richard Gephardt did in 1988—he is instantly condemned by the establishment. Editorials in *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times* attack the politician for catering to special interests (big business in the case of Connally, big labor in the case of Mondale and Gephardt) and for pandering to popular prejudice. As it happens, pandering to popular prejudice is not a bad way to get votes. Even Michael Dukakis ended up showing commercials that featured a rising Japanese flag.

Moreover, ever since the Vietnam War liberals have been uncomfortable with nationalism. After all, John Kennedy got us into trouble by saying, "We shall pay any price, bear any burden . . . to assure the survival and the success of liberty." Nationalism is a populist theme. It also has deep roots in the progressive tradition, and it worked for Kennedy. Nevertheless, it is hard music for present-day liberals to sing. Kennedy would have been comfortable with the idea of the American century. But delegates to the 1984 Democratic Convention, in San Francisco, looked a little embarrassed waving their tiny American

flags for the television cameras. To the liberal upper-middle class, nationalism sounds like protectionism, and that threatens to raise the prices of the imports they consume. Even worse, nationalism reminds them of Vietnam, and that is an abomination.

Politicians from the class of '74 are willing to promote competitiveness as an intellectual principle. But they shy away from outright nationalism. They fear its darker implications. Moreover, it requires them to display passionate conviction, and that is not their political style. To make the competitiveness theme work, '74 Democrats would have to do something that none of them has quite succeeded in doing. They would have to become real populists. They are going to have to do exactly what Tsongas recommended and say, "To hell with those qualms. We're going to do it."

I ASKED LES AUCCOIN HOW HE WOULD ANSWER THE ARGUMENT that the class of '74 has had its chance to lead the country and has failed. Jimmy Carter embodied some of its values, as did Jerry Brown, Gary Hart, and Michael Dukakis. Now what?

"We've only had part of the package," AuCoin responded. "We haven't had the great leader, the person who can say, 'I've got new ideas,' and who can reach out and lift a people to great goals. In none of those instances have we had that."

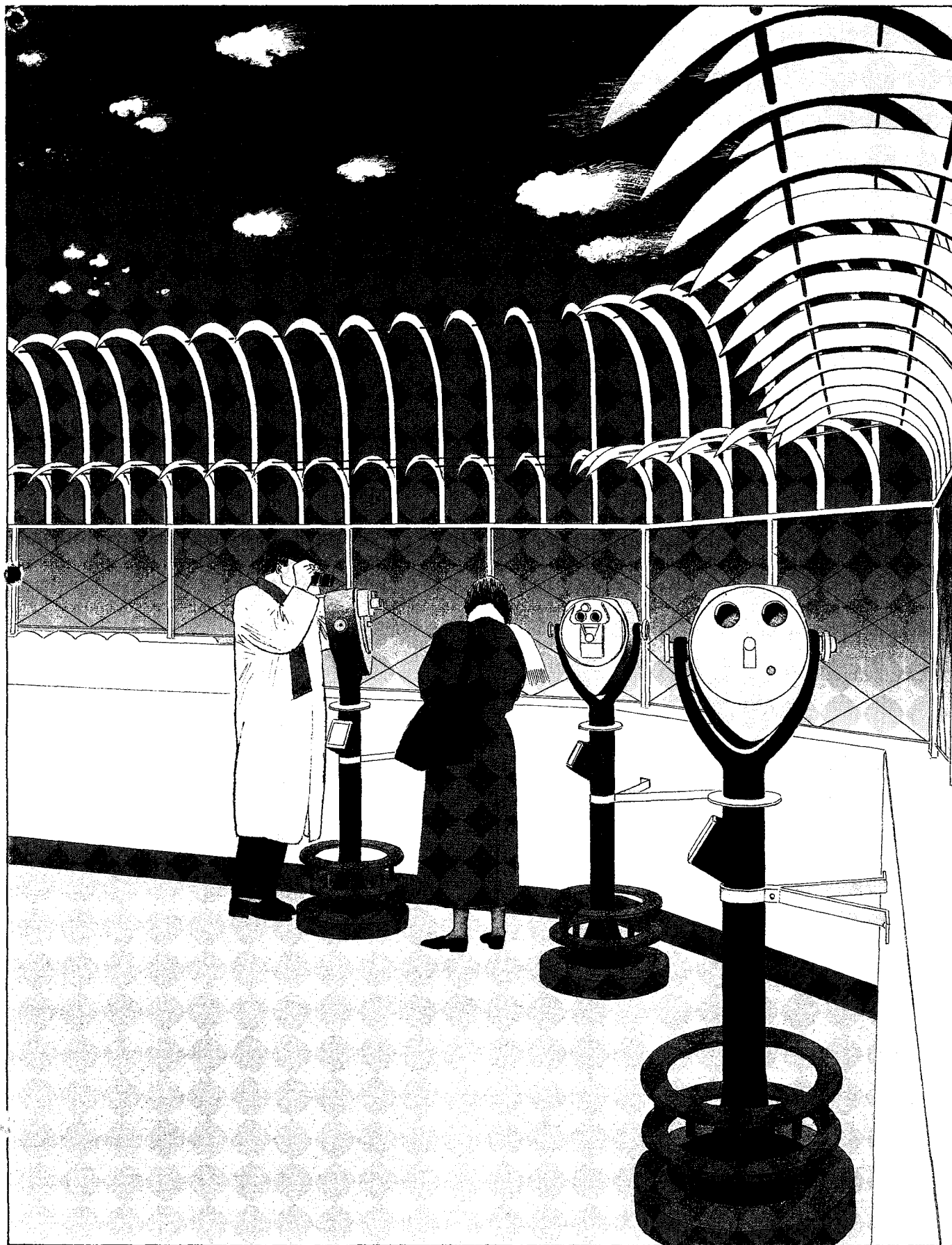
The big shock to the Democratic Party came in 1980, not 1988. In 1980 the Democrats saw their own President turned out of office after one term. An avowed right-wing Republican came to power. And they lost the Senate. After 1980 rethinking became a major Democratic industry. The neoliberals found the party not just receptive to new ideas but desperate for them.

The 1988 election had no comparable shock effect. After all, Democrats gained ground in the Senate, the House of Representatives, and state governments. The party seemed to be in good shape. The problem, party leaders believed, was with the presidential candidate. He had nothing much to say.

Dukakis's defeat presents a more disturbing possibility, however. With the class of '74 now a dominant force, the Democrats are well prepared to compete in state and local races. But in presidential contests the party still does not have a vision or a compelling ideological message. While the Democrats have acquired a lot of shiny new ideas, they may have lost their soul. The party is going to have to face the painful question raised by the 1988 defeat: Was it just Michael Dukakis who had nothing much to say—or was it the class of '74? □

CARDING

BY GUY BILLOUT



A Short Story



THE SECRET OF CARTWHEELS

BY PATRICIA HENLEY

THE WINESAP TREES ALONG THE ROAD WERE SKELETONAL in the early-evening light. I stared out the school-bus window and cupped like a baby chick the news I looked forward to telling Mother: I'd decided on my confirmation name.

"What's nine times seven?" my sister Jan Mary said.

"Sixty-three," I said. *Joan*. That was Mother's confirmation name, and I wanted it to be mine as well. She'd told me it was a name of strength, a name to carry you into battle.

"I tore my corduroys," my brother, Christopher, said. He stood in the aisle, bracing himself with one hand on the chrome pole beside the driver, who wore a baseball cap and a big plaid mackinaw.

The bus driver sang, "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me." I knew we were nearing our stop, the end of the route, when the driver sang this song. We were the last ones on the bus. Although the heater was chuffing hard, frost in the shape of flames curled along the edges of the windows.

"Sweet dreams," the driver said, as we plodded down the slippery steps of the school bus.

Aunt Opal's pale-green Cadillac was parked at an odd angle near the woodshed. I knew something was wrong—she never drove out from Wenatchee to visit in the winter. I remembered what our mother had told me the night before. Before bedtime we all lined up to kiss her good-night, and when my turn came, she said, "There are signs in life. Signs that tell you what you have to do." Her voice had frightened me. I didn't want to hear what she had to say.

Jan Mary said, "Who's that?" Her knit gloves were soggy, her knees chapped above slipping-down socks.

"Aunt Opal," Christopher said. His voice was dead, and I knew he knew and understood.

Our breath came in blue blossoms in the cold, cutting air, and a light went on in the living room. I didn't want to go in, but I kept trudging through the snow.

Inside, everything was in its place, but our mother was gone,

which made the house seem cold and empty. Four-year-old Suzanne stood on the heat register, her grubby chenille blanket a cape around her shoulders. Her hair had been recently brushed, and she wore plastic barrettes—a duck on one side, a bow on the other. When I remember those years at home, this is one of the things I focus on: how nothing ever matched—not sheets, not barrettes, not cups and saucers, not socks. And sometimes I think the sad and petty effort to have matching things has been one of the chief concerns of my adult life. Aunt Opal perched uneasily on a ladderback chair, with the baby, Katie Jean, on her lap. Katie Jean, eyes roving, held her own bottle of milk, and when she saw me, her look latched on to me and she stopped sucking and squirmed and kicked. Her plastic bottle clunked onto the floor. Aunt Opal's white wool pant suit stretched tightly across her fat thighs. Her teased hair stood hard and swirled. Ill at ease, she shifted her weight gingerly, as though she might get dirty. I thought I saw pity in her eyes, and I looked away. Christopher and Jan Mary hung back by the kitchen door, Christopher banging his metal lunch box softly against his leg.

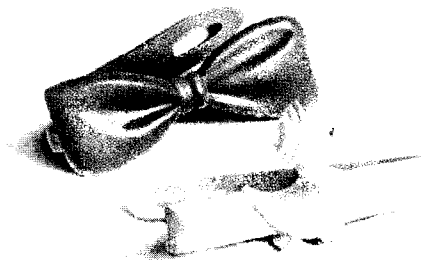
"Where's our mother?" I said, scooping up Katie Jean.

"Now, I hate to have to be the bearer of bad tidings," she began. "I know this will be hard on you children. I don't know what your mother was thinking of." She got up and stalked over to Suzanne, her spike heels dragging on the linoleum.

"Just tell me where she is." The baby stiffened in my arms. This was the first time I'd ever issued a command to a grown-up, and I felt both powerful and worried. Without our mother there, I was suddenly older.

Aunt Opal took a few seconds to adjust one of Suzanne's barrettes. "At the VA hospital," she said. "She's sick. Surely you must have known? She needs a rest. She's gone away and left you."

Meek as old dogs, Christopher and Jan Mary went into the living room and turned on the television. I snugged the baby into her high chair, tucked a receiving blanket around her bare legs, and began peeling potatoes for supper. Su-



zanne sat in her miniature rocker, holding a Dr. Seuss book upside down and mouthing the words she knew by heart. I remember thinking that if we could just have an ordinary supper, do our homework, fold the laundry, say our prayers, then we could manage with Mother away. We might feel as though she'd just gone through the orchard to visit a neighbor, and that she might return at any moment.

"You'll have places to go, of course," Aunt Opal said, lighting the gas under the stale morning coffee. The sulfurous smell of the match lingered.

"Places?"

"Christopher can stay with Grandma and Grandpa. Janice will take the baby."

"We'll stay here together," I said.

"Roxanne," she said, pouring coffee into a flowered teacup. "You're too young to stay here alone with all these children."

I remember feeling small and powerless then, and I saw that I still needed to be taken care of—in fact, wanted to be taken care of—but I did not think I would be. I had no trust in anyone, and when you are a child, feeling this way, every day becomes a swim through white water with no life jacket. Many years went by before I allowed myself to wonder where my father was during this time.

"How long will we be gone?" I said.

"It's hard to say," Aunt Opal said, sighing. "It's really hard to say."

I WAS THIRTEEN, CHRISTOPHER TWELVE, AND JAN MARY eight. We went to St. Martin's and rode the public school bus home, aware of our oddity—Christopher's salt-and-pepper cords instead of jeans, the scratchy scapulars against our chests, the memorization of saints' names and days and deeds. The week before our mother went away, I had stayed home from school twice, missing play auditions and report-card day. She had written excuses on foolscap: *Please excuse Roxanne from school yesterday. I needed her at home.*

Our father worked in another state. The house was isolated, out in the country; our nearest neighbor lived a mile away. During the summer I loved where we lived—the ocean of apple blooms, the muted voices of the Spanish-speaking orchard workers, the wild berries, like deep black fleece along the railroad tracks. Winters were another story. We heated with wood, and the fine wood ash smudged our school books, our clothes and linens, our wrists and necks. The well was running dry, and we children shared our bath water. By my turn the water was tepid and gray. Our mother fed the fire, waking sometimes twice in the night to keep it going, and her hands and fingers were cracked, swollen. I wanted to cry whenever I looked at them. The loneliness was like a bad smell in the house.

In the evening, while the others, the younger ones, watched *I Love Lucy*, she sipped Jack Daniel's from a jelly glass and told me her secrets, plucking me from childhood's shore. Very late, when the others had gone to bed,

she'd curse our father in a whisper. One night, when she had filled that jelly glass for the third time, and wanted company, she told me about her true love, a woman she'd known in the WACS during the war, when they worked together in the motor pool in Dayton, Ohio. You can learn too much too soon about your mother's past. The weight of her concerns made me turn from her and wish that something would save us from the life we shared with her. I couldn't make the wish while I was watching her split and bleeding hands light a cigarette. But later, lying confused and rigid in the double bed I shared with cuddling Jan Mary and Suzanne, I wished that our mother would go away.

ALL OF THE MOVING TOOK PLACE AT NIGHT. AUNT Opal drove Suzanne, Jan Mary, and me up the Entiat River to Entiat Home, a place local people called the orphans' home, though in truth the children there were not orphans but children whose parents could not care for them. The frozen river glittered in the moonlight. The fir trees rode in dark procession along the far bank. I sat in the front seat, a privilege of the oldest. The car was vast and luxurious and exotic. Most of the way, no one spoke.

Finally, from the cavernous back seat, Suzanne said, "Where's the baby?"

Don't ask, I thought, don't ask. I tried to send this silent message to Suzanne, but she didn't get it. Blood beat in my head.

"Katie Jean might need us," she said.

"Katherine will be fine," Aunt Opal said. "Fine, fine. She's with your cousin Janice, who has another baby for her to play with."

Her jolly voice made me feel as though someone were hugging me too hard, painfully. When we'd left Christopher at Grandma and Grandpa Swanson's, I'd felt sick to my stomach, not because I would be separated from him—no—but because I wanted to stay there too. I wanted to cling to Grandma Swanson and say, Take me, keep me. But I was the oldest. I didn't cling and cry.

I would miss Christopher. We had fallen into the habit of sitting in the unfinished knotty-pine pantry, after our baths and the dishes were done, listening to the high school basketball games on the staticky radio. We knew the players' names and numbers. Together we had anticipated the mystery of going to high school.

Aunt Opal turned slowly into the uphill drive, which was lined with billows of snow. The dark was my comfort—I didn't want to see everything at once. We parked in front of a red-brick house with two wrought-iron lamps beside the neatly shoveled steps. Silence leaped at us when Aunt Opal shut off the engine. The place seemed a last outpost before the black and convoluted mountains, the Cascades, which, I imagined, went slanted and ragged to the sea. Then quickly, nimbly, a man and a woman came coatless down the steps and opened the car doors,

greeting us as though we were their own children returning home. The woman was thin and wore pearls and a skirt and sweater. The man had hair as black as an eggplant. Their voices were cheerful, but they kept their hands to themselves, as though they knew we would not want to be touched by strangers.

One moment we were in the dark, the car, the winter mountain air; the next, all three of us were ushered into a blinding white place that was like a hospital room, with white metal cupboards, white metal cots, and everything amazingly clean and shiny under the fluorescent lights, cleaner even than Grandma Swanson's house.

We sat on the edge of a cot without speaking to one another. Snow dripped in dirty puddles from our saddle ox-fords. The floor was black and white like a checkerboard. In the hallway, out of sight, Aunt Opal spoke with the man and woman—"Well behaved," I heard her say—and then she departed with all the speed and indifference of a UPS driver. Through a tall window in the room I watched her headlights sweep across the cinnamon bark of a ponderosa pine. From someplace far away in the house came Christmas carols, wreathed in pure recorded voices. My body played tricks on me: my head hurt, and my stomach knotted in an acid snarl.

Suzanne growled in a baby way she had when she was tired or angry. I pulled her onto my lap and she sucked her thumb. Consoling her was my only source of reassurance.

Jan Mary stamped the dirty puddles with the toe of her shoe. "How will we get to school?" she said.

"We'll go to a different school."

"I don't want to."

"We don't always get to do what we want," I said, shocked at the way I parroted our mother.

The woman in the pearls came into the bright room and leaned over us, one arm around Jan Mary's back.

"I'm Mrs. Thompson," she said. Her words were stout with kindness, which seemed a warning to me, as though she could hurt me, and she smelled good, like flowery cologne. She's someone's perfect mother, I thought.

"You'll need baths before bedtime, girls," she said. She strode to the oak door across the room and opened it, and then switched on the bathroom light. "You have your own pajamas?"

"Yes," I said, nodding in the direction of the cardboard Cream of Wheat carton that held my clothes. Each of us had packed a carton with our best things.

"You can help your sisters bathe, Roxanne," she said. "Then I'll check your heads for lice."

"Our mother wouldn't allow that," I said.

"What did you say?"

"Our mother wouldn't allow us to have lice," I said. My voice seemed inordinately loud.

"It's just our policy," she said. "Now get moving. It's late."

We bedded down the first night in that same room, on the single cots made up with coarse cotton sheets and cream-colored wool blankets with a navy stripe around the

edge. The light from the hallway bridged the high transom of the closed door, and I didn't sleep for a long time. Our presence there rebuked our mother, and I felt that humiliation as keenly as though I were she. I kept thinking, we'll be better when we go home—we'll work harder, knock down the cobwebs more often, check Jan Mary's homework, throw out the mismatched socks. Keeping domestic order was, inexplicably, bound up with being good, blessed. The fantasies that lulled me to sleep were of cupboards packed with thick folded towels, full cookie jars, an orderly abundance, like perpetual fire against the night.

The next morning I lay there, warm but wet, with the covers up to my neck. Suzanne and Jan Mary were still asleep. A cat meowed urgently in the hallway. The windows were long and divided into panes of wavery old glass. Outside it was snowing, the dry, fine net of winter. An old cottonwood tree in the yard had been struck by lightning some time ago. The split in the main trunk had been girdled with an iron band; it had healed, and now the scar tissue bloomed over the edge of the metal ring. I wondered what time it was and what would happen next. The procedure of moving, being dropped off like a litter of kittens, had been bad enough, and now I had to admit I had wet the bed. I dreaded telling someone, but wanted to get it over with.

I thought of Mary in *The Secret Garden* and the way her spite protected her. I remembered the places I'd read the book: on the school steps at recess in second grade, under the cooling arms of a juniper tree when I was eleven. My own spite and anger could not protect me. They were repulsive feelings I couldn't bear to admit to myself, because then I'd have to admit them to the priest. I'd told him once that I'd wished our mother would go away. I'd wished it for my birthday, which seemed to magnify the sin. He did not understand the power of wishes, and for penance he gave me a mere five Hail Marys. Now our mother *was* gone, and I tried to imagine her inside the VA hospital, but I could only picture the rusted iron bars, the flaking pink-stucco walls. The hospital was down by the Columbia River. The summer I was ten, a male patient people called "a crazy" had deliberately walked into the river and drowned.

The door opened, Mrs. Thompson peeked in, and Jan Mary and Suzanne sat up in their cots, their choppy hair all askew, eyes puffy with sleep.

"Time to get up, ladies," Mrs. Thompson said. She wore a robe of some soft peach fabric.

"Snow," Suzanne announced.

I threw back the covers, and the cool air sliced through my wet pajamas and chilled me. I forced myself to slither across the floor.

"Mrs. Thompson," I said officiously, as though I spoke of someone else, "I've wet the bed."

"Oh?"

"What shall I do?"

She stepped into the room and closed the door. "Does



this happen often?" She walked to my cot, with me close behind.

"Roxie wet the bed, Roxie wet the bed," Jan Mary sang.

I flung her a murderous glare, which silenced her at once.

"Sometimes," I said vaguely. By this time I had no feelings in the matter. I'd killed them, the way you track down a mud dauber and squash him.

Mrs. Thompson quickly jerked the sheets from the bed and carried them into the bathroom, holding them at arm's length from her peachy robe.

"Please," I said. "Let me."

She dumped the sheets in the tub. "Run cold water on them. Add your pajamas. Rinse them good. Ask your sister to help you wring them out and then hang them over this shower curtain. When they dry, we'll put them in the dirty laundry." I felt I'd depleted whatever good will had existed between us.

The entire six months at Entiat I followed this routine. I managed to keep from wetting the bed four times in those six months, by what miracle I could not tell. I tried prayers and wishes, not drinking after six in the evening. Nothing worked. I lived in the Little Girls' House, though my age was borderline—they could have assigned me to the Big Girls' House. And every day all the little girls knew what

I'd done when they saw my slick and gelid sheets hanging like Halloween ghosts in the bathroom.

Mrs. Hayes, the dorm mother of the Little Girls' House, had two immense tomcats, Springer and Beau, whose claws had been removed. They lived like kings, always indoors. Everyone called the dorm mother Gabby Hayes behind her back. She was in her fifties and smelled of gardenias and cigarette smoke. Her lipstick was thick and cakey, the color of clay flowerpots. She prided herself on her hair—it was coppery and resembled scrubbing pads we used in the kitchen. If someone broke the rules, she would announce to the group at large, "That's not allowed

IN MANUFACTURING

If one of us, because his wife had left,
Pulled a base tube from the press too late or soon,
And another, because a child had cried
All night, brought her caliper too quickly
Around its flange, a hundred or more tubes
Might come off the line thin-walled, out-of-round.
And if the noise drowned a loud joke to drone,
When you stooped to hear, the saw would kick
A crimped or kinked tube you could never catch
Until it swung toward the next machine.
Like medicine, the line was meant to work
One way. Nothing went better than planned,
Though the plan's one phrase repeated again
And again, while the tubes, soft from furnaces,
Diminished in the dies, a hot and balky work
I would not choose for a daughter or son,
Though part of the dullest business is fun.
And on dog days all our horseplay was ice
That set us running between cooling vats
Where the tubes went tallowy and vanished
And erupted again in cowl of green smoke
While the cranes roared overhead like angels.
And then the boss would lay the gospel down
Because someone complained from far away,
So to this day when I stand in a green pool
Under a clanking air-conditioner
Or read how a plane goes mysteriously down
I wonder if it might have been us or some
Other crew who did or did not do what
Now is certain, or if the error is even human.

—Rodney Jones

here." The chill in her voice always arrested the deviant.

Life in the Little Girls' House was orderly, neat, regulated. Before school in the morning we did our chores, young ones polishing the wooden stairs, older ones carting the laundry in duffle bags to the laundry building. Some were assigned kitchen duty, others bathrooms. Everyone, down to the four-year-olds, had work to do. I was impressed with the efficiency and equanimity with which work was accomplished. I wrote letters to our mother, in my experimental, loopy left-hand slant, suggesting job charts on the refrigerator, new systems we could invent to relieve her of her crushing burden.

The house sheltered twenty-three of us. Jan Mary and Suzanne naturally gravitated toward others their age. They slept away from the oldest girls, in a drafty long hall near Mrs. Hayes's apartment. Our family ties were frayed, and I was genuinely surprised when I met Jan Mary's musing blue eyes in recognition across the dinner table. She seemed to be saying, How in the world did we get here?

The first day at the new school I was issued a pair of faded blue cotton bloomers for PE. At St. Martin's, PE had meant softball on the playground. At the new school the locker room was my personal hell: the body smells, the safety-pinned bras, the stained slips, the hickeys, the pubic hair growing wild above our thighs. Sister Michael had always told us not to look at ourselves when we bathed, to be ashamed and vigilant. In the locker room we girls were elbow to elbow in the narrow aisle beside the dented pink lockers.

"What is your *problem*?"

"The F word. That's all he knows these days."

"My mother won't let me."

"Bud's getting a car for his birthday."

Their conversations shimmered around me like a beaded curtain. We couldn't help but see one another—our new breasts, our worn underwear—but the talk kept us on another plane, a place above the locker room, where we could pretend we weren't totally vulnerable, absolutely displayed.

Georgia Cowley, a squat, freckled woman, ruled that class with a cruel hand. When I entered the gym for the first time, she waved sharply in my direction and I went over to her.

"Name?"

"Roxanne Miller."

"We're tumbling, Roxanne Miller," she said, writing something on her clipboard. "You ever tumbled?"

"No, ma'am." I looked at the girls casually turning cartwheels, blue blurs, on the hardwood floor. My hopes of fading into the wrestling mats for the hour fluttered like a candle in a storm.

"Come out here with me," she said.

I followed her to the red mat in front of the stage.

"We start with forward rolls. Squat down."

I squatted, glancing desperately around to find someone

I could imitate. All motion had wound down, and the girls were gathered in gossip knots, chattering and watching me with slitted eyes. I remember staring at Miss Cowley's gym shoes and noting a splat of dried tomato seeds on the toe of one of them.

"Tuck your head. Now one foot forward, hands on the mat."

She gave me a little shove to propel me forward. I fell sideways, my pale thigh plopping fishlike on the floor. The girls giggled, and hot tears swelled in my head. The seconds on the floor expanded, seemed to go on forever.

"Get up," she said. "Sit over there on the bleachers for a while and watch. You'll get the hang of it." Then she blew her chrome whistle, and the girls lined up to do their forward rolls.

On the bleachers a Negro girl from Entiat, Nadine, slid next to me, sighing hard. "Got the curse," she said. "I'm sitting out."

"You can sit out?"

"Sure 'nough." She scratched her skinny calf. "You know the secret of cartwheels, Roxanne?"

"No," I said, interested, thinking her words might contain some secret I could learn, some intellectual knowledge that I could translate into body knowledge.

"Catch yourself before you kill yourself," she whispered, as she re-tied her sneaker. "Catch yourself." And then she leaped up and turned a few, flinging herself into them with her own peculiar flick of her pink palms above her nappy head.

"Jefferson," Cowley barked. "Sit down and keep quiet."

For the rest of the gym period Nadine and I wrote messages on each other's backs, using our index fingers like pencils through the scratchy blue blouses.

AT CHRISTMAS WE WERE FARMED OUT. I DON'T KNOW how these decisions were made. Certainly I don't remember being asked where I would like to go for Christmas. Suzanne went with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. Jan Mary was taken by Aunt Opal. I went to stay with the family of Darla Reamer, who had been our neighbor for five years. Darla was two years older than I was. When I'd been in fifth grade and Darla in seventh, we rode the school bus together and wrote love notes to each other using a special language we'd developed, a lispish baby talk writing. Later that year she chose another girl as her best friend and left me miserable. Going to spend Christmas with her and her family, enduring their charity, was like an arduous school

assignment I had to survive to attain the next grade. Her mother gave me a Shetland sweater and a jar of Pacquin hand cream. Her father took me out in the wind-crusted snowy field to see his apiary. We went to church, and those brief moments kneeling in the oak pew and at the altar, with its starlike poinsettias, were the only familiarity and peace I experienced. Darla spent many hours on the telephone with Julia, the one who'd taken my place. I was relieved when Mr. Reamer drove me back to Entiat on Christmas night. Many girls were still away and Mrs. Hayes let me stay up late. I drank hot chocolate alone in the dining room and wrote our mother a letter full of false cheer and fantasy about the future.

IN OUR SLEEPING QUARTERS, AFTER LIGHTS OUT, UNDER cover of dark, some girls took turns revealing fears, shames, wishes expressed as truth. When this talk began, their voices shifted from the usual shrill razzmatazz repartee about hairstyles, boys at school, and who'd been caught smoking. They spoke in church whispers.

"My mother tore my lip once. I had five stitches."

"My father's coming to get me on my birthday."

I didn't participate in this round robin but instead lay on my stomach, my pillow buckled under my chest, and watched the occasional gossamer thread of headlights on the river road. Night travel seemed to involve so much freedom and purpose—a will at work. Their talk was sad and low, and I, in my isolation, dreamed of going away, of having the power, the inestimable power, to say *I'm leaving*. Boys could somehow run away and make it, survive. But everyone knew that a girl's life was over if she ran away from home—or whatever had become home, whatever sheltered her from ruin.

Some nights, if we heard the rush of Mrs. Hayes's shower, we would sing in our thin voices a maudlin song that was popular at the time—"Teen Angel." One night the community of singing gave me courage, and after the song faded, I said, "I saw my mother hit my father with a belt."

As one, they sucked in their breath. Then Nadine said, "No wonder your mama in the hospital, girl."

They laughed, a false, uncertain snicker. I hated Nadine at that moment, and felt heartbroken in my hate. I'd always tried to be nice to her, because our mother had said they were just like everyone else inside.

On Valentine's Day we received a crumpled package wrapped in a brown grocery sack and tied with butcher's twine. Inside was a cellophane bag of hard candy hearts stamped "Be Mine" and "I Love You." Our mother had enclosed



three penny valentines, and on mine she wrote, "I'm home now with Katie Jean and Christopher. See you soon." She was home! I'd given up on mail from her, but I'd kept writing. I tried to imagine her there with Christopher and the baby, without me to help her, and the thought made me feel invisible, unnecessary in the world. Don't think about it, I said to myself, and I began then the habit of blocking my thoughts with that simple chant. *Don't think about it.*

IN APRIL WE WERE ALLOWED TO GO HOME FOR A WEEK-end.

"Your neighbor's here," Mrs. Hayes whispered in my ear, early that Saturday morning. "Help your sisters dress. I'll give him a tour while he's waiting."

I had a great deal to be excited about: seeing Christopher, going to our old church, being with our mother. Our mother. Her life without me was a puzzle, with crucial pieces missing. I had high hopes about going home. Our mother was well; everyone—Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Reamer—said so.

We met him by his pickup truck. His khakis were spattered with pastel paint; he said he'd been painting his bee boxes. We fell into silence on the drive home. The thought surfaced, like the devil's tempting forefinger, that though we were only an hour's drive from our mother, we hadn't seen her since that morning in December when we went to school not knowing life would be irrevocably changed by the time we returned home. Did she know that morning that she wouldn't see us for four months?

Spring was alive down in the valley. The daffodil leaves were up along the driveway, though the flowers were still just pale shadows of memory, tightly curled and green. Mr. Reamer parked his pickup truck and sat hunched, arms folded across the steering wheel, waiting for us to get out.

We were all shy, bashful, and I hung back, urging Jan Mary and Suzanne forward with little pushes on their shoulder blades.

Jan Mary flinched and said meanly, "Don't push."

"Don't spoil it, now," I said.

And we three walked forward in a solemn row down the gravel drive toward the house. We wore our next-best dresses. Mine was a taffeta plaid with a smocked bodice and a sash, and I'd worn my cream-colored knee socks, saving my one pair of nylons for Sunday morning. I hadn't wanted to go home in nylons—they were a new addition to my sock drawer, and I was afraid our mother would say I was growing up too fast. The house looked the same, sagging at the corners of the roof, the gray paint blistering along the bottom of the door. It was a sunny day. Darla

Reamer's cocker spaniel came yapping out the drive, flipping and bouncing the way cockers do. As we drew near the house, I saw that Darla was sitting with our mother in that small patch of grass in front of the house. Someone had put a wooden cable spool there for a table, and Darla and Mother sat near each other in lawn chairs. Darla was painting Mother's fingernails.

"Here come my girls," Mother said, waving her free hand.

Music was on inside the house, and we could hear it through the open window: "*You made me love you.*" I didn't know what to do with Darla there. I'd imagined our mother embracing us, welcoming us, with significance. My heart shrank in disappointment, a rancid feeling, everything going sour at once. Suzanne, being only four, went right up to Mother and slipped her little arms around her neck and kissed her cheek. Jan Mary said, "Will you do mine, too, Darla?"

Katie Jean started crying from somewhere in the house. Mother, startled, rose partway from her chair and then sank back, waving her wet fingernails and looking helplessly at Darla. A raw, clean smell filled the yard, like corn-silk when you go outside to shuck corn in the summer dusk. Darla looked older, in a straight linen skirt with a kick pleat in the back. She had on slim flats and tan-tinted nylons. Her hair was in a French roll.

"I'll get her," Darla said, and she went into the house letting the screen door slam. Suzanne was close on her heels.

Mother pulled me near, her arm around my waist. "How's my big girl?" she asked. She'd had her black hair frizzed in a permanent wave and her nails were painted fire-engine red. With one hand she shook a Lucky from the pack on the table. A glass of whiskey and melting ice was on the ground beside her chair. Her knuckles looked pink, but the cuts and splits were healed.

"Fine," I said.

"Darla's been helping me," she said. I held my breath to keep from crying.

I felt exhausted, not the clean exhaustion of after-dark softball but a kind of weariness; I was worn out with the knowledge that life would be different, but not in the way I had imagined or hoped. I didn't want to forgive her for being the way she was, but you have to forgive your mother. She searched my eyes and tried to make some long-ago connection, sweet scrutiny, perhaps the way she'd looked at me when I was a new baby, her first baby. I looked away. Jan Mary gnawed delicately at her cuticles. Christopher came around the corner of the house swinging his Mickey Mantle bat, his leather mitt looped on his belt. The new spring leaves were so bright they hurt my eyes. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

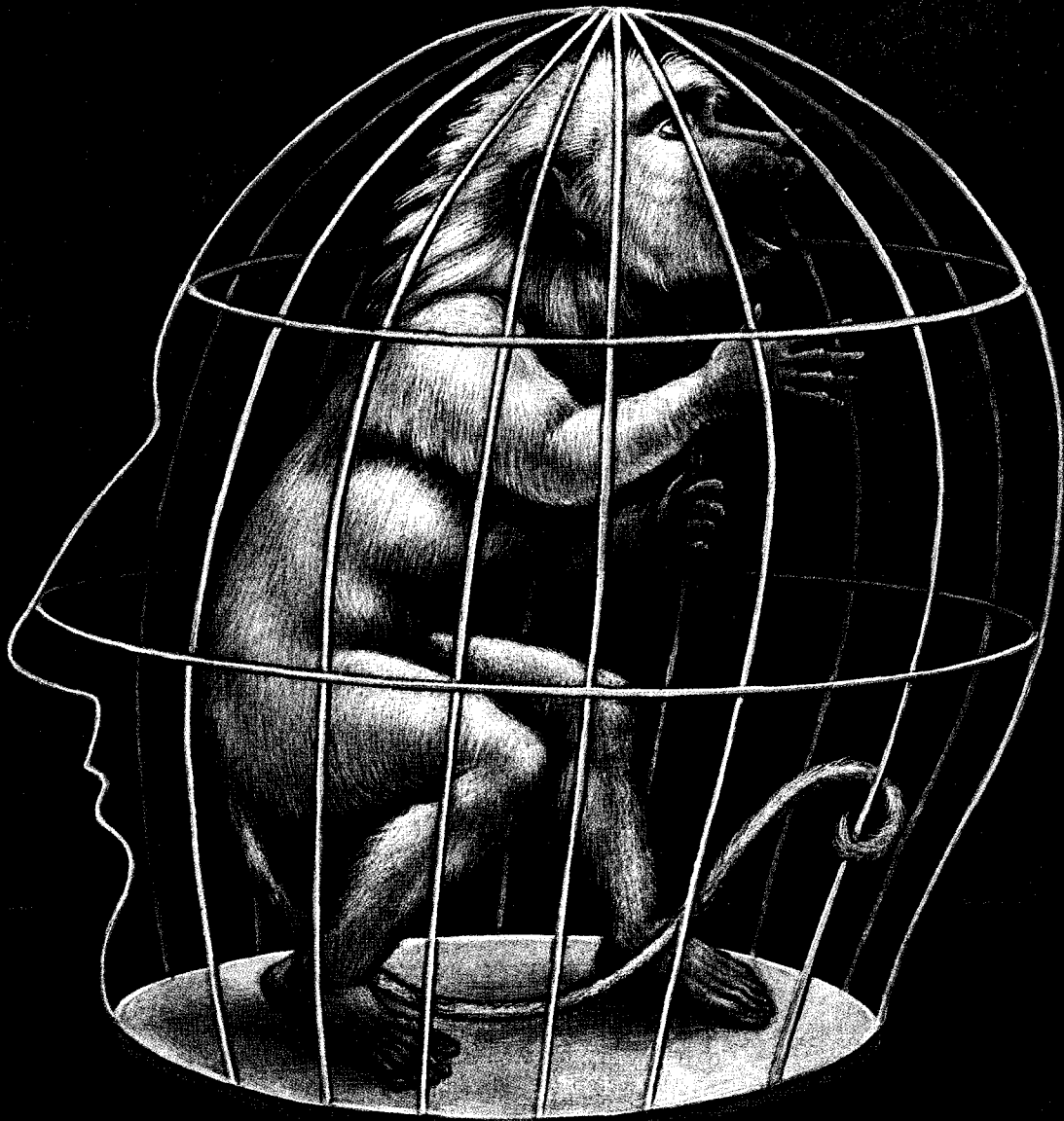
CHARLES DE GAULLE AND FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

IN 1940 GENERAL de Gaulle escaped Nazi-occupied France for England and declared himself head of the Free French forces there. He insisted, in defiance of realities, that the Third Republic had not succumbed with the fall of France but was alive and well in London, under his personal protection. He spoke of himself as the soul of France. In Washington, President Roosevelt scoffed. A time-and-again veteran of the American electoral process, he found such arrogation of titular authority, as if by divine right, galling. The general—a mere *brigadier*—had no mandate from his people. An *arriviste*, in Roosevelt's view.

But by 1943 Allied landings in French North Africa forced the issue of who should govern the liberated territories. Roosevelt settled on stuffy but malleable General Giraud. He was irate that both the French Resistance and the American public preferred De Gaulle—thus compelling him, when he met with Churchill at Anfa, near Casablanca, in January, to invite both generals along.

De Gaulle arrived, towering, touchy. He grumbled at the barbed wire and bayonets, and American sentries on what he considered French soil. That evening he was conducted to Roosevelt's villa, where, on invitation, he sat stiffly on a couch beside his host. The President opened the dialogue in colloquial French. The general replied in the classic speech of the *philosophes*. Interpreters had to be called in, augmenting the confusion. Roosevelt next tried graciousness and charm, but charm is difficult to translate, and the graciousness was belied by ominous presences in the upper gallery and the bulging drapery, and the unmistakable outline of a Tommy gun.

De Gaulle viewed the episode as hostile to himself and, by extension, to France. He was intransigent on the subject of his own pre-eminence, and when Roosevelt, his match in stubbornness, high-handedly announced that he could not back De Gaulle because France had not elected him, De Gaulle replied unblinking that Joan of Arc had not been elected either. —Nancy Caldwell Sorel



*Our mores and laws now grant that it's wrong to torture animals to no purpose.
But, an animal-rights activist argues, members of other species
have a far greater moral claim on us than that*

ETHICS AND ANIMALS

BY STEVEN ZAK

IN DECEMBER OF 1986 MEMBERS OF AN "ANIMAL-LIBERATION" group called True Friends broke into the Sema, Inc., laboratories in Rockville, Maryland, and took four baby chimpanzees from among the facility's 600 primates. The four animals, part of a group of thirty being used in hepatitis research, had been housed individually in "isolettes"—small stainless-steel chambers with sealed glass doors. A videotape produced by True Friends shows other primates that remained behind. Some sit behind glass on wire floors, staring blankly. One rocks endlessly, banging violently against the side of his cage. Another lies dead on his cage's floor.

The "liberation" action attracted widespread media attention to Sema, which is a contractor for the National Institutes of Health, the federal agency that funds most of the animal research in this country. Subsequently the NIH conducted an investigation into conditions at the lab and concluded that the use of isolettes is justified to prevent the spread of diseases among infected animals. For members of True Friends and other animal-rights groups, however, such a scientific justification is irrelevant to what they see as a moral wrong; these activists remain frustrated over conditions at the laboratory. This conflict between the NIH and animal-rights groups mirrors the tension between animal researchers and animal-rights advocates generally. The researchers' position is that their use of animals is necessary to advance human health care and that liberation actions waste precious resources and impede the progress of science and medicine. The animal-rights advocates' position is that animal research is an ethical travesty that justifies extraordinary, and even illegal, measures.

The Sema action is part of a series that numbers some six dozen to date and that began, in 1979, with a raid on the New York University Medical Center, in which members of a group known as the Animal Liberation Front (ALF) took a cat and two guinea pigs. The trend toward civil disobedience is growing. For example, last April members of animal-rights groups demonstrated at research institutions across the country (and in other countries, including Great Britain and Japan), sometimes blocking entrances to them by forming human chains. In the United States more than 130 activists were arrested, for offenses ranging from blocking a doorway and trespassing to burglary.

To judge by everything from talk-show programs to booming membership enrollment in animal-rights groups (U.S. membership in all groups is estimated at 10 million), the American public is increasingly receptive to the animal-rights position. Even some researchers admit that raids by groups like True Friends and the ALF have exposed egregious conditions in particular labs and have been the catalyst for needed reforms in the law. But many members of animal-rights groups feel that the recent reforms do not go nearly far enough. Through dramatic animal-liberation actions and similar tactics, they hope to force what they fear is a complacent public to confront a difficult philosophical issue: whether animals, who are known to have feelings and psychological lives, ought to be treated as mere instruments of science and other human endeavors.

The ALF is probably the most active of the world's underground animal-rights groups. It originated in England, where the animal-protection movement itself began, in 1824, with the founding of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The ALF evolved from a group called the Band of Mercy, whose members sabotaged the vehicles of hunters and destroyed guns used on bird shoots. It now has members across Europe, and in Australia, New Zealand, Africa, and Canada, as well as the United States. It does not, however, constitute a unified global network. The American wing of the ALF was formed in 1979. The number of its members is unknown, but their ages range from eighteen to over sixty. Some are students, some are blue-collar workers, and many belong to the suburban middle class.

Animal-rights activists feel acute frustration over a number of issues, including hunting and trapping, the destruction of animals' natural habits, and the raising of animals for food. But for now the ALF considers animal research the most powerful symbol of human dominion over and exploitation of animals, and it devotes most of its energies to that issue. The public has been ambivalent, sometimes cheering the ALF on, at other times denouncing the group as "hooligans." However one chooses to characterize the ALF, it and other groups like it hold an uncompromising "rights view" of ethics toward animals. The rights view distinguishes the animal-protection movement of today from that of the past and is the source of the movement's radicalism.

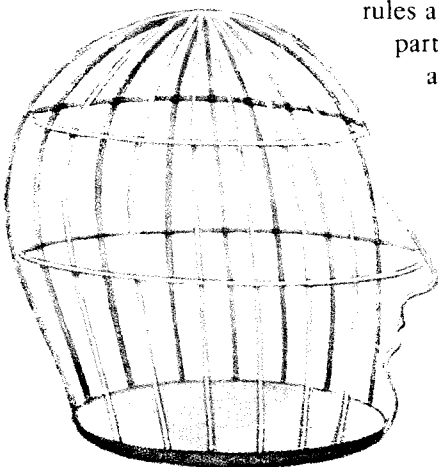
"They All Have a Right to Live"

EARLY ANIMAL-PROTECTION ADVOCATES AND GROUPS, like the RSPCA, seldom talked about rights. They condemned cruelty—that is, acts that produce or reveal bad character. In early-nineteenth-century England campaigners against the popular sport of bull-baiting argued that it “fostered every bad and barbarous principle of our nature.” Modern activists have abandoned the argument that cruelty is demeaning to human character (“virtue thought”) in favor of the idea that the lives of animals have intrinsic value (“rights thought”). Rights thought doesn’t necessarily preclude the consideration of virtue, but it mandates that the measure of virtue be the foreseeable consequences to others of one’s acts.

“Michele” is thirty-five and works in a bank in the East. She has participated in many of the major ALF actions in the United States. One of the missions involved freeing rats, and she is scornful of the idea that rats aren’t worth the effort. “That attitude is rather pathetic, really,” she says. “These animals feel pain just like dogs, but abusing them doesn’t arouse constituents’ ire, so they don’t get the same consideration. They all have a right to live their lives. Cuteness should not be a factor.”

While most people would agree that animals should not be tortured, there is no consensus about animals’ right to live (or, more precisely, their right not to be killed). Even if one can argue, as the British cleric Humphrey Primatt did in 1776, that “pain is pain, whether it be inflicted on man or on beast,” it is more difficult to argue that the life of, say, a dog is qualitatively the same as that of a human being. To this, many animal-rights activists would say that every morally relevant characteristic that is lacking in all animals (rationality might be one, according to some ways of defining that term) is also lacking in some “marginal” human beings, such as infants, or the senile, or the severely retarded. Therefore, the activists argue, if marginal human beings have the right to live, it is arbitrary to hold that animals do not. Opponents of this point of view often focus on the differences between animals and “normal” human beings, asserting, for instance, that unlike most human adults,

animals do not live by moral rules and therefore are not part of the human “moral community.”



**Those who seek to justify
the exploitation of
animals often claim that
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But this claim is misleading.**

The credibility of the animal-rights viewpoint, however, need not stand or fall with the “marginal human beings” argument. Lives don’t have to be qualitatively the same to be worthy of equal respect. One’s perception that another life has value comes as much from an appreciation of its uniqueness as from the recognition that it has characteristics that are shared by one’s own life. (Who would compare the life of a whale to that of a marginal human being?) One can imagine that the lives of various kinds of animals differ radically, even as a result of having dissimilar bodies and environments—that being an octopus feels different from being an orangutan or an oriole. The orangutan cannot be redescribed as the octopus minus, or plus, this or that mental characteristic; conceptually, nothing could be added to or taken from the octopus that would make it the equivalent of the oriole. Likewise, animals are not simply rudimentary human beings, God’s false steps, made before He finally got it right with us.

Recognizing differences, however, puts one on tentative moral ground. It is easy to argue that likes ought to be treated alike. Differences bring problems: How do we think about things that are unlike? Against what do we measure and evaluate them? What combinations of likeness and difference lead to what sorts of moral consideration? Such problems may seem unmanageable, and yet in a human context we routinely face ones similar in kind if not quite in degree: our ethics must account for dissimilarities between men and women, citizens and aliens, the autonomous and the helpless, the fully developed and the merely potential, such as children or fetuses. We never solve these problems with finality, but we confront them.

One might be tempted to say that the problems are complicated enough without bringing animals into them. There is a certain attractiveness to the idea that animals—lacking membership in the human and moral communities, and unable to reciprocate moral concern—deserve little consideration from us. After all, doesn’t one have obligations toward members of one’s family and community that do not apply to outsiders? Yet this appeal to a sense of community fails to take into account certain people who likewise lack membership and yet have moral claims against us. Consider future people, particularly those who will live in the distant future. Suppose that our dumping of certain toxic wastes could be predicted to cause widespread cancer among people five hundred years in the future. Would

we not have a heavy moral burden to refrain from such dumping? Probably most of us would say that we would. Yet in what meaningful sense can it be said that people we will never meet, who will never do anything for us, and whose cultures and ethical systems will likely be profoundly different from our own, are members of our community? Membership

may count for something, but it is clearly not a necessary condition for moral entitlement. Also, some animals—my dog, for instance—may more sensibly be characterized as members of our community than may some human beings, such as those of the distant future.

Both advocates and opponents of animal rights also invoke utilitarianism in support of their points of view. Utilitarianism holds that an act or practice is measured by adding up the good and the bad consequences—classically, pleasure and pain—and seeing which come out ahead. There are those who would exclude animals from moral consideration on the grounds that the benefits of exploiting them outweigh the harm. Ironically, though, it was utilitarianism, first formulated by Jeremy Bentham in the eighteenth century, that brought animals squarely into the realm of moral consideration. If an act or practice has good and bad consequences for animals, then these must be entered into the moral arithmetic. And the calculation must be genuinely disinterested. One

may not baldly assert that one's own interests count for more. Animal researchers may truly believe that they are impartially weighing all interests when they conclude that human interests overwhelm those of animals. But a skeptical reader will seldom be persuaded that they are in fact doing so. For instance, a spokesperson for a research institution that was raided by the ALF wrote in the *Los Angeles Times* that we should not be "more concerned with the fate of these few dogs than with the millions of people who are cancer victims." Note the apparent weighing: "few" versus "millions." But her lack of impartiality was soon revealed by this rhetorical question: "Would they [the ALF] really save an animal in exchange for the life of a child?"

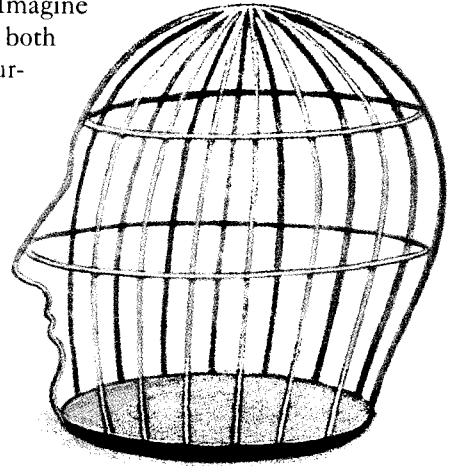
Even true utilitarianism is incomplete, though, without taking account of rights. For example, suppose a small group of aboriginal tribespeople were captured and bred for experiments that would benefit millions of other people by, say, resulting in more crash-worthy cars. Would the use of such people be morally acceptable? Surely it would not, and that point illustrates an important function of rights thought: to put limits on what can be done to individuals, even for the good of the many. Rights thought dictates that we cannot kill one rights-holder to save another—or even more than one other—whether or not the life of the former is "different" from that of the latter.

Those who seek to justify the exploitation of animals often claim that it comes down to a choice: kill an animal or allow a human being to die. But this claim is misleading, because a choice so posed has already been made. The very act of considering the taking of life X to save life Y reduces X to the status of a mere instrument. Consider the problem in a purely human context. Imagine that if Joe

doesn't get a new kidney he will die. Sam, the only known potential donor with a properly matching kidney, himself has only one kidney and has not consented to give it—and his life—up for Joe. Is there really a choice? If the only way to save Joe is to kill Sam, then we would be unable to do so—and no one would say that we chose Sam over Joe. Such a choice would never even be contemplated.

In another kind of situation there *is* a choice. Imagine that Joe and Sam both need a kidney to sur-

On the whole, the law doesn't recognize animal rights. Under the Uniform Commercial Code, for instance, animals—along with refrigerators and can openers—constitute "goods."



vive, but we have only one in our kidney bank. It may be that we should give the kidney to Joe, a member of our community, rather than to Sam, who lives in some distant country (though this is far from clear—maybe flipping a coin would be more fair). Sam (or the loser of the coin flip) could not complain that his rights had been violated, because moral claims to some resource—positive claims—must always be dependent on the availability of that resource. But the right not to be treated as if one were a mere resource or instrument—negative, defensive claims—is most fundamentally what it means to say that one has rights. And this is what members of the ALF have in mind when they declare that animals, like human beings, have rights.

Where, one might wonder, should the line be drawn? Must we treat dragonflies the same as dolphins? Surely not. Distinctions must be made, though to judge definitively which animals must be ruled out as holders of rights may be impossible even in principle. In legal or moral discourse we are virtually never able to draw clear lines. This does not mean that drawing a line anywhere, arbitrarily, is as good as drawing one anywhere else.

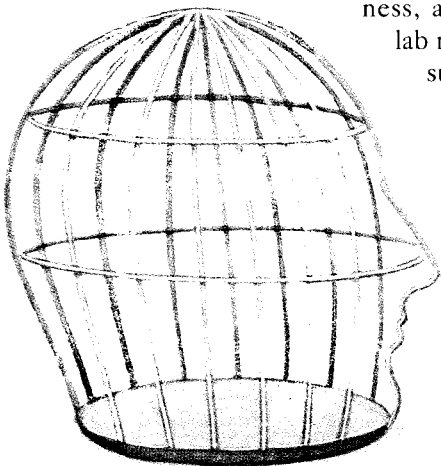
The line-drawing metaphor, though, implies classifying entities in a binary way: as either above the line, and so entitled to moral consideration, or not. Binary thinking misses nuances of our moral intuition. Entities without rights may still deserve moral consideration on other grounds: one may think that a dragonfly doesn't quite qualify for rights yet believe that it would be wrong to crush one without good reason. And not all entities with rights need be treated in precisely the same way. This is apparent when one compares animals over whom we have

assumed custody with wild animals. The former, I think, have rights to our affirmative aid, while the latter have such rights only in certain circumstances. Similar distinctions can be made among human beings, and also between human beings and particular animals. For example, I recently spent \$1,000 on medical care for my dog, and I think he had a right to that care, but I have never given such an amount to a needy person on the street. Rights thought, then, implies neither that moral consideration ought to be extended only to the holders of rights nor that all rights-holders must be treated with a rigid equality. It implies only that rights-holders should never be treated as if they, or their kind, didn't matter.

Animals, Refrigerators, and Can Openers

THE QUESTION OF MAN'S RELATIONSHIP WITH ANIMALS goes back at least to Aristotle, who granted that animals have certain senses—hunger, thirst, a sense of touch—but who held that they lack rationality and therefore as “the lower sort [they] are by nature slaves, and . . . should be under the rule of a master.” Seven centuries later Saint Augustine added the authority of the Church, arguing that “Christ himself [teaches] that to refrain from the killing of animals . . . is the height of superstition, for there are no common rights between us and the beasts. . . .” Early in the seventeenth century René Descartes argued that, lacking language, animals cannot have thoughts or souls and thus are machines.

One may be inclined to dismiss such beliefs as archaic oddities, but even today some people act as if animals were unfeeling things. I worked in a research lab for several summers during college, and I remember that it was a natural tendency to lose all empathy with one's animal subjects. My supervisor seemed actually to delight in swinging rats around by their tails and flinging them against a concrete wall as a way of stunning the animals before killing them. Rats and rabbits, to those who injected, weighed, and dissected them, were little different from cultures in a petri dish: they were just things to manipulate and observe. Feelings of what may have been moral revulsion were taken for squeamishness, and for most of my lab mates those feelings subsided with time.



If the law is ever to reflect the idea that animals have rights, more-drastic steps—such as extending the protections of the Constitution to animals—must be taken.

The first animal-welfare law in the United States, passed in New York State in 1828, emphasized the protection of animals useful in agriculture. It also promoted human virtue with a ban on “maliciously and cruelly” beating or torturing horses, sheep, or cattle. Today courts still tend to focus on human character, ruling against human beings only for perpetrating the most shocking and senseless abuse of animals. Indeed, courts sometimes have difficulty taking animal-abuse cases seriously. For instance, in 1986 a California man who had been convicted of allowing a fifty-year-old tortoise, Rocky, in his petting zoo to suffer untreated from maladies including infected eyes, labored breathing, and dehydration appealed the lower court's order removing the animal from his custody. The state argued that the defendant's rights to Rocky should be terminated just as parental rights might be terminated for abusing a child. The court, in rejecting this analogy, quipped that while “a child preparing for homework or cleaning a bedroom may exhibit turtle-like qualities or creep toward school in turtle pace, we decline to equate title to a tortoise to the relationship between a parent and a child.” Not to be outdone, another judge wrote, in a concurring opinion, that “hopefully our decision will forestall the same problem should we be faced with Rocky II.”

Most states leave the regulation of medical research to Washington. In 1966 Congress passed the Laboratory Animal Welfare Act, whose stated purpose was not only to provide humane care for animals but also to protect the owners of dogs and cats from theft by proscribing the use of stolen animals. (Note the vocabulary of property law; animals have long been legally classified as property.) Congress then passed the Animal Welfare Act of 1970, which expanded the provisions of the 1966 act to include more species of animals and to regulate more people who handle animals. The AWA was further amended in 1976 and in 1985.

The current version of the AWA mandates that research institutions meet certain minimum requirements for the handling and the housing of animals, and requires the “appropriate” use of pain-killers. But the act does not regulate research or experimentation itself, and allows researchers to withhold anesthetics or tranquilizers “when scientifically necessary.” Further, while the act purports to regulate dealers who buy animals at auctions and other markets to sell to laboratories, it does little to protect those animals. For instance, dealers often buy animals at “trade days,”

or outdoor bazaars of dogs and cats; some people bring cats by the sackful, and, according to one activist, “sometimes you see the blood coming through.”

The 1985 amendments to the AWA were an attempt to improve the treatment of animals in laboratories, to improve enforcement, to encourage the consideration of alternative research methods that use fewer

or no animals, and to minimize duplication in experiments. One notable change is that for the first time, research institutions using primates must keep them in environments conducive to their psychological well-being; however, some animal-rights activists have expressed skepticism, since the social and psychological needs of primates are complex, and the primary concern of researchers is not the interests of their animal subjects. Last September a symposium on the psychological well-being of captive primates was held at Harvard University. Some participants contended that we lack data on the needs of the thirty to forty species of primates now used in laboratories. Others suggested that the benefits of companionship and social life are obvious.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture is responsible for promulgating regulations under the AWA and enforcing the law. Under current USDA regulations the cages of primates need only have floor space equal to three times the area occupied by the animal "when standing on four feet"—in the words of the USDA, which has apparently forgotten that primates have hands. The 1985 amendments required the USDA to publish final revised regulations, including regulations on the well-being of primates, by December of 1986. At this writing the department has yet to comply, and some activists charge that the NIH and the Office of Management and Budget have delayed the publication of the new regulations and attempted to undermine them.

One may believe that virtue thought—which underlies current law—and rights thought should protect animals equally. After all, wouldn't a virtuous person or society respect the interests of animals? But virtue thought allows the law to disregard these interests, because virtue can be measured by at least two yardsticks: by the foreseeable effects of an act on the interests of an animal or by the social utility of the act. The latter standard was applied in a 1983 case in Maryland in which a researcher appealed his conviction for cruelty to animals after he had performed experiments that resulted in monkeys' mutilating their hands. Overturning the conviction, the Maryland Court of Appeals wrote that "there are certain normal human activities to which the infliction of pain to an animal is purely incidental"—thus the actor is not a sadist—and that the state legislature had intended for these activities to be exempt from the law protecting animals.

The law, of course, is not monolithic. Some judges have expressed great sympathy for animals. On the whole, though, the law doesn't recognize animal rights. Under the Uniform Commercial Code, for instance, animals—along with refrigerators and can openers—constitute "goods."

Alternatives to Us-Versus-Them

ESTIMATES OF THE NUMBER OF ANIMALS USED EACH year in laboratories in the United States range from 17 million to 100 million: 200,000 dogs, 50,000 cats, 60,000 primates, 1.5 million guinea pigs, hamsters, and rabbits, 200,000 wild animals, thousands of farm ani-

mals and birds, and millions of rats and mice. The conditions in general—lack of exercise, isolation from other animals, lengthy confinement in tiny cages—are stressful. Many experiments are painful or produce fear, anxiety, or depression. For instance, in 1987 researchers at the Armed Forces Radiobiology Research Institute reported that nine monkeys were subjected to whole-body irradiation; as a result, within two hours six of the monkeys were vomiting and hypersalivating. In a proposed experiment at the University of Washington pregnant monkeys, kept in isolation, will be infected with the simian AIDS virus; their offspring, infected or not, will be separated from the mothers at birth.

Not all animals in laboratories, of course, are subjects of medical research. In the United States each year some 10 million animals are used in testing products and for other

TRIPLE TOE LOOP

Never mind that skater who does the jump
as if she'd been a top in a previous incarnation.
Watch the one who falls

and picks herself up and falls
and picks herself up again.
How in the slow part

she holds her hands out with the palms up
as if to say This is the best I can do
at this moment. A fire-

bird yes, but the story
she's skating is anyone's story. Look
the bird has no wings at all. See what long

arms the bird has. Spinning
up there. Holding her arms
in front of her, the way I did

when the man who loved me was shocked to see
me actually naked—
that is without any *kind* of perfection

and I wished for one of those dreams
where you can fly. As she does now—against
the heaviness of the earth.

Against the earth, and in love with it.

—Judith Berke

commercial purposes. For instance, the United States Surgical Corporation, in Norwalk, Connecticut, uses hundreds of dogs each year to train salesmen in the use of the company's surgical staple gun. In 1981 and 1982 a group called Friends of Animals brought two lawsuits against United States Surgical to halt these practices. The company successfully argued in court that Friends of Animals lacked "standing" to sue, since no member of the organization had been injured by the practice; after some further legal maneuvering by Friends of Animals both suits were dropped. Last November a New York City animal-rights advocate was arrested as she planted a bomb outside United States Surgical's headquarters.

In 1987, according to the USDA, 130,373 animals were subjected to pain or distress unrelieved by drugs for "the purpose of research or testing." This figure, which represents nearly seven percent of the 1,969,123 animals reported to the USDA that year as having been "used in experimentation," ignores members of species not protected by the AWA (cold-blooded animals, mice, rats, birds, and farm animals). Moreover, there is reason to believe that the USDA's figures are low. For example, according to the USDA, no primates were subjected to distress in the state of Maryland, the home of Sema, in any year from 1980 to 1987, the last year for which data are available.

Steps seemingly favorable to animals have been taken in recent years. In addition to the passage of the 1985 amendments to the AWA, the Public Health Service, which includes the NIH, has revised its "Policy on Humane Care and Use of Laboratory Animals," and new legislation has given legal force to much of this policy. Under the revised policy, institutions receiving NIH or other PHS funds for animal research must have an "institutional animal care and use committee" consisting of at least five members, including one nonscientist and one person not affiliated with the institution.

Many activists are pessimistic about these changes, however. They argue that the NIH has suspended funds at noncompliant research institutions only in response to political pressure, and assert that the suspensions are intended as a token gesture, to help the NIH regain lost credibility. They note that Sema, which continues to keep primates in isolation cages (as regulations permit), is an NIH contractor whose principal investigators are NIH employees. As to the makeup of the animal-care committees, animal-rights advocates say that researchers control who is appointed to them. In the words of one activist, "The brethren get to choose."

However one interprets these changes, much remains the same. For example, the AWA authorizes the USDA to confiscate animals from laboratories not in compliance with regulations, but only if the animal "is no longer required . . . to carry out the research, test or experiment"; the PHS policy mandates pain relief "unless the procedure is justified for scientific reasons." Fundamentally, the underlying attitude that animals may appropriately be used and discarded persists.

If the law is ever to reflect the idea that animals have rights, more-drastic steps—such as extending the protection of the Constitution to animals—must be taken. Constitutional protection for animals is not an outlandish proposition. The late U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas wrote once, in a dissenting opinion, that the day should come when "all of the forms of life . . . will stand before the court—the pileated woodpecker as well as the coyote and bear, the lemmings as well as the trout in the streams."

Suppose, just suppose, that the AWA were replaced by an animal-rights act, which would prohibit the use by human beings of any animals to their detriment. What would be the effect on medical research, education, and product testing? Microorganisms; tissue, organ, and cell cultures; physical and chemical systems that mimic biological functions; computer programs and mathematical models that simulate biological interactions; epidemiologic data bases; and clinical studies have all been used to reduce the number of animals used in experiments, demonstrations, and tests. A 1988 study by the National Research Council, while finding that researchers lack the means to replace all animals in labs, did conclude that current and prospective alternative techniques could reduce the number of animals—particularly mammals—used in research.

Perhaps the report would have been more optimistic if scientists were as zealous about conducting research to find alternatives as they are about animal research. But we should not be misled by discussions of alternatives into thinking that the issue is merely empirical. It is broader than just whether subject A and procedure X can be replaced by surrogates B and Y. We could undergo a shift in world view: instead of imagining that we have a divine mandate to dominate and make use of everything else in the universe, we could have a sense of belonging to the world and of kinship with the other creatures in it. The *us-versus-them* thinking that weighs animal suffering against human gain could give way to an appreciation that "us" includes "them." That's an alternative too.

Some researchers may insist that scientists should not be constrained in their quest for knowledge, but this is a romantic notion of scientific freedom that never was and should not be. Science is always constrained, by economic and social priorities and by ethics. Sometimes, paradoxically, it is also freed by these constraints, because a barrier in one direction forces it to cut another path, in an area that might have remained unexplored.

Barriers against the exploitation of animals ought to be erected in the law, because law not only enforces morality but defines it. Until the law protects the interests of animals, the animal-rights movement will by definition be radical. And whether or not one approves of breaking the law to remedy its shortcomings, one can expect such activities to continue. "I believe that you should do for others as you would have done for you," one member of the ALF says. "If you were being used in painful experiments, you'd want someone to come to your rescue." □

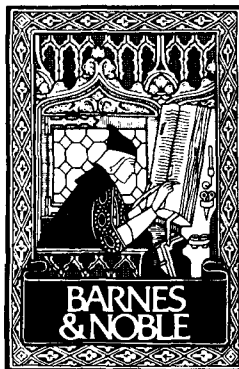
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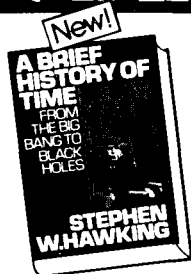


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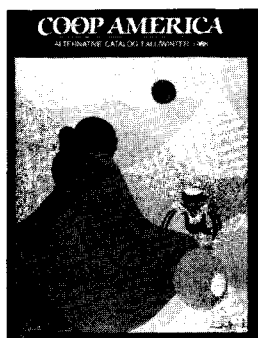


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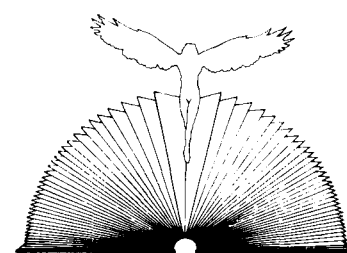


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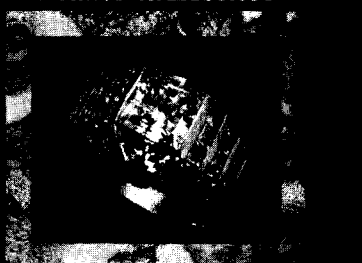
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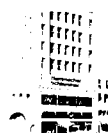
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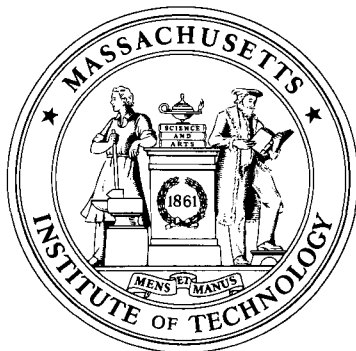
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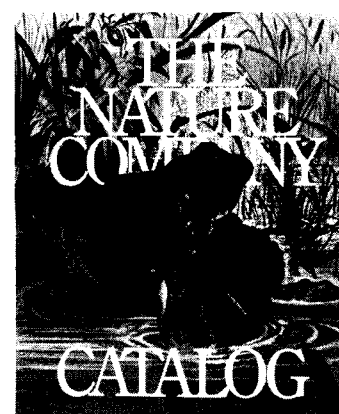


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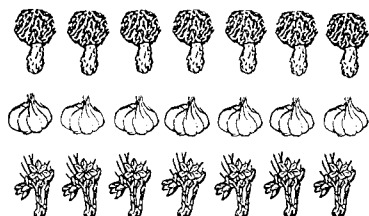


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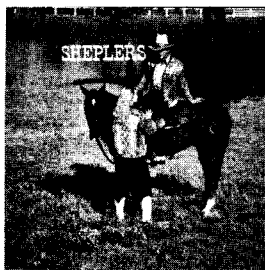


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TRAVEL

THE NAVAJO NATION

Touring a scenic country inside our own

BY KENNETH BROWER

IN 1939 MY FATHER and three companions made the first ascent of Shiprock, a sheer, isolated crag of volcanic tuff near the northeastern edge of the Navajo Reservation. The crag rises high above the flatness of the San Juan Basin. To the first white men to see it, it had the look of a ship steaming across the plain. To the Navajos, a desert tribe, the ship was not available for metaphor. They called the crag *Tse Bitai*, "Winged Rock." To them it seemed to be the petrified remains of a flying beast.

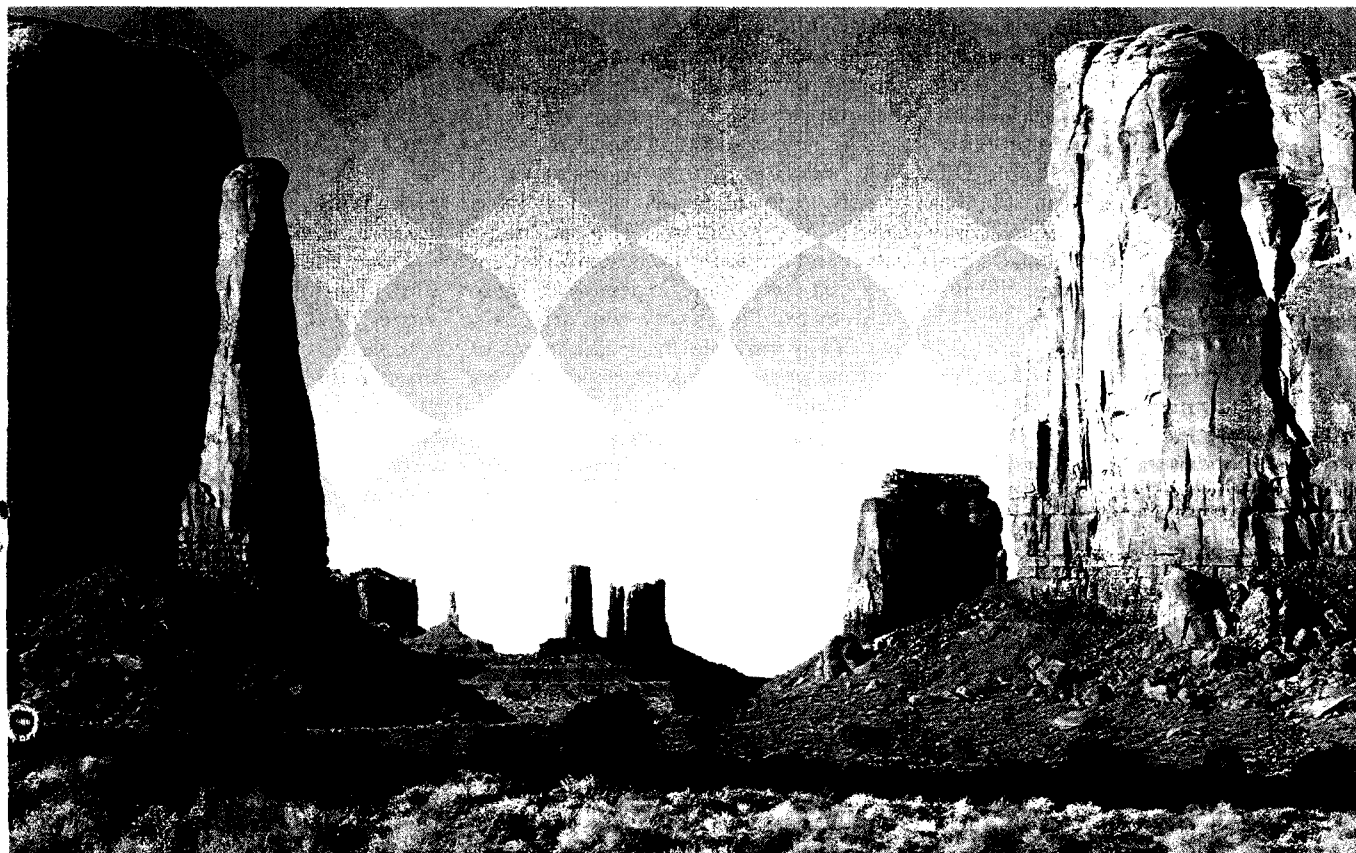
Fifty years ago many experts considered Shiprock unclimbable. It was then the foremost mountaineering challenge on the continent; the ascent would become a triumph of my father's climbing career and one of the legends on which his children grew up. The technical

details of the climb never interested me much. What struck me was my father's description of the mountain's shadow. At sunset, from their bivouac high in the cliff face, he and his friends watched the shadow extend eastward across the New Mexico desert. It began small but quickly grew gigantic on the plain. It reached the horizon, and darkness fell. Across what had seemed empty desert, fires began to flicker. The fires would flare up and then subside to a faint glow. To my father they seemed to throb like fallen stars. The desert was inhabited after all. Winged Rock was encircled by the campfires of the Navajo nation.

The Navajo Reservation is the largest reservation in the United States. It covers 25,000 square miles, in three states:

Arizona, Utah, and New Mexico. It is bigger than a number of other states, the largest of them West Virginia. The Navajo tribe, too, is the largest in the United States. Few Native American tribes are coming into the twenty-first century more intact culturally. Many older Navajos speak no English. Among younger Navajos, Navajo often remains the first language. *Dinétah*, the country of *Diné*, "the People," has its own police force, its own welfare services, and, in the summer, its own time zone. Navajoland is more its own place than any other enclave in the United States. It is another country inside our own.

In the 1950s my father returned to Navajo country with his family. In Monument Valley, near the northern border of the reservation, we ate lunch once amid rocks so red they made us uneasy, almost ill. Then our red-receptors fatigued and the color washed out. We dry-camped that evening at the base of one of the valley's monumental mesas, and the next morning my brother and I explored. On a dune east of camp we came across a sidewinder, the first of those horned rattlers I had seen in the wild. When the snake was gone, we studied its mark on the sand. We found a ruined hogan, or traditional Navajo



"The archetypal badlands": sandstone buttes in Monument Valley, on the Navajo Reservation

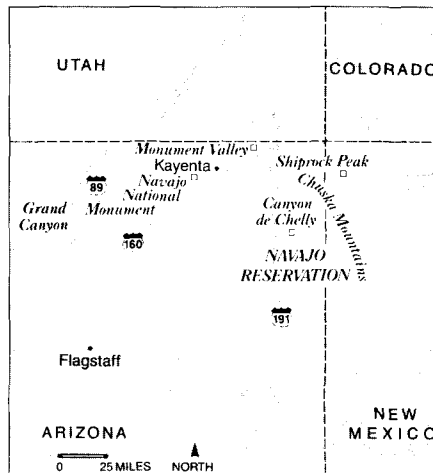
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dwelling, the roof half fallen in. Hogans are abandoned, I knew, when someone dies within the polygonal walls, and it is forbidden to enter again. I remember staying respectfully outside, yet I also seem to remember darting in and out again.

Walking home to camp, I was ready to believe, along with the Navajos, in corpse sickness, ghost sickness—in the contagion in death-hogan dust. I glanced up. There, on horseback at the top of a dune, in a velveteen blouse, wearing turquoise and silver, her graying hair pulled back in a bun, her expressionless face eroded like the hills, was an old Navajo woman. She seemed not to know a word of English, not even “hello.” She was kin, I supposed, to the Navajo who had died in the hogan. Had she seen us there? I wished we hadn’t hung around the place so long.

We visited Shiprock. We found a diamondback rattler there, coiled in a cleft in some rocks. We watched Shiprock’s evening shadow grow across the plain. The next morning, practicing my climbing technique at the base of the crag, I got stuck halfway up a boulder. My father talked me down, as he often talked me down from boulders: “There’s a good foothold about six inches below your left foot. Can you . . . ? Good. Now you need a handhold. Can you reach that little knob?” Among the fearsome beings of Navajo myth—Eyes That Kill, the Rocks That Clap Together, the Cutting-Reed People—is one called Rock Monster That Kicks People Off. This particular monster, as any climber knows, is real. His cold spirit had come alive in the rock under my hands. Calm and analytical, my father won the dispute with him, as always.

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE years away I recently returned to Navajo country, driving toward the reservation on Highway 89 from Flagstaff, Arizona. To the northwest, invisible, was the Grand Canyon, which the Little Colorado River was cutting its way toward. Straight ahead was the long, pinkish rampart of Echo Cliffs. Just past the hogan-shaped monument that marks the reservation’s border were a young Navajo couple who had laid out jewelry at a roadside stand. The warped wood of the display table was shaded by a two-pole awning. A small red flag flew from the taller pole. Between the tall pole and the open trunk of their car, the couple had pitched a blue tarp, augmenting the



awning’s tiny pool of shade. The tarp and the red flag rippled in the hot desert wind.

More stands appeared. In places they formed little markets—seven or eight rug-and-jewelry stalls in a row. The parked pickup trucks of the owners nosed at the stalls like tethered ponies. From the tops of the awning poles flew the flags of various states and nations. The Stars and Stripes. The California bear. A white cross against a red ground—Switzerland. A yellow cross against a blue ground—Sweden? European visitors are common these days; foreign currencies are strong against the dollar. The alien flags fluttered in the wind, and beyond them the shadows of clouds retouched the hot hues of the Painted Desert.

The quality of the goods in the roadside stands (and trading posts) varies widely. A lot of non-Navajo jewelry is sold in Navajo country. At most outlets silver and turquoise are best avoided unless you have some expertise in those substances. The Navajo rugs are genuine. They grow slowly on the looms of Navajo women, and are expensive, as they should be.

The stands disappeared when I left U.S. 89, the main drag between Flagstaff and Page. I turned east on 160, toward Kayenta. The road climbed through a landscape of pink Georgia O’Keeffe hills. The hills belong to the Chinle formation and contain bentonite, a clay formed from volcanic ash. Bentonite swells in the rain, and when it dries, it flakes away, eroding too fast for soil to form. Not a blade of grass grows on the clay, not a whorl of lichen. There is nothing but the elemental, gullied, melting pink hills that O’Keeffe liked to paint above all others. It was like being lost in one of her canvases.

Soon the road left the Chinle formation and came into the rocks of the Glen Canyon group—red Wingate sandstone, the orange-red Moenave formation, the dull-red Kayenta formation, pale-red Navajo sandstone. Navajo sandstone, conspicuously cross-bedded, is formed from desert dunes, and it makes for much of the spectacular scenery on the reservation. Navajo sandstone is rock that wants to become dunes again. Eroding, it wears back toward roundedness, its corners, arches, and incipient arches taking on dunelike curves. There was soil again, and vegetation: sagebrush, piñon, juniper. Cactus bloomed, and desert mallow.

At wide intervals the double track of a dirt road left the highway and meandered off toward a distant shack or hogan. The first few homesteads were exactly as I remembered from twenty-five years before: A hogan with a small window, an east-facing door, a domed roof, a stovepipe. A horse or two. A pickup truck. A corral of gray-white close-set poles. A ramada, or summer shelter, its lattice of poles screened with brush. The brush atop some of the shelters was fresh-cut, still green.

Then came a hogan with a satellite dish. I laughed. Driving deeper into the reservation, I came to stretches where four or five hogans in a row had receivers aimed at the sky. At first it seemed wildly incongruous, but soon I got used to it. Adaptability is a Navajo trait. The tribe got corn from the Hopis, sheep and horses from the Spaniards, and now pickups and satellite dishes from the *belagana*, the white men.

Huge cumulus clouds were building to the north. It began to rain lightly as I neared Red Lake. The air smelled of wet sage and freshly laid dust. I went through the crossroads by Tonalea Store at about fifty miles an hour, and the speed froze a moment in the life of the crossroads. On the near side of the intersection a young Navajo couple and their small child were hitching a ride. The woman’s hair was loose on her shoulders. She was smiling in the rain. On the far side two Navajo men were waiting for a ride. One man, fortyish, wore a pink shirt. He lay on his back, his hands clasped behind his head to make a pillow, his face to the sky. He had the broad Navajo face and a sparse Navajo moustache. The rain cloud above had darkened the desert, and his pink shirt seemed to glow with a light of its own. He was listening to his companion, who



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The San Juan Basin, New Mexico: "The shadow of Shiprock grew gigantic on the plain."

hunkered beside him. He smiled at something his companion said, or just at the feel of the rain on his face. Rain is scarce in the desert, and Navajos have the sense not to get out of it.

AMONG THE WONDERS of the Navajo Reservation, Monument Valley is first. The valley's red-orange sandstone buttes stand in monumental isolation from one another—West Mitten Butte, East Mitten Butte, Elephant Butte, Rain God Mesa, Thunderbird Mesa—*arcs de triomphe* without the arch, rising out of the sage and juniper of the valley floor. John Ford filmed *Stagecoach* here in 1938, and many other westerns followed. For the entire world—or for all the world that has movie theaters, or at least satellite dishes—the valley has become the archetypal badlands.

In superficial ways the place has changed since my boyhood. The valley is now a Navajo tribal park. A paved access road has replaced the dirt road my family drove on. Camping among the monuments is no longer permitted. But the landforms have changed not at all. I found the spot where we had eaten lunch, surrounded by rock so red it made us queasy. Across the way rose the

spires of the butte called Three Sisters. I remembered the configuration exactly—the spire of the middle sister so much smaller and sharper than those of the sisters to either side. Children study landforms with a fierce attentiveness, I suppose; that, or pale-red pinnacles against a blue desert sky have a special power to burn themselves into recollection. Deeper in the valley, near the base of Thunderbird Mesa, I found the spot where the old Navajo woman had looked down on us from horseback.

Against the wall of a farther mesa a high dune had heaped itself. I have always loved places where new dunes pile up against old, fossilized dunes of sandstone. The new dunes are alive, forever shifting. They repair your footprints on them overnight. In a strong wind they go into soft focus, their horizons blurring with windblown sand, while behind them the sculpted sandstone rises, in hard focus forever. I realized suddenly that this was it—the original dune. In contemplating this very dune and mesa my fondness for the combination had begun.

Second among the wonders of Navajo country is Canyon de Chelly National Monument. *De Chelly* is a Spanish cor-

ruption of the Navajo word *tsegi*, "rock canyon." The several canyons of the national monument—Canyon de Chelly, Canyon del Muerto, Black Rock Canyon, Monument Canyon—have walls of sheer sandstone a thousand feet deep in their upper reaches. There is a geologic unconformity near the top, where the muddy-red cap of Shinarump conglomerate meets the pinkish rock of De Chelly sandstone, but the more striking unconformity is at the bottom, where the warm hues of the rock meet the cool hues of vegetation—the spring green of cottonwoods, the gray-green of Russian olives, the blue-green of datura, the greens of corn, beans, squash, alfalfa.

To the extent that its intermittent streams allow, Canyon de Chelly is cultivated. A number of Navajo families farm the canyon floors, as Navajos have done for centuries. If Navajoland ever had a strategic center, it was here. During their wars with other tribes and with Spaniards, Mexicans, and Americans, the Navajos took refuge in Canyon de Chelly and its sister canyons. From "fortress rocks" upstream they defeated all pursuers until Kit Carson. It was in Canyon de Chelly, finally, that Carson defeated the tribe, leading troops into its

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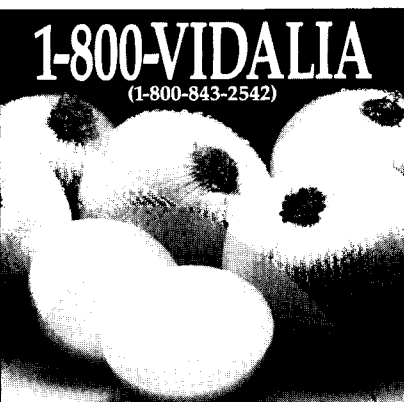
Under overhangs in the walls sit hundreds of Anasazi cliff dwellings. *Anasazi* is a Navajo word meaning “Ancient Ones” or “the People Who Have Gone” or “Enemies of Our Ancestors,” depending on which Navajo you ask. Most of the villages were built between A.D. 350 and 1300, when they were abandoned for reasons unknown. The cliff dwellings are made of the same sandstone as the cliffs. Except for a muted rectilinearity, they blend in. They are lovelier architecture, in my opinion, than any American architecture of the sixteen centuries since.

Overlooks along the roads on the north and south rims of the national monument offer views of the life, past and present, of the canyon floor. They are fishbowl vistas, if such a thing is possible—prospects grand yet intimate. From the north rim I looked down on Ledge Ruin, Antelope House Ruin, and Mummy Cave Ruin, from the south rim on Junction Ruin, White House Ruin, and Sliding Rock Ruin. From both rims I caught glimpses of the ongoing life of the canyon: a hogan or two for each meander of the canyon; a flock of sheep, a peach orchard; irregular streamside fields, some fallow, some planted to corn or alfalfa.

A small fleet of Korean War-vintage trucks with huge tires takes half-day and full-day excursions into the canyons, leaving from Thunderbird Lodge, at the mouth. A better way to see Canyon de Chelly, if your legs are sound, is to walk it with a Navajo guide. Guides can be hired at the visitor center. With the exception of one self-guided trail, going unguided is forbidden, in order to protect both the fragile Anasazi ruins and the privacy of the Navajos who live in the canyon.

The third wonder of the reservation is Navajo National Monument, which comprises a number of other Anasazi ruins in the Tsegi Canyon system—the cliff dwelling called Betatakin (“Ledge House”) and a site known as Keet Seel (“Broken Pottery”) prominent among them.

THESE THREE PLACES revisited. I knocked about the reservation with no particular plan. I slept in the desert, out of preference and necessity. There was no room at any of the reservation’s inns. Navajos have little interest in inn-keeping, they don’t go into the business,



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and so accommodations are scarce. The hotels serving the most popular parts of the reservation—such as the Holiday Inn and the Wetherill Motel, in Kayenta; Goulding's Lodge, at the gateway to Monument Valley; and Thunderbird Lodge, outside Canyon de Chelly—are usually booked months in advance from April through October.

At Mexican Hat, in the San Juan Trading Post café, I ate *haanii gai*, a stew made from corn and the backbone of a lamb. It came with good Navajo fry-bread and a bottle of hot sauce. I gathered, from the hot sauce, that to some people *haanii gai* tastes a bit bland. For me, once a boy who wanted to be Navajo, there was accent enough in the imagination: *This is how things taste in the hogan*. Before I knew it, the stew was gone and with my last piece of fry-bread I was mopping the bottom of the bowl.

I liked almost everything I saw in Navajo country: The dark endlessness of Black Mesa. The hazy blue Olympian curve of Navajo Mountain. The badlands of Coal Canyon. The ponderosa forests of the Defiance Plateau. The long black hair of Navajo girls in the backs of pickups. The ravens hunting in raucous pairs over the desert. Dust devils. Evening lightning.

Beautiful Valley, south of Canyon de Chelly, is badlands of bentonite hills and fallen pillars. (The pillars are the bones of Big Monster if you are of one persuasion, petrified logs if you are of another.) Bisti Badlands, at the eastern edge of the reservation, are a Daliesque landscape of odd-shaped stones on pedestals. Rough Rock Trading Post, beneath Black Mesa, is a real, working, twentieth-century trading post. Hubbell Trading Post, near Ganado, is a national historic site, a trading post maintained as it was in the nineteenth century. The store, barn, and warehouse are of local sandstone, with beams of ponderosa pine. The store floorboards are creaky and polished by generations of feet, the wood counters tall, the cash registers massive and old-fashioned. At the visitor center three Navajo weavers were busy on their looms. Evelyn Curley, working in the Chief Blanket style, had started five weeks before I visited—and she was about five percent finished. Mary Lee Begay, working in the Two Gray Hills style, and Helen Kirk, working in the Burntwater, were further along.

I drove up into the Chuska Mountains. In the Navajo scheme of things,

the Chuskas are "Goods-of-Value Mountain," a male. Chuska Peak makes his head, and his body is the remainder of the range. Goods-of-Value has some of the biggest views and best grazing on the reservation. I entered the range from the west. The dirt road climbed quickly, starting in grass and sage, passing in minutes through a zone of piñon and juniper and then into ponderosa pine, Douglas fir, gambel oak, and aspen. Douglas fir seemed an alien tree in Navajo country, and yet there it was. There were marshes, thickets, seasonal lakes. The air, cool and piney, almost had *bite*, and the wind sounded wonderful in the ponderosas. I could imagine what those sensations mean to the Navajos. The Chuskas are the Navajo Alps.

Descending the east side of the range into the San Juan Basin, I caught my first glimpse on this trip of Shiprock. It was a day of some haze—"pollen of evening," the Navajos call it—but the crag stood out clearly, fifty miles away. Far beyond, in the La Plata Mountains of Colorado, its flanks snowy still, stood *Dibé Ntsa*, Big Sheep Mountain, the sacred mountain of the north.

I camped that night under Shiprock. By evening light I studied the high overhangs and spires of the crag. In places like those, Rock Monster That Kicks People Off is *always* present. Fifty years ago my father had been the fly on Rock Monster's cheek. A portion of his route was visible, and I traced it with my eyes as best I could. My father was a much younger man in 1939 than I am now. My thoughts about him became confused, both filial and paternal. The shadow of Shiprock grew gigantic on the plain. Night fell, and across what had seemed empty desert the lights of the Navajo nation began to shine like fallen stars.

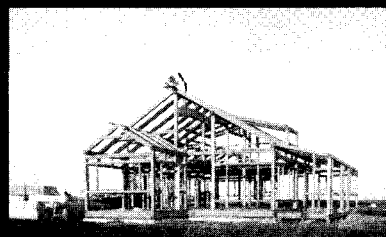
BACK HOME I found a photograph of Shiprock in a climbing manual and showed it to my two-year-old son. My son's name, like my father's, is David Brower. He is the first of us with any Indian blood. He is a natural climber, with fine balance and a love of ascent.

"This is Shiprock," I told him. "See? Grandpa was the first man to climb this mountain. *Shiprock*."

"Chi'ra," Davey said.

It sounded almost Navajo—guttural, with a glottal stop. A good try, but of course it was too early to pass on our family legend of the crag. I'll try again a few years down the line. □

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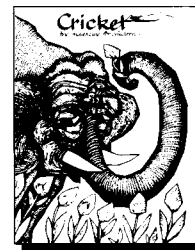
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FOOD

HOLIDAY-SPANNING BREAD

All bread bakers can learn a thing or two from the long life of panettone

BY CORBY KUMMER

I HAVE LONG ADMIRED panettone, the Ultimate raisin bread, the ideal toast and French toast, a great base for poached fruit, and a substitute for bread in bread pudding which redefines the dish. Panettone looks like the back of an Italian Renaissance cathedral—it has very high walls and a perfectly even browned dome. When sliced, it reveals unusually large holes, golden raisins, and bits of candied orange and citron rind. It has lovely jagged edges when it's pulled apart, and is a warm yellow from eggs and butter. The crust is thick and soft, with all the savor of any crust but more of it to go around. It is less buttery and airier than brioche (to my mind, advantages). Newcomers to panettone keep picking at it until there's none left. They are surprised at its lightness, delighted by its indeterminate status—between bread and cake—and eager to pinpoint the various flavors, which include vanilla and occasionally lemon and citron extracts.

My search has been for the secret of panettone's longevity. Manufacturers stamp panettone with a pull date of six months from the day they package it. How can panettone last so long, with just a twisted-closed plastic bag to protect it? I recently spent many hours in basement pastry kitchens in Milan, where old methods are still used, and in the gleaming laboratories of Italian industrial bakers. I learned that in my own kitchen baking panettone would be a very sometime thing. But I also learned a good deal about how to make bread last a long time, and what I learned will change the way I bake any risen dough.

In my researches I tasted every brand of panettone I could find. Clearly it is not just *my* favorite sweet bread: Perugina, a large manufacturer of panettone, reports that its sales in the United States have more than doubled in the past three years, and those of Ferrara Foods, a leading U.S. importer of panettone, have also more than dou-

bled since it began selling its own brand five years ago. Also increasing are sales of colomba, an Easter panettone with orange rind only, baked in the shape of a dove, and topped with toasted almonds. Now is an opportune time to find panettone in gourmet shops. Shipments of colomba are just arriving, and leftover stock of panettone is available at reduced prices—in perfectly edible condition, for reasons I finally fathomed.

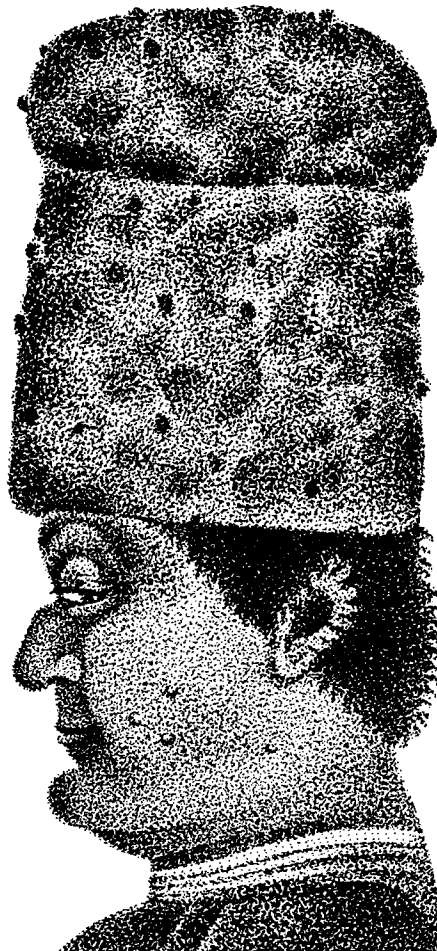
PANETTONE LOOKS as if it had been the same for centuries, but in fact it has been high and airy for little more than sixty years. It is a creation of industry, and, as is rarely the case, industry

still makes it best. Earlier panettone was baked in a low, round shape, like any hearth loaf. The two stories of its origins most commonly circulated by manufacturers are predictably romantic. One centers on a Milanese nobleman with the first name of Ughetto (sounds suspiciously like *ughetta* and *uvetta*, both of which mean "raisin"), who in 1490, for love of the neighboring baker's daughter, went to work for the baker. By using his connections to make popular a specialty he had invented after the scantiest of training, he turned the father of his beloved into a rich man and won the daughter. The other story is of a baker named Toni who sold a lot of a bread that his fans dubbed *pan de Toni*. Often the stories are conflated, so Toni becomes the eager suitor.

The true origins are certainly more commonplace. Breads enriched with expensive fats and nuts and fruits probably were used by the Romans as votive offerings and evolved into Christian festival breads. The Italian food scholar Massimo Alberini cites a reference in a 1644 book to a Christmas bread containing candied pumpkin, pepper, and raisins. The name needs no eponymous baker to explain it. *Pane* means "bread" and *-one* means, roughly, "king-sized," as in the elevation of a simple vegetable soup, or *minestra*, into a life-sustaining *minestrone*.

Despite the perception in Italy that panettone is exclusively Milanese, it has relatives all over the north, including various kinds of focaccia (in many parts of the north these are sweetened egg breads, rather than the pizzalike breads that have recently become popular here); panettone Genovese, from Genoa, which often contains pignoli and pistachio nuts, fennel seeds, and liqueurs; gubana, dense with nuts and raisins, which is served at Easter in Udine and Cividale, in the northeastern corner of Italy; and the specialty of Verona—pandoro, a star-shaped golden mountain of rich, buttery bread without raisins or candied fruit and with a finer, denser crumb than panettone's.

Today's version of panettone, however, is entirely Milanese in origin. In 1921 the baker Angelo Motta decided to make his traditional panettone softer and higher. He constructed cylindrical paper baking forms to give the dough something to rise against, and added more raisins and candied citron and orange rind than usual. Soon his friend and rival Gioacchino Alemagna was



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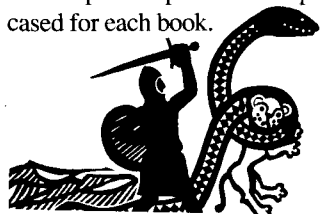
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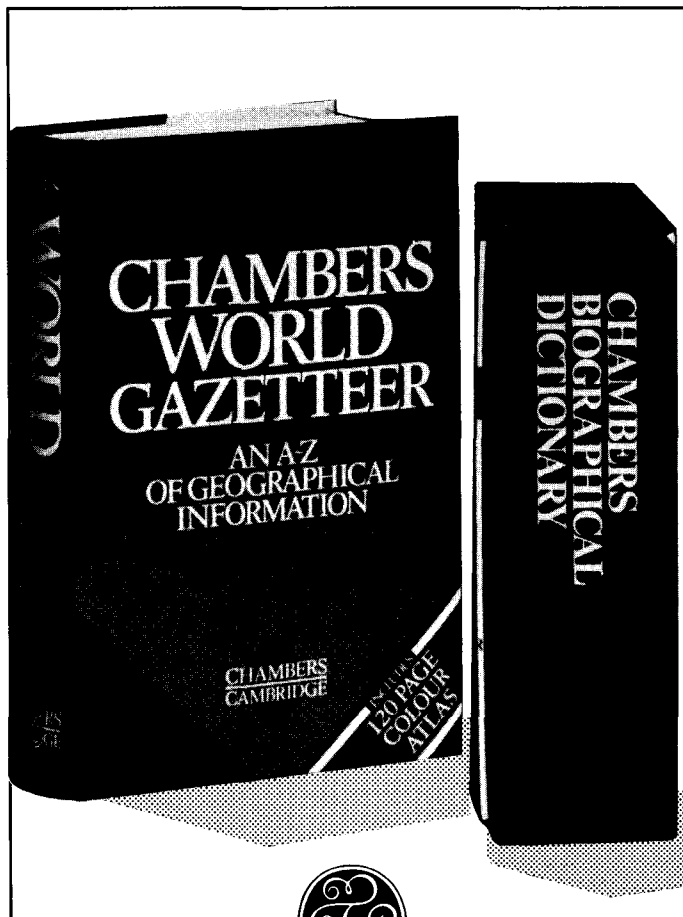
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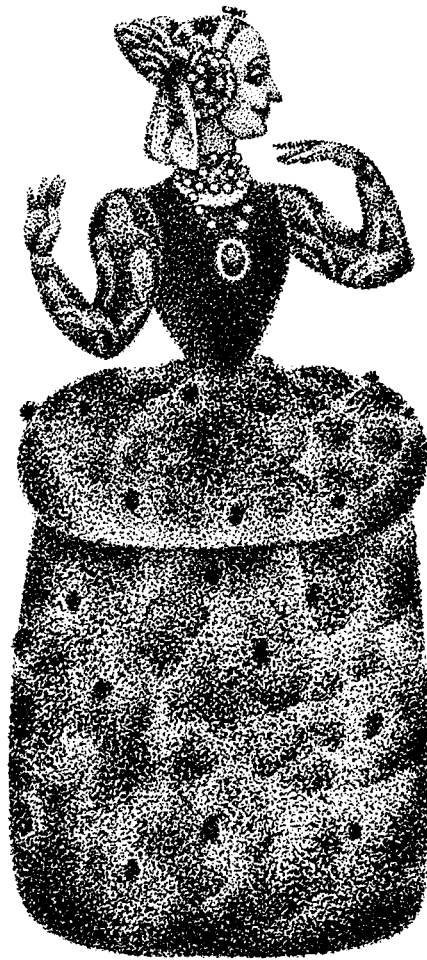
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making a similarly deluxe panettone. During the period between the wars the two made panettone popular throughout Italy and made it synonymous with Milan. They also pioneered brand-name recognition for a food product, still comparatively rare in a country where people rely on their local markets for a wide range of goods. Grand cafés bearing their names became fashionable meeting places in the centers of important cities. By the 1930s Motta and Alemagna had made it acceptable to eat panettone year-round, whereas before it had been eaten only at Christmas and at the feast of San Biagio, on February 3, as symbolic insurance against hunger throughout the year.

Motta and Alemagna are now run by the same company, and their panettoni are essentially the same, with slight differences in flavoring (emphasis on raisins in Motta, on citron and orange in Alemagna). They are also far from the best available. On a recent trip to Italy I toured the factory near Verona where the two are made, and was dismayed at the complete industrialization of the process and the bright orange color of the dehydrated butter I saw in the big mixing tubs. Competition is heated in the panettone market—no wonder most of the companies I asked for factory tours regarded me as a spy for another company. Le Tre Marie, considered the best industrial baker in Milan, refused to let me in.

I boarded the train to Verona on a hot tip: a journalist who had participated in a panettone-tasting told me that a dark-horse bakery named Paluani and the famous Bauli bakery, both in Verona, were the best in Italy (the two companies are better known for their pandoro). At Paluani salesmen chatted with me about national preferences—Germans like pandoro, the French like panettone, Australians like both—while I cooled my heels for an hour, and then explained that I couldn't see the factory. At Bauli the director of foreign sales at last acceded to my request for a factory visit, during which he repeatedly interrupted the head of technology, saying, "Are you sure you should tell him that?"

I was impressed by the high quality of the ingredients and by the manufacturing process at Bauli, which still includes nonindustrial steps, like the addition of butter by hand. It also allows for a rising time of more than the twenty-four hours that is standard at many bakeries (in contrast, Motta passes dough through a



series of temperature-controlled chambers for seven hours) and for slow cooling (Motta dehydrates the finished panettone in a vacuum for three minutes, and proudly compares the process with the old way, which took twelve hours). "I'm giving him the door but not the key," the impatient technician finally told the sales director. "You're worried because you don't know what's really secret." But I had already discovered the key to what I wanted to know for home baking. My search was not for the amount of emulsifier in a proprietary formula. The key was the rising.

ITALIAN BAKERS, including industrial ones, use *lievito naturale*, or "natural yeast," instead of commercial yeast in panettone and pandoro. Making homemade yeast is a five- to seven-day process involving flour, water, and something yeast can easily feed on, like potatoes or fruit or molasses. Once the "starter" is made, it will last indefinitely but requires weekly nourishment with more flour and water. Whatever is baked with it not only keeps significantly longer than what commercial yeast produces but also has a more interesting and com-

plex flavor. Because homemade yeast requires so much attention, bakers bother with it only for the holiday breads, which their customers expect to taste the way they always did.

Yeasts are single-celled microscopic fungi that sprout buds and reproduce very quickly when given food, moisture, and warmth (not heat: most strains of yeast die at 140°F). Each yeast plant has the capacity to store food and produce an enzyme that breaks down its food source—say, flour or potato starch—into simple sugars. It turns the sugars it likes into carbon dioxide and alcohol, and leaves the rest. The carbon dioxide aerates the dough; the alcohol interacts during baking with acids formed by bacteria, producing esters, which flavor bread. Not all dough has much acid, however, because yeast and bacteria compete for the same food. Dough that is risen only at a temperature favoring yeast growth (usually 75° to 90°) will be well aerated but nearly tasteless. Keeping dough at a low temperature, however—around 45° to 55°—slows yeast growth to nearly nothing and gives the bacteria a chance to feed and produce lactic and acetic acids, which make bread taste good. (Keeping dough at a temperature higher than 90° can encourage the formation of acids that don't taste good.)

Commercial-yeast manufacturers usually feed yeast molasses and nitrogen salts and then compress and extrude the yeast, to be sold either fresh, in cakes, or dried into granules that must be rehydrated before being used. Cake yeast can be successfully frozen for a year, and dried yeast refrigerated for at least a year. Most experienced bakers find no difference between breads made with cake yeast and those made with dried, despite the prejudice many have in favor of the homey-smelling, crumbly cakes.

If you don't want to make homemade starter but seek to replicate many of its advantages, you can change the instructions for breads made with commercial yeast. First, use less yeast, dried or cake, than is called for. Elizabeth David, in her classic *English Bread and Yeast Cookery*, gives as a rule of thumb that dried yeast is twice as strong as cake yeast. I give as a second rule of thumb that you should halve the amount of yeast called for in any recipe and lengthen the rises—although yeast is so surprisingly strong that even half the amount called for may well cause the dough to double in volume in the time

specified. A period of refrigeration will help bacteria form lactic and acetic acids, according to Wulf Doerry, of the American Institute of Baking, in Manhattan, Kansas. If the period is not too long, the acids will add only interest, not a pronounced sourness. Doerry refrigerates yeast doughs for four to six hours before setting them to rise at a warm temperature favorable to yeast.

Lactic and other acids retard staling, for reasons that, like everything else about staling, are not thoroughly understood. Certainly acids inhibit the growth of mold, as does sugar, which also retains moisture. Any bread made with homemade starter will stay soft for a week or even two, but it is the high sugar content in panettone that accounts for its colossal shelf life.

Industrial producers of panettone also add monoglycerides, which are usually called emulsifiers, although in the case of panettone they are not added to emulsify—that is, to bind fat and water. Instead, they keep bread soft longer by inhibiting the formation of starch molecules into crystals, which trap moisture and make bread feel firm and dry. Warming stale bread to 140° will break crystals and release water, making the bread soft again. This trick works only once, however, since heating also drives off moisture, and once the bread cools, the crystals re-form even more tightly. Staling is most rapid at temperatures just above freezing and slowest at temperatures below, according to Harold McGee's *On Food and Cooking*, so don't refrigerate bread—keep it tightly wrapped at room temperature or freeze it.

Paul Bertolli gives directions for making a homemade starter in his recent *Chez Panisse Cooking*, a remarkably clear-headed and helpful book about many cooking techniques. Bertolli writes as if he were with you in the kitchen, and tells you what will really happen instead of what ought to happen. This is the book I recommend to anyone, beginner or not, who wants to deepen his knowledge of cooking and his confidence in cooking without a recipe.

Bertolli's chapter on bread baking, which advocates "spontaneous leavening" with homemade starter and long rises, is as useful as many whole books on the subject. He patiently guides the reader through making a potato starter. Other people use unsprayed and unsulfured grapes or raisins, or apples, to provide sugar as a quick food source; potato

You deserve a factual look at. . .

The "New" PLO

Or: Can the Leopard Change its Spots?

After more than 20 years of ostracism by most of the civilized world, Yasir Arafat, Chairman of the PLO, has finally uttered the "magic words" demanded by the U.S. It didn't come easy, and he didn't get it quite right. But it was good enough for Secretary of State George Schultz who, "the words" having been spoken, declared the willingness of the U.S. to talk with the PLO. One wonders whether that surprising opening will bring peace in the Middle East any closer to realization.

What are the facts?

■ Former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, having wrung major concessions from Israel, promised that the U.S. would not deal with the PLO unless it fulfilled two conditions: (1) it would accept U.N. Resolutions 242 and 238; (2) it would recognize Israel's "existence". Congress added a third condition, namely that the PLO would renounce terrorism. Finally, after 20 years of obdurate resistance, Yasir Arafat, as spokesman for the PLO, did make those statements. Secretary Schultz decided therefore that the U.S. must establish contact with the PLO. Only a week earlier, the Secretary had refused Arafat a visa to enter the United States, because of his personal association with and personal responsibility for widespread terrorism all over the world.

■ What are the goals of the PLO, and is it likely that they have changed by the uttering of those three sentences? The PLO is a terror organization, created in 1964 by the Arab League. It has only one aim: the destruction of the State of Israel through force and violence. Any apparent deviation from this single-minded aim is a temporary tactical maneuver.

■ The basic charter of the PLO is the so-called "Palestinian National Covenant." Its main theme is that the State of Israel has no right whatever to exist. It states clearly that "Palestine...is an indivisible part of the Arab homeland," and that "the Arab-Palestinian people...reject all solutions that substitute for the total liberation of Palestine." Those PLO and Arab leaders who have from time to time ventured to propose a less inflexible approach have invariably paid with their lives for such deviation from PLO "orthodoxy".

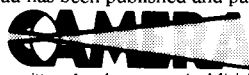
■ The recent unilateral declaration by the PLO of a "Palestinian State with its capital in Jerusalem" on territory administered by and under control of Israel is an attempted step in that direction. The PLO was founded long before Israeli administration of Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank") and the Gaza Strip. Its avowed purpose was then, has always been and continues to be, not the establishment of a Palestinian state, but the destruction of Israel proper.

■ The PLO is the kingpin of international terrorism. It maintains a complex network of relations with all of the main terror organizations throughout the world. It has written a blood-spattered record of unrelenting terror. Some of their more "glorious" exploits: the mid-air explosion of a Swissair jetliner (47 dead); the attack on pilgrims and passengers at Ben-Gurion International Airport (26 dead, 76 wounded); the attack on Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics (11 dead); attack on the Ma'alot school (24 dead, 62 wounded—mostly children); the hi-jacking of a passenger bus on the Haifa-Tel Aviv highway (35 dead, 80 wounded); the coordinated shoot-outs at the Rome and Vienna Airports (16 dead); and the murderous attack on the Istanbul Synagogue, in which 21 worshippers were killed.

■ In their attacks against Americans, the PLO hand is suspected in many of the kidnappings of U.S. hostages. American citizen Leon Klinghoffer was brutally killed in the PLO ship-jacking of the *Achille Lauro*. Some of the most brutal PLO attacks against Americans have been against U.S. diplomats. In the Sudan, in 1973, two American diplomats, Ambassador Cleo Noel and Charge d'Affaires George C. Moore, were mercilessly machine gunned to death when blackmail demands were not met. *The Washington Post* reported on reliable evidence that Yasir Arafat personally was in charge of these executions. In 1976, Ambassador Francis Meloy, Jr. and Counselor Robert Waring were assassinated in Beirut, an attack widely believed to have been the work of the PFLP, a faction of the PLO. In March of 1988, a bomb-laden car was placed in front of the Hilton Hotel in Jerusalem in an attempt to assassinate Secretary George Shultz. There have been many bombings, hi-jackings, and terrorist attacks in virtually every Mid-East and European country, leaving countless dead and wounded. While the final verdict is not yet in, it is generally assumed by our government and by those who are investigating this terrible crime that one of the Palestinian factions patterned after and instructed by the PLO is responsible for the bombing of Pan Am flight #103, which cost over 270 mostly American lives.

Can the leopard change its spots? It does not seem likely. And it does not seem likely that the PLO, engaged in unrelenting terror since its creation 24 years ago, could suddenly become a factor for peace, just because of the intonation of a few "magic phrases". It is comforting to think that peace in the Middle East can be achieved by bestowing respectability on the PLO. But the only way to bring about peace in the Middle East is by direct negotiations between Israel and representatives of the residents of the administered territories, as agreed in the Camp David Accord: a period of autonomy, after which the final disposition and status of the territories will be decided by the people involved. The PLO cannot be a party to the peace process, because its charter calls for war and destruction and because terror and peace cannot exist together.

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"Valerie flashed the ring. . . . 'Okay,' she said, 'it's Mr. Zinn's. He gave it to me Friday afternoon.'" A short story.

is particularly attractive to yeast, though, because of its starch and its soluble nitrogen compounds. If you follow Bertolli's instructions, use the water in which you boiled the potato when he initially calls for water, and have patience. It took me several brick-like batches of bread before I coaxed a starter into action. Lactic ferment is no trick, since bacteria are eager and available to form it, but yeast can be elusive. Frequent stirrings, to redistribute what yeast there is to a new food source, and frequent big doses of fresh flour, making a solid rather than a liquid starter, seem to work best.

WITH OR WITHOUT homemade starter, panettone is not easy to make, and Italians leave it to professional bakers. Even the most frequently consulted cookbook in Italy, Anna Gosetti della Salda's *Ricette Regionali Italiane*, says that panettone is "prepared well only industrially; we offer the home recipe for those who want to set about this . . . enterprise." The best guide for Americans who wish to set about the enterprise is Carol Field's exemplary *Italian Baker*, full of delicious and unusual breads and cakes. I halved the yeast and doubled the rising times in Field's recipes for panettone and pandoro, with her blessing; although she takes into account impatient bakers when she writes, she favors little yeast and long rises, and believes that "bread baking is meant to work into people's lives, not to dictate them." I let both doughs rise for between twenty-four and thirty-six hours, which ripened them perfectly. They tasted rich and good, but the panettone didn't have the big holes of commercial panettone. Pandoro has a denser crumb to begin with, and mine was a complete success. Field has in any case moved beyond trying to copy the industrial versions. In a new book she is writing on Italian holiday foods and breads, to be published next year, she will include recipes for pre-industrial pandoro and panettone, both of them comparatively low and dense, and for a panettone Genovese full of nuts and liqueurs.

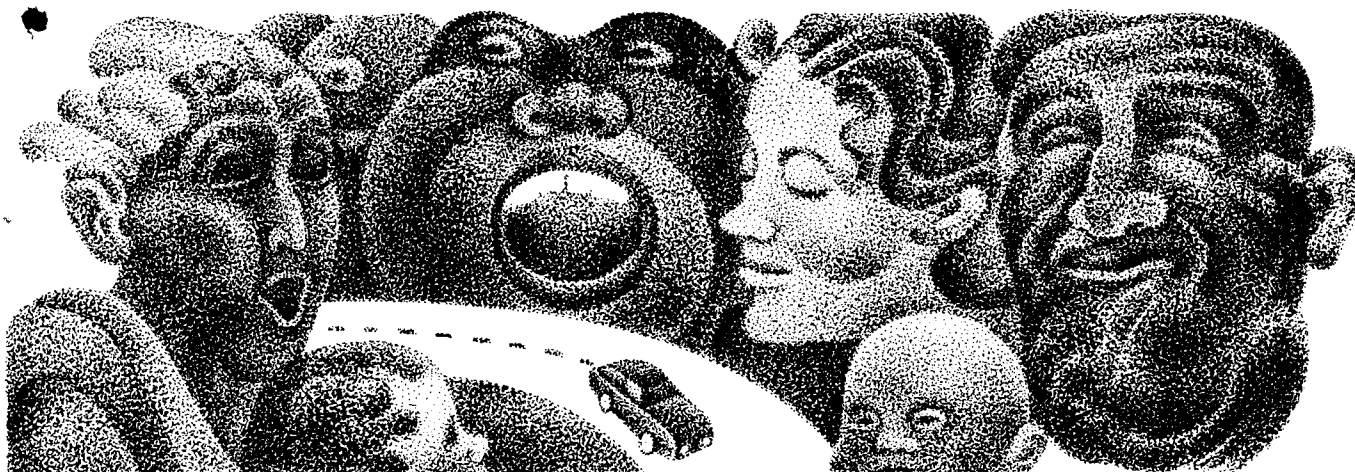
Field now swears by homemade starters, and in her new book she will include directions for making one and recipes for many breads that use it. She reports that although the process is initially tricky, the breads indeed not only taste better but also last much longer. And by substituting an amount of homemade starter equal to 30 or 40 percent of the flour in

her old panettone recipe from *The Italian Baker*, she bakes a panettone that "stands as high as anything Motta could ever make."

I recommend buying some commercial panettone before opening the flour sack, so that you can see and taste what you're aiming for. Start with the plain model. You'll want to avoid the new panettoni filled with shelf-stable vanilla, chocolate, or orange cream, which are clogging the market in Italy and also appearing here. Soaked with liqueur-flavored syrups and disguised with colored icings and chocolate coatings and even bright sprinkles, these panettoni look like the photographer William Wegman's dog Man Ray balefully holding up a paw with polished nails or wearing a tasseled hat. A perhaps not unwelcome revision is the quiet disappearance of candied fruits from some panettoni; most Italian children don't like them. Another concession to children which I find convenient is individual panettoni a little bigger than cupcakes. The one trend toward something more traditional is the lower panettone that many makers are marketing, calling it the original version. Usually the dough is identical to that in high panettone, but last year Perugina began marketing an "antica ricetta" with more butter and candied fruit, also in a low shape. I object to the increased butter content (although I very much like Perugina's standard panettone), but antica ricetta has its admirers.

Buying panettone in America is a matter of what the local distributor imports. But if you find products from Bauli, Paluani, Perugina (whose American distribution is comprehensive), Le Tre Marie, Bistefani, or Battistero, try them. Dean & DeLuca imports a panettone at Christmas and a colomba at Easter made by Bonifanti, a bakery midway between artisan and industrial, and it is worth ordering (the shop's telephone number is 800-221-7714). Although some manufacturers unfortunately are enamored of artificial flavorings or cut corners by using margarine, there is something to recommend most versions of panettone. A half hour in a very low oven will restore panettone to flavorful softness (a step that should be taken before serving any panettone). Take advantage of the coincidence of panettone and colomba and buy a few boxes, especially if they're on sale. Otherwise you'll regret your shortsightedness once you have begun a day with a toasted slice. □

BOOKS



A WHIFF OF MAGNOLIA

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

A TURN IN THE SOUTH
by V. S. Naipaul.
Alfred A. Knopf, \$18.95.

IN ITS FIRST chapter V. S. Naipaul refers to *A Turn in the South* as "my last travel book." He refers now and then to the physical toll exacted by the months he spent on the road (his asthma acted up in the South). Also, he realizes that the genre—"travel on a theme," he calls it—is becoming difficult to bring off, especially in the United States. "The place is not and cannot be alien in the simple way an African country is alien," he writes. "It is too well known, too photographed, too written about; and, being more organized and less informal, it is not so open to casual inspection." The rhythms of travel writing are so natural for a writer—impressive research can be conducted in a manageably brief time; the narrative structure is automatic—that the impulse to write travel books lives on long after their original purpose has disappeared.

The great age of travel writing, the middle and late nineteenth century, closely followed the roughly coincidental births of the middle class, the railroad, and the modern book-publishing industry; travel books were invented to tell readers about places they could plausibly dream of visiting themselves, though it might be a great project for them to do so.

In the late twentieth century many of the best travel writers have tried to keep the genre alive by concentrating on the Third World, which is still relatively inaccessible to the tourist, or have used exotic, pre-modern modes of travel, in the manner of Paul Theroux in his trains and Jonathan Raban in his boats. Naipaul's idea here is that even on more familiar ground, a progressive unfolding of the writer's ideas about the place can allow the travel-writing form to triumph over the deglamorizing effects of interstate highways and chain hotels. But he is quite stern in setting forth what a difficult task this is.

At the beginning your interests can be broad and scattered. But then they must be more focused; the different stages of a journey cannot simply be versions of one another. And, more than the other kind of travel, this traveling on a theme depended on luck. It depended on the people you met, the little illuminations you had.

He might have added that his inexperience with this book's territory increased the challenge. Naipaul refers to his first travel book, *The Middle Passage* (1962), which is about his native Caribbean, as a kind of companion volume to *A Turn in the South*. The technique of the two books is quite different, though, because in *The Middle Passage* it's clear that the main points were all in Naipaul's mind before the trip; as he traveled, he was looking for confirmations of his judgments and for ways to illustrate what he already knew he was going to say. In the chapter on Trinidad, where he grew up, there is not a single interview, and Naipaul does not hesitate to fire off extreme-sounding pro-

nouncements ("I knew Trinidad to be unimportant, uncreative, cynical"). In the South he is groping toward understanding, and his narrative consists largely of a succession of accounts of his talks with the wise souls he found to guide him.

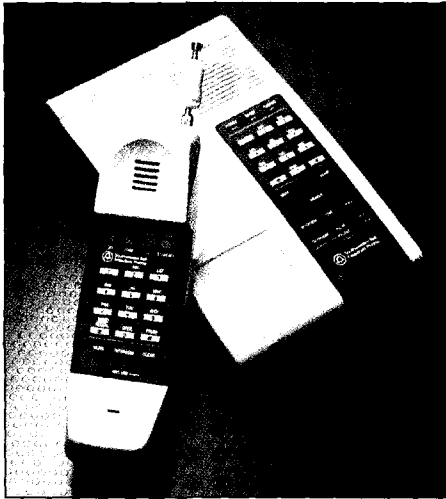
In the face of all these difficulties Naipaul performs extremely well, especially in the early going. For about the first half of the book his main subject is race (in particular, race in a former slave state), which his personal history gives him some grounding in. Naipaul manages to discuss race relations without communicating any sense that he feels himself to be a member of either race. No American writer could achieve this kind of evenhandedness, and it gives Naipaul's perceptions an almost built-in originality.

His writing is clean and beautiful, and he has a great eye for nuance. He lacks the traditional reporter's skills: he can't get an interview with Andrew Young; his choice of locations and sources is fairly predictable; and he is sometimes vague on names. But he extracts what seems to be the maximum possible insight from every encounter. In *The Middle Passage*, Naipaul made good literary use of his youth—he was headstrong and physically adventurous. Here he uses his middle age. Many years of intense travel and reading have given him the ability to put everything in a larger context, so that you're always aware of the historical and economic forces that have conspired to make each place he visits the way it is. He can sense which moments in a conversation with a stranger contain true self-revelation, and he knows it and backs off when someone is feeding him a

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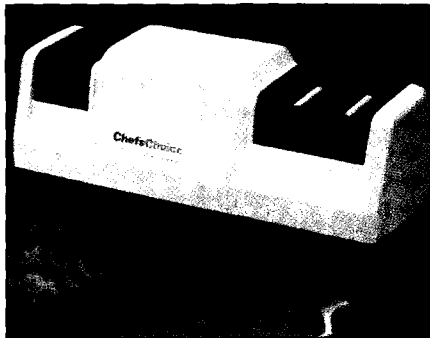
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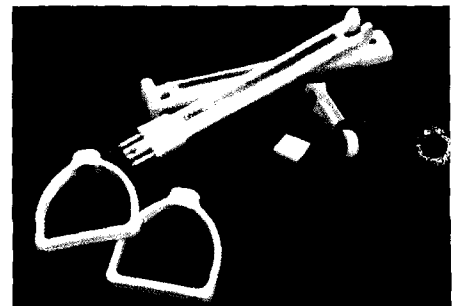
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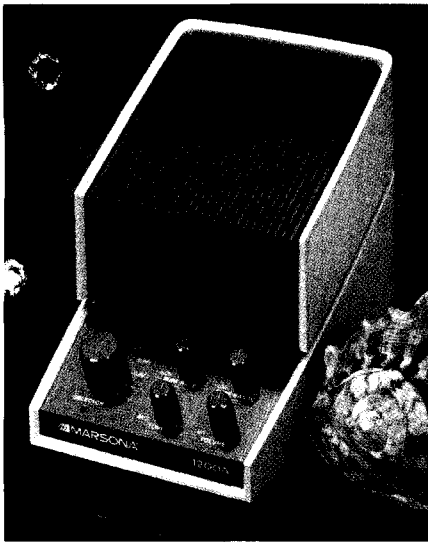
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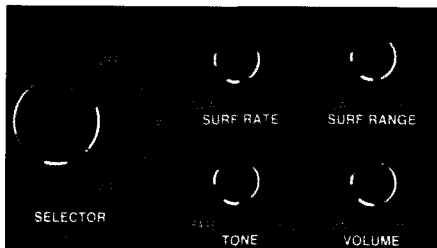


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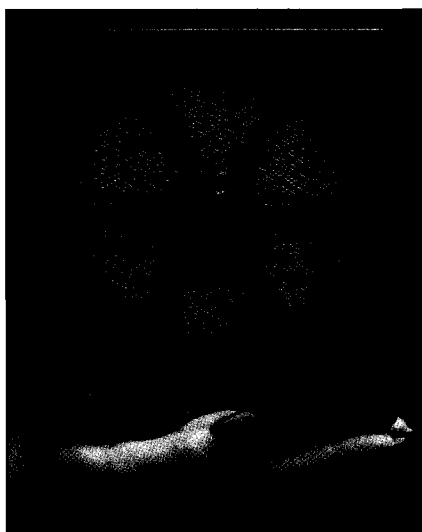
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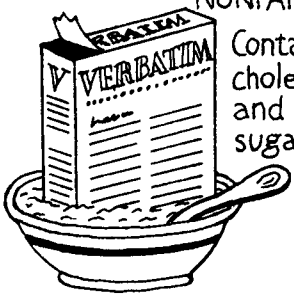
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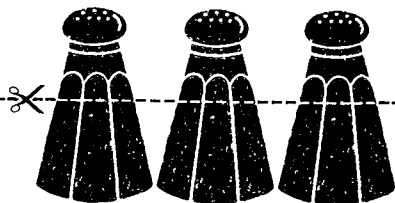


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line. Again and again he will wander into a situation rich in cliché-generating potential and come out of it with a nugget of true perception.

His trip to Atlanta coincides with the Forsyth County anti-Klan march of 1987, an occasion that was designed to convince out-of-town reporters that the civil-rights movement was starting up again. Naipaul goes to Forsyth County, understands that its racial history is "unbearable in every detail," but also sees that the march "was like a ritual conflict, played out before the cameras, and according to certain rules," in the service of "the good, safe cause." He interviews several members of the much-publicized new generation of black city politicians in Atlanta, to whom the word *power* is almost always attached; without at all minimizing how much progress there has been, he sees that the truth about power in Atlanta is that "city politics gave position without strength."

He is very good on the complexities of black and white attitudes. He grants whites that an important shift took place, over the past generation, when they fully accepted the end of a formal caste system, but he constantly emphasizes that the black and white social and economic worlds are still almost entirely separate, perhaps even more so than they were before the civil-rights movement.

The white patricians among the people he talks to take pride in the warmth that they imagine interracial master-servant relations had in the old days, but his black subjects regard these elaborately restricted friendships as part of the game they had to play with white people, not anything to feel nostalgic about. Naipaul perceives the hollowness at the core of the traditional white romanticism about the plantation South—the way that nobility is imputed to antebellum society by insisting on the uniqueness to the South of what are really the most ordinary of virtues (good manners, love of family) and fuzzing up the fact that the society was based on slavery. Naipaul has also picked up on other keys to the self-concept of southerners who consider themselves "people of quality": the idea that every family was once wealthy, and an obsession with the ancestral plot of land (including, especially, the burial plot). These shadings may sound obvious when baldly stated, but it is quite rare for first-time visitors to the South (or southerners, for

that matter) to understand them as well as Naipaul does.

Naipaul portrays the black South as being caught up in a post-civil-right agony, deprived of its old cohesiveness and its old cause. He records, with a tone of distinct disapproval, the impulse of some of the blacks he visited to externalize all black problems. He summarizes his talk with Marvin Arrington, the president of the Atlanta City Council: "Black people needed opportunity; opportunity could be provided only by the system. So that he seemed still to be laying responsibility on others." Naipaul is a self-help man. He likes being told that blacks have to take responsibility for their own problems. Hosea Williams, the oft-jailed former aide to Martin Luther King, Jr., is compared to Gandhi for advocating "the switching of reforming attention from public issues to private, from the external foe to the internal."

This line of thinking leads Naipaul to an extravagant, and interestingly argued, admiration for Booker T. Washington, who these days is usually a second-rank figure in the pantheon of black heroes. Naipaul shares Washington's primness (he considers it worthy of mention when his black interviewees are late for appointments or do not maintain their homes neatly enough for his taste) and agrees with Washington's diagnosis of the main black problem as the need to overcome the aftereffects of slavery. Taking a position that is now extremely unpopular among American race-relations experts, Naipaul says that "the irrationality of slavery and the years after slavery had made many irrational and self-destructive." He praises Washington for having defined his task as "the inculcation of self-respect in a subject people through the idea of work and service." He treats Washington as a more important writer than his arch-rival, W.E.B. DuBois, who is usually regarded as canonical by the academic establishment.

Naipaul's view of the black South seems to derive from his view of Trinidad: there slavery was abolished in the 1830s, the island and its people became economically superfluous, and a society that Naipaul considers corrupt and second-rate came into being. In the South a slavery-like system existed until well after the Second World War, and the United States is "a place of greater potential" than Trinidad—so, Naipaul believes, there's still time for blacks to avoid a Trinidad-like fate.

IN MY LIFETIME civil rights has certainly been the most important change in the South, but not the only important change. After civil rights (and resulting in part from civil rights) comes what might be called the denaturing of the South. When I was growing up in New Orleans, during the fifties and sixties, it was still possible to understand the South in Faulknerian, or at least Margaret Mitchellian, terms: as a place defined by agrarianism, military defeat, and the original sin of slavery. Perhaps the civil-rights movement and the centennial of the Civil War intensified the old southern preoccupations beyond what they would otherwise have been, but you still did hear occasional talk about the Lost Cause.

Since then the white South has become, compared with its hookworm-ridden past, fat and happy. When white people talk about "the southern way of life," it actually isn't any longer a code phrase for white supremacy; it connotes the "totally planned community" around a golf course, cheese grits and honey-baked ham at the pre-game brunch, a five-year subscription to *Southern Living*. The South used to produce florid politicians who wore galluses, but now it supplies Washington with men with sculpted hair and aviator glasses, a change symbolized by Trent Lott's holding Theodore Bilbo's old seat in the Senate. The South no longer pretends to have a distinct set of values; what it believes in now is a slightly relaxed and more tradition-bound version of the basic American commercial creed. Even that most obviously strange of new southern institutions, right-wing video evangelism, in large measure serves the function (as Frances FitzGerald suggests in *Cities on a Hill*) of a settlement house for rural poor whites trying to make sense of their new lives as suburbanites.

It's this South, the Sunbelt South, that Naipaul can't quite come to terms with. He visits a few of its obvious venues—Research Triangle Park, in North Carolina, the Marriott Marquis Hotel in Atlanta, the Nissan plant outside Nashville—but his descriptions of them are flat and dutiful. His own life has not equipped him well to understand a business culture. As he admits, with his usual admirable honesty, in describing his tour of the Nissan plant, "I had had . . . almost no experience of the twentieth-century world of work; and had few means of understanding the adjustments people made." Also, the idea of the

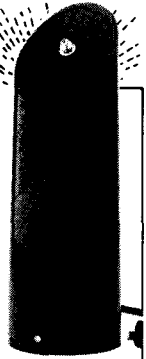
South that he has been constructing doesn't have room for these places. At the Research Triangle, he notes, "the South seemingly abolished here."

The pre-modern South is not only more intellectually accessible to Naipaul; it is also much better as literary material. Thus the second half of the book in effect presents the baseline South, the society that existed between Reconstruction and the Second World War. All Naipaul's energy goes into describing characters with deep ties to the land, and everything from country music to Jesse Helms is understood as an expression of agrarianism. *A Turn in the South* ends with an elegantly modulated series of images built around the mechanization of tobacco farming in North Carolina—but that happened two generations ago, and as a final image it works as a glimpse of the long-ago past, not as a portent of the future.

Probably the most substantial rising class in the South over the past two generations has been the white lower-middle class, much of which has become middle-middle or upper-middle. The realtor or savings-and-loan vice president or regional sales executive whose parents were farmers or schoolteachers is a familiar figure—maybe even a dominant figure—in the South today. He is, ironically and usually unknowingly, a beneficiary of the end of segregation, which made the South safe for corporate headquarters. Naipaul misses this type almost entirely, in part because he is working from the old notion of a tripartite (patrician whites, poor whites, blacks) class system in the South. After some visible struggling he settles on the idea of the poor-white class as "red-necks": frontiersmen transposed into the present, "people with a certain past, living out a certain code, a threatened species." They have a distinctive folk culture ("the wonderful baseball hats"), an almost Islamic devotion to religious fundamentalism, and a politics based on suspicion of outsiders.

Naipaul has no actual contact with rednecks, except when he observes them at places like the Elvis Presley shrine, in Memphis. His great source on them is a man he calls Campbell, a businessman in Jackson, Mississippi. Campbell gives Naipaul the kind of disquisition on rednecks, filled with specific details ("they're gonna go to Shoney's to eat once every three weeks"), that is a part of the standard verbal equipment of every well-off white conservative male

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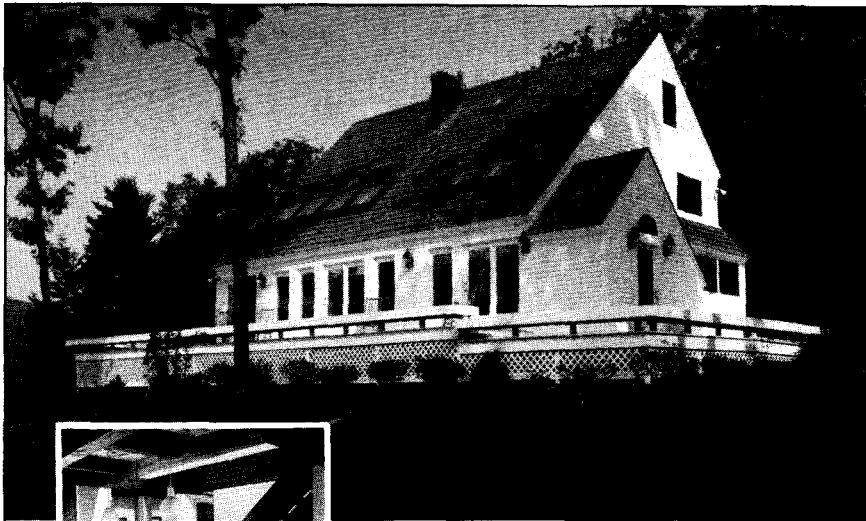
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southerner. I suspect that the pretensions to expertise on rednecks that southerners like Campbell display are a further sign of what the writer John Egerton has called "the Americanization of Dixie": the successful man nowadays presents himself as having risen from the people, rather than as being a lord of the manor. Campbell says, "I'm probably a redneck myself." Naipaul's response, one of the very few false notes in this book, is, "And when he said that, Campbell won me over." Naipaul is exquisitely aware of the vicissitudes of black society and would never let a middle-class black get away with saying, "I'm probably in the underclass myself." In tolerating Campbell's line of baloney he shows how badly he needs this description of rednecks to be true.

Most rednecks who still have red necks got them working on construction sites owned by men like Campbell, not by walking a row behind a mule. Most southern patricians have become invisible—maybe they're all busy working over their genealogical tables and nursing their bourbon-and-waters. The South has finally thrown up the sort of success stories with a drawl that it has been trying to produce for a century, people like Ted Turner and Cybill Shepherd, who give off no air of defeat or provincialism. All these developments lurk very much in the shadow of Naipaul's account, and that's why he gets rednecks a little wrong: for him, the real South is simply the Old South. □

A WAR CULTURE

BY PAUL FUSSELL

RITES OF SPRING: The Great War and the Birth of the Modern Age
by Modris Eksteins.

Houghton Mifflin, \$21.95.

A Peter Davison book.

ONE OF THE favorite current operations of cultural historians is inquiring into the causes and dynamics of modernism. How did it happen that writers as odd and new as Eliot and Joyce and Pound arose, as if all of a sudden, to call into question the concerns and techniques of Hardy and Swinburne, Conrad and William Dean Howells? Why did Picasso and Braque

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and Duchamp choose to puzzle and outrage an audience comfortable in its appreciation of Van Gogh and Gauguin and Renoir? Why did adherents of the Bauhaus decide to reject conventional architectural ornamentation? What is the meaning of Wyndham Lewis's gesture in issuing his hostile and rude magazine *Blast*, which was an insolent challenge to contemporary manners and taste? In short, what occasioned the modernist sensibility, and what is its essence? Scores of recent books have addressed these questions, but few are as resourceful and original as this one, by a gifted Canadian, born in Latvia, and now a professor of history at the University of Toronto.

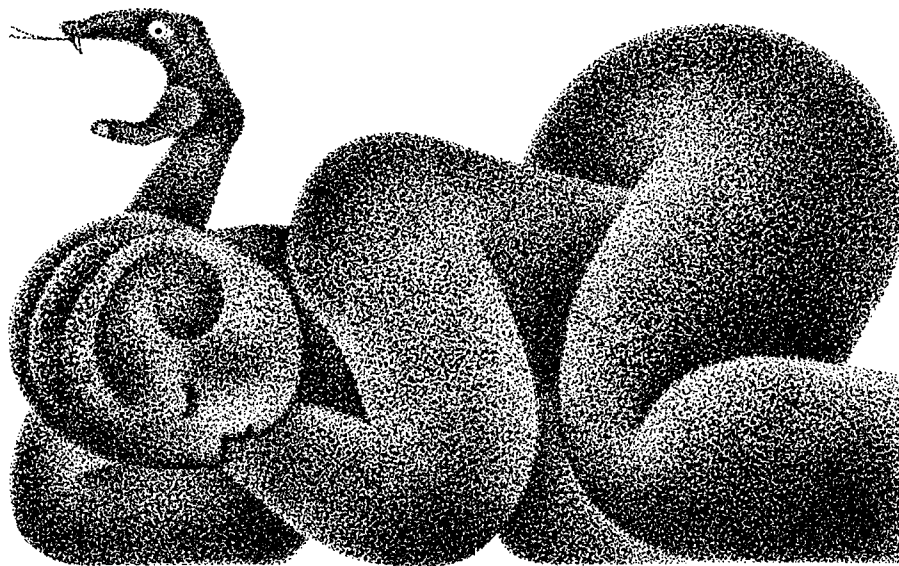
In this examination of emotional culture before, during, and after the Great War, Eksteins has focused largely on the relation of the modernist to his audience, and he has found that relation predominantly adversarial and provocative. The model was established in May, 1913, in Paris, when the first performance of the Stravinsky-Diaghilev-Nijinsky ballet about the ritual sacrifice of youth, *The Rite of Spring*, set off a riot in the theater. It is said that fistfights broke out between progressives and philistines, and that the clamor drowned out the music, so that Nijinsky had to shout out the count for the dancers from the wings. The conservatives in the audience were prompted to hiss, boo, and make animal noises by Stravinsky's discords as much as by Nijinsky's intentionally non-pretty flat-footed and knock-kneed choreography. An eyewitness reported,

One beautifully dressed lady in an orchestra box stood up and slapped the face of a young man who was hissing in the next box. Her escort rose and cards were exchanged between the two men. A duel followed next day. Another society lady spat in the face of one of the demonstrators. La Princesse de P. left her box saying: "I am sixty years old, but this is the first time anyone has dared to make a fool of me."

It was artistic warfare, and, as Eksteins notes, it was a significant moment:

To have been in the audience that evening was to have participated not simply at another exhibition but in the very creation of modern art, in that the response of the audience was and is as important to the meaning of this art as the intentions of those who introduced it. . . . Art has become provocation and event.

(In even more conservative London Edith Sitwell's feeble *Façade* was to give similar intentional offense.) That rowdy evening in Paris, Eksteins notes, constitutes "a milestone in the development of modernism, modernism as above all a culture of the sensational event, through which art and life both become a matter of energy and are fused as one." For the first time in history, art had defined itself by locating an enemy, conceived as the respectable, passionless, moralistic middle class—the gen-



teel automata spawned by decades of successful industrial production and identifiable by its complacency and emotional anemia. Art had become a surrogate religion, but a religion of shock and vitalism, with its own version of "resurrection," in which a new sensibility was born of the dying old one.

Although the Great War could hardly be called a cultural event, the wild enthusiasm that greeted its outbreak is comparable to the excitement that the new art occasioned in its devotees. The Great War was welcomed most fervently in Germany—the first "modernist country," as Eksteins observes. Before long it was possible for Germans to conceive of their British enemy very much as the cultural modernists conceived of theirs, and to imagine that the war thus gained powerful symbolic meaning.

It was a quest for authenticity, for truth, for self-fulfillment, for those values . . . which the avant-garde had evoked . . . and against those features—materialism, banality, hypocrisy, tyranny—which it had attacked. The latter were associated particularly with England.

In the famous *ad hoc* Christmas Day truce, in 1914, when enemies met in no-man's-land to exchange handshakes, cigarettes, and snapshots, it was generally the British who advanced first, animated by the conservative values of sportsmanship and playing the game. The British, as Eksteins perceives, fought the war to preserve the status quo, the Germans to set in motion something new—just as, a quarter century later, they would seek to establish a new order in Europe. The German deployment of new weapons,

like poison gas and the zeppelin and the U-boat, Eksteins finds analogous to the new techniques of modernist culture.

And the Germans were still doing their modernist act in the Second World War, with their V-1 and V-2 rockets and their snorkeled submarines. The German modernist scorn for hypocrisy and gentility, which were associated primarily with the British but also with the rest of the Allies, lay behind the contempt for the Versailles Treaty. And the modernist insistence that an "awakening" was urgently called for was aped in Hitler's injunction to Germany to stop slumbering like the rest of the world and wake up: "*Deutschland Erwache!*" The modernist obligation was to break out to the future regardless of consequences, and the would-be artist Hitler insisted that his movement was devoted to a breakout (*Aufbruch*) into new forms and modes—indeed, the bursting forth of a new world. The anger with which Hitler made these points seems, thanks to Eksteins, to give additional meaning to Lionel Trilling's observation that "the modern self is characterized by certain habits of indignant perception."

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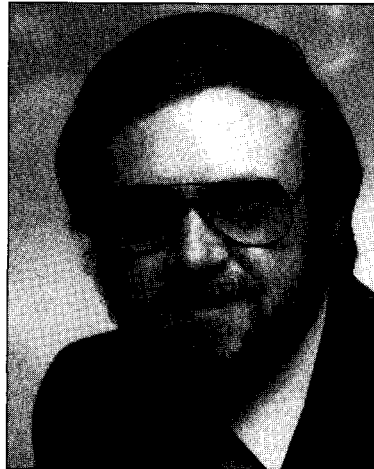
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John Campbell

The many analogies Eksteins draws between political and artistic culture make it hard not to notice the "totalitarianism" of intellect and taste lurking in cultural modernism, with its accustomed tone of indignation and its scorn for the comfortable, the traditional, the ordinary. Eksteins is not quite saying that the czars of adversarial modernist culture are brothers of the Nazis—only that the energies and the enthusiasms for something new and startling in each seem to derive from a similar, still undesignated, source.

TO PROPEL THESE rich and interesting suggestions, Eksteins has gathered material for many years in European military, political, and cultural archives, and he has drawn on data seldom scrutinized by the cultural historian. Who before has so seriously researched the weather in Germany in early August, 1914? It's a part of the whole picture that the weather then was extraordinarily fine, providing perfect conditions for spontaneous outdoor mass rallies, including the hysterical greeting of flower-bedecked soldiers marching past. "Had it been a wet and cold summer, like that of the previous year or of the next one, would a fairground atmosphere conducive to soap-box oratory and mass hysteria have developed?" In the face of the outdoor enthusiasm, statesmen found it impossible to ignore the overwhelming popular cries for war. Who before Eksteins has gone so far as to consider the sixty-pound pack that weighed down the British troops attacking at the Somme emblematic of the excess baggage of useless traditional inhibitions and restraints associated, in the German view, with the British cause? Eksteins's interest in the "social conditions of modernism" invites him to notice, as he recalls the subversive postwar writings of Remarque and Hemingway, that the attitude of the front-line troops made them a literal avant-garde analogous to the figurative one in postwar art and music, enemies alike of "the rear," with its supposed insensitivity, its literal-mindedness, and its unearned privilege. Indeed, the soldiers occupying the "saps"—those excavated projections from the trenches snaking out most dangerously from the front line—developed the most sensitive awareness of the unknown and the risky, and they can be seen to resemble the most vigorous of the postwar cultural avant-garde, prepared by experience to register not just

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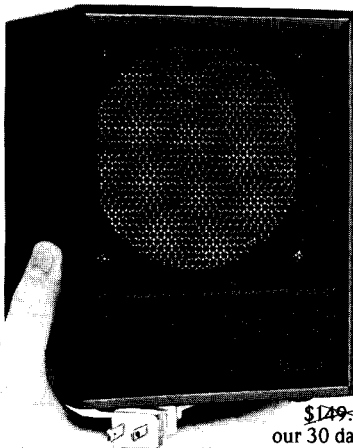
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the murderousness of the war but also its consummate absurdity. Eksteins writes:

In a war in which men buried themselves so as to live, in which soldiers went fishing with bombs, in which Senegalese troops at first ate the grease sent to lubricate trucks, in which a dead carrier pigeon was decorated with the *Légion d'honneur*, in which the British commander-in-chief declared on June 30, 1916, the day before the "big push" at the Somme, that "the wire has never before been so well cut," in which, on March 20, 1918, a French general remarked: "More and more confirmation is coming in for the opinion that the Boche will not attack"; in such a war and such a world the jackal of Kilimanjaro and the sniggering footman of Prufrock appeared to be the only suitable inhabitants.

With such perceptions Eksteins has tried to define the spirit of the modern age, and as he says, "that spirit is to be located in a society's sense of priorities." To home in on that, he for the moment turns from the actual form and substance of literary documents and aesthetic artifacts and popular heroes and precious clichés, and focuses instead on the audience for these things, its motives and psychic needs, its fantasies and silent but passionate impulses. This attention to "the history of response"—as in the battle over *Le Sacre du Printemps*—emphasizes the function of works of art as elements of social transactions, and this emphasis points a new direction for cultural history. Modris Eksteins shows in this bold and fertile book that he understands the attraction of the new deeply enough to pursue it brilliantly himself. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



ANY OLD IRON by Anthony Burgess. Random House, \$19.95. The title of Mr. Burgess's provocative novel can be read as casually derogatory of the past or as the call of a junk dealer looking for business, and should probably be taken in both those ways and any others that the reader can devise. The iron in question is, specifically, a battered sword believed by Welsh enthusiasts to have belonged to Attila and subsequently to King Arthur. It turns up now and again in a tale that runs from the sinking of the *Titanic* to the establishment of Israel, as does a large lump of gold. These objects inspire Mr. Burgess's characters—Welsh-Russian in one family, Jewish-French in the other—to lively and frequently illegal action as they contend with the dangers and disorders of the twentieth century. The Welsh pater familias complains that he is a quiet type who does not deserve to be mixed up with history, but he is, and so are all his relatives and connections. History, in Mr. Burgess's context, consists of useless wars, dishonest governments, social injustice, sentimental tradition, and bloody nationalism. It is never clear whether the last two items are to be considered evil. The first three certainly are. One would expect a novel with such subject matter to

be unrelievedly grim, but in fact the story is full of comedy, unpredictable action, and crackling dialogue. It is also teasingly ambiguous and sticks in the mind.

HOME, SWEET TOKYO by Rick Kennedy. Kodansha, \$5.95. Mr. Kennedy has lived in Tokyo for ten years and still finds it a wonderfully wacky, exuberant, congenial place. His essays—originally columns for the *Japan Times*—are humorous and affectionate and impishly inventive, and make engaging reading. In his introduction to the book Akio Morita (the chairman of Sony) reports that Mr. Kennedy "looks at the city like a cat: the angle of his vision is unconventional and he doesn't miss very much (which is especially remarkable because the Japanese he speaks is largely his own invention)." Perhaps for this reason the Japanese glossary that Mr. Kennedy provides is almost as amusing as his main text.

THE EDGE by Dick Francis. Putnam, \$18.95. The heroes of Mr. Francis's thrillers have pursued criminals by horse, car, airplane, and balloon. This time the vehicle is a railroad train making an elaborate racing junket from To-

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Across. 1. RESCU-E (anag. + e) 8. DAF-T (fad rev.) 11. USUAL (anag.) 13. TA-CIT(L)Y 14. A-(j)UROR-A 16. S-LIME 18. A(US)TRIA 20. H(A-VAN)A 23. PALM (double def.) 25. TRIP(L)E 26. H-ALLEYS 28. S(TEAM-SHIP 33. B(I-AS)ED 34. SERVO (anag.) 35. BE-V-Y 36. SADIST (hidden) Down. 1. RUFF (double def.) 2. ESAU (anag.) 3. SU-NNI (rev.) 4. C(AVE-M)AN 5. ETUI (even letters) 6. PAR-QU(i)ET 7. S-CO-USE 8. DIRE (homoph.) 9. F(LOT)ILL-A 10. TYKE (hidden) 12. LA-TEN(t) 15. TRAP (rev.) 17. L(A-XAT)IVE (rev.) 19. AMEN (anag.) 21. V-OLE 22. ABYSSAL (anag.) 23. PIMP-LED 24. REM-ARK 27. MAORI (room rev.) 28. S(L)OB 29. AIRY (homoph.) 30. HENS (hidden) 31. REVS (double def.) 32. C(O)OT

R	E	S	C	U	E	P	S	D	A	F	T
U	S	U	A	L	T	A	C	I	T	L	Y
F	A	N	V	A	U	R	O	R	A	O	K
F	U	N	E	T	I	Q	U	E	T	T	E
S	L	I	M	E	A	U	S	T	R	I	A
H	A	V	A	N	A	E	E	P	A	L	M
A	X	O	N	R	B	T	R	I	P	L	E
H	A	L	L	E	Y	S	A	M	M	A	N
S	T	E	A	M	S	H	I	P	A	R	C
L	I	B	I	A	S	E	D	L	O	E	O
O	V	E	R	R	A	N	S	E	R	V	O
B	E	V	Y	K	L	S	A	D	I	S	T

ACROSTIC NO. 43

"I've heard Americans debate where the West begins: Texans say the Brazos River; in St. Louis it's the Mississippi . . . ; Philadelphians say the Alleghenies; in Brooklyn it's the Hudson; and on Beacon Hill the backside of the Common."

—(William) Least Heat Moon, *Blue Highways*

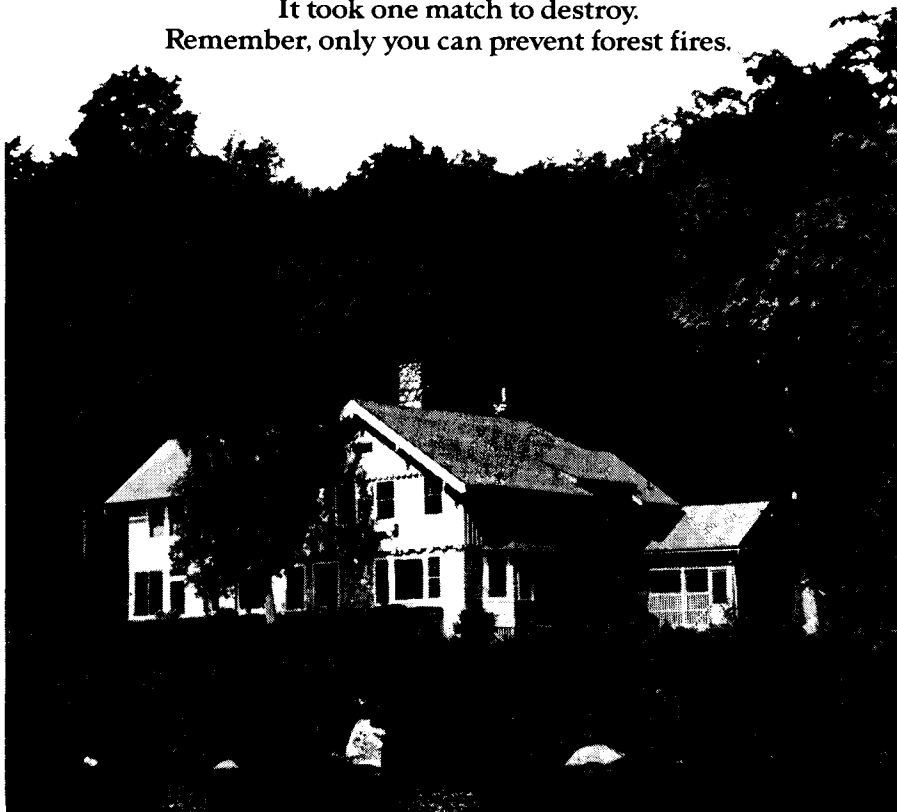


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ronto to Vancouver. The train carries horses, grooms, gear, hoi-polloi fans, owners lapped in luxury, and a Canadian bigwig's private car tailing off behind. It also carries an acting troupe to amuse the elite, an indeterminate number of psychopaths, a villainous horse owner, and Torquil Kelsey, an investigator for the British Jockey Club, whose job is to find out what the villain means to do next and prevent it. The novel is something of a *tour de force*, because, until the final explosion, Mr. Francis contrives a steadily high level of interest, comedy, suspense, and surprise from a situation that is basically that of a cat watching a mousehole.

THE BOOK OF FANTASY edited by Jorge Luis Borges, Silvina Ocampo, and A. Bioy Casares. Viking, \$19.95. When the editors decided, fifty years ago, that an anthology of fantasy would make "a good book," fantasy as a literary form was little respected. It has since risen in status, because, Ursula Le Guin maintains in her introduction to the collection, "our society—global, multilingual, enormously irrational—can perhaps describe itself only in the global, intuitional language of fantasy." That shrewd judgment is supported by the variety of implications and insights to be found in the contents of what is indeed a very good book, encompassing as it does material ranging from orthodox ghost story to puzzle and paradox, and authors from any place or time that caught the editors' fancies.

JULIE by Maurice Valency. New Amsterdam, \$17.95. Mr. Valency killed off his hero, Ashby, in the novel of that name, but he has thought better of it. The mad painter is back, as ebulliently outrageous as ever, and now entangled with Julie, a fickle and deceitful beauty who keeps both Ashby and his Watsonish narrator in a state of confusion. Ashby is also afflicted with an illegitimate son, bequeathed to him by a former model. The youth is a problem, and the question of what to do about him gives Mr. Valency an excuse to lampoon educators, advisers, and authorities in general, all of whom he deflates with gleeful efficiency. The dialogue sparkles, the episodes are hilariously unpredictable, and the reader is hustled along with no time to worry about what, if anything, this sardonic romp of a novel seriously means.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

ACROSTIC No. 44

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.

	1	P	2	A	3	M	4	C		5	I	6	J		7	E	8	P	9	H		10	N	11	A	12	L	13	V	14	C	15	K		16	E	17	T	18	H				
19	F	20	A	21	S	22	N		23	C	24	O		25	U	26	V		27	K	28	H	29	N	30	S	31	Q	32	P	33	G	34	U		35	V	36	S	37	C	38	R	
	39	K	40	O		41	L	42	I	43	E	44	H		45	V	46	S	47	J	48	B	49	C	50	F		51	D	52	R		53	J	54	V		55	H	56	I			
57	T	58	E	59	R	60	J	61	F	62	Q		63	D	64	B	65	S	66	I	67	G	68	J	69	C		70	T	71	V	72	F	73	S		74	K		75	O	76	I	
77	F	78	B	79	R		80	U	81	C	82	S	83	K	84	V	85	I	86	B		87	D	88	M		89	A	90	L	91	P	92	N	93	G		94	B	95	I	96	P	
97	O	98	S	99	Q	100	N		101	M	102	U	103	H	104	O	105	S	106	N	107	L		108	B	109	J	110	Q		111	A	112	U	113	P	114	K	115	O	116	G	117	E
	118	M	119	K	120	B		121	R	122	S	123	T	124	M	125	N	126	J	127	V		128	G	129	U	130	K	131	J	132	T	133	B	134	F	135	E		136	L	137	A	
138	Q	139	D		140	E	141	M	142	K		143	D	144	L	145	I		146	H	147	A	148	U	149	K	150	G	151	M	152	R	153	J	154	F		155	O	156	D	157	H	
158	S	159	T	160	E		161	L	162	S		163	I	164	G	165	H		166	E	167	R		168	B		169	F	170	E	171	T	172	O	173	V	174	D						

The solution to Acrostic No. 43 appears on page 98.

A. School of architecture established in Weimar

111 20 2 137 147 11 89

B. Highest peak of the Western Hemisphere

168 78 64 133 48 108 86 120 94

C. With D., give a reprimand (4 wds.)

14 49 81 69 23 4 37

D. See C.

156 51 87 139 143 63 174

E. "Is that so?" (3 wds.)

135 170 58 160 166 43 7 117 16 140

F. Gluteus-strengthening exercises (2 wds.)

134 19 154 61 77 169 72 50

G. Avenger of Agamemnon's death

164 67 116 128 93 150 33

H. Offensive advantage in hockey (2 wds.)

165 157 146 9 28 18 103 55 44

I. Co-writer of *Raising Arizona* (2 wds.)

145 163 76 42 95 56 5 66 85

J. Red wine of California

126 53 109 6 47 153 131 68 60

K. Self-taught person

74 142 83 119 149 39 130 15 114 27

L. Good season for oysters (2 wds.)

144 41 161 12 136 90 107

M. Give a false alarm (2 wds.)

3 151 118 101 141 124 88

N. Severe windstorm

100 106 125 22 10 29 92

O. Fairy from Gilbert and Sullivan

97 24 104 155 40 75 115 172

P. Bright metallic trim

96 8 113 91 1 32

Q. Author of "Blowin' in the Wind"

110 62 31 138 99

R. Stool pigeon (2 wds.)

121 59 52 167 152 38 79

S. Last possible moment for action (2 wds.)

122 46 30 65 98 162 82 36 73
105 158 21

T. Major center of diamond trade

123 159 57 70 132 171 17

U. Transport for fifteen or so riders

80 102 148 112 25 129 34

V. Strike with a glancing blow

54 71 13 127 173 35 84 45 26

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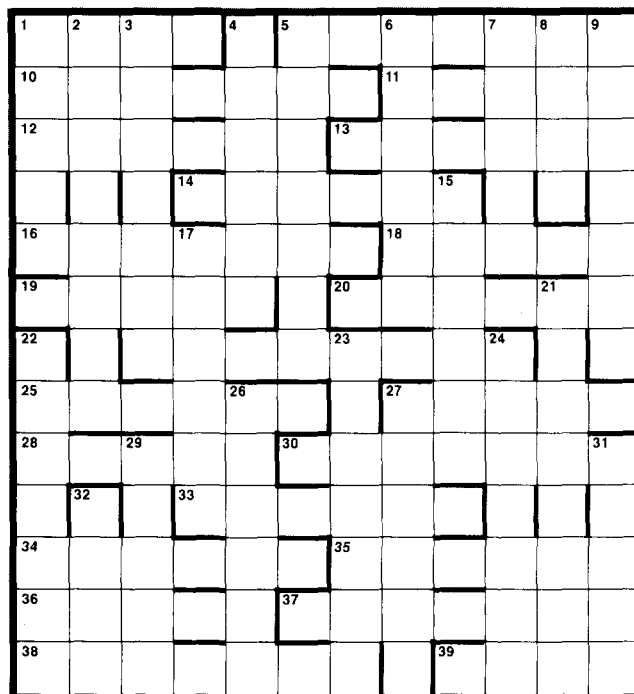
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THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

EGG HUNT

Solvers are invited on an egg hunt, to be conducted within the boundaries of this puzzle's diagram. The unclued Across entry in the middle of the diagram tells how many eggs are hidden. Clue answers include six proper nouns; 19 Across is a variant spelling. Diagram entries include five proper nouns; 28 Across is a variant spelling.



The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 98.

ACROSS

1. Shot thirdly, firstly, fourthly, and lastly
5. Hoax involving middle of World Series
10. Gold crown with a wreath initially cropped
11. Note incomplete remedy, and come back
12. Name of a woman, say, in South America
13. Metal I turned into iron is limited
14. Public transportation adopts railroad stickers
16. Stoneworkers more recently collecting Social Security? Quite the opposite
18. Lawful walk?
19. Males notice female in an orgy
20. Road circling eastern spring
25. Philosophers with timeless platforms
27. Take a piece away from part of lunar module
28. Study *Paradise Unbegun*
30. Book in green is seen in translation
33. Burns novel finally found in piles
34. Circus performer holding elephant's tail in palm
35. *The Mark of Zorro*, in general, has oomph
36. Shuts up some swans
37. Designed the last covert action
38. Sally canceling all checks from organizations
39. Growth in both ends of city street
5. Singer's face, blackened, was outstanding
6. Gun lacking central part causes stir
7. Freezing (1 Celsius) in Gulf
8. Party snacks in jar overturned
9. Heard implement for chefs is better
15. August is dry, and half of June
17. Small bug raised bites
21. Related versions of five songs about New Testament
22. A certain King's shot?
23. Courts harboring the Spanish peoples of Europe
24. Disgustingly, wine gets left in the Big Apple
26. Box with American in *Rocky* scene
27. Abstract nude with red below
29. Largest estate houses some noble Italians
31. Sense the sound of a breeze over tree's top
32. Make out in mind-reading club?

DOWN

1. Cross questions from assignments
2. Missing a home-run king? That's bad
3. Shakespearean woman's anger exploded
4. Low spot containing uranium and deuterium is thought worthwhile

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

aquarunning *noun*, a type of fitness exercise done in water, often as therapy for sports-related injuries: "Aquarunning combines the cardiovascular benefits of running with the safe buoyancy of swimming. By simulating the running motion while submerged in water, the *aquarunner* gets a great workout" (*Boston Herald*).

BACKGROUND: According to Patrick Mooney, the cross-country coach at the Northfield Mt. Hermon School, in Gill, Massachusetts, "The arms and legs should be moving rapidly enough to keep you afloat. So if you don't pump your knees and your arms, you sink." Some *aquarunners* wear a flotation device called a *wet vest*, which is wrapped snugly about the body like a life preserver.

gerbil tube *noun, slang*, an enclosed pedestrian overpass: "'Gerbil tubes' is the term used by one mayor . . . to describe these glass bridges" (*Boston Globe*).

BACKGROUND: "If you want to live in New York, you've got to insulate, insulate, insulate," says a character in Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities*. The overpass, like the private elevator, the doorman, the security system, and the limousine, is a component of what might be called neo-insulationism. The *Boston Globe* article goes on to mention "an even more vivid phrase for all such walkway systems . . . 'the condomization of the American city.' Like sperm cells [that] mustn't be allowed

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

either to spread disease on the one hand [or to] generate life on the other, the pedestrians in the glass tubes are isolated from the world around them." A citation from a 1986 issue of *Newsweek* provides yet another perspective on the phenomenon: "Outside Presidential Towers [in Chicago], four new monoliths holding 2,346 pricey apartments, ousted skid-row denizens wryly curse enclosed walkways between the towers as '*honkey tubes*.'"

grapho-therapy *noun*, a program designed to alter a person's behavior or, more commonly and less ambitiously, other people's perceptions of a person's behavior or operating style, through the transformation of his or her handwriting: "Some job seekers have gone so far as to submit to *grapho-therapy* in their quest for success" (*Business Month*).

BACKGROUND: Our first citation for the term *grapho-therapy* is from September, 1988, and the coiner is unknown. As a means of effecting actual behavioral change *grapho-therapy* is regarded by psychologists with skepticism, given the difficulty of changing established behavior patterns under the best of conditions. The existence of *grapho-therapy* is likely a response

to the fact that some 3,000 American firms have retained graphologists as personnel consultants. According to an article by Richard J. Klimoski and Anat Rafaeli in the *Journal of Applied Psychology*, "In Europe, where it was developed, graphology is routinely used . . . by an estimated 85% of all companies" to evaluate character.

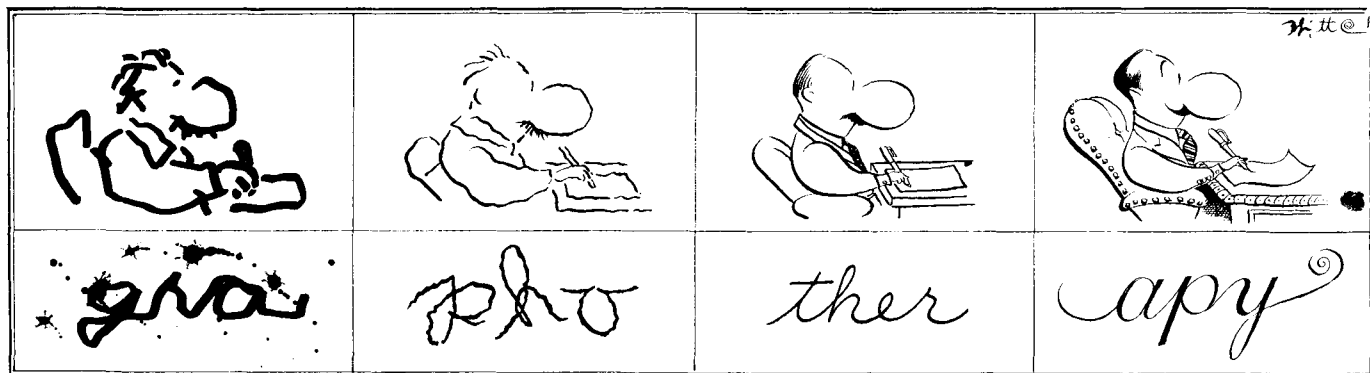
intentional community *noun*, a self-sustaining town formed by a group of people who share values and interests: "[They] are creators of Ponderosa Village, [Washington,] a 1,000-acre '*intentional community*' whose residents hope to ensure their survival in the social upheavals they see on the horizon." (AP).

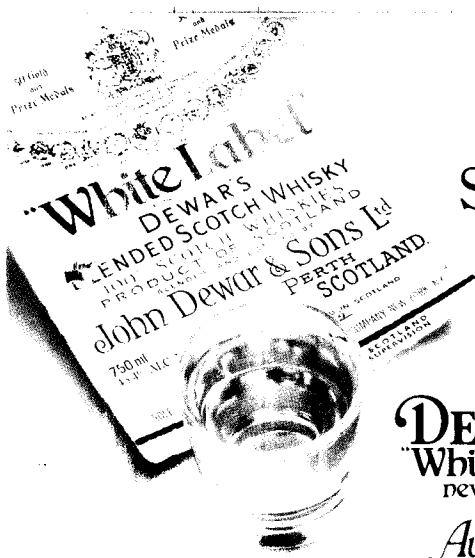
BACKGROUND: The term *intentional community* has long been used to refer to nontheistic communities organized by Buddhists, and to monasteries and convents. What is new is the trend among ordinary people to "circle the wagons"—to seek isolated, well-protected enclaves in which to begin their lives afresh and avoid the chaos ahead. A typical residence in Ponderosa Village is modern and elaborate; its amenities may include a hot tub, an attached greenhouse, a satellite-dish antenna, solar heating and natural

cooling, and a root cellar. Prospective residents are told that they must be able to conform to the community's principles of self-reliance and adhere to community goals. People who can work in nearby industries or can create their own jobs are in particular demand.

mushroom *noun, slang*, an innocent person who is wounded or killed at the scene of a gun battle: "'Mushrooms'—that's the drug gunman's brutal slang for innocent bystanders who pop up unexpectedly in his line of fire" (*New York Times*).

BACKGROUND: This word has a long and varied history of slang usages. An early figurative sense of *mushroom* is "a person or family suddenly raised to riches and eminence: an allusion to the fungus, which starts up in a night" (*Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue of Buckish Slang, University Wit, & Pickpocket Eloquence*, 1811). Other meanings include "a market-trader who appears only occasionally and spasmodically," viewed with suspicion by regular stall-holders (Eric Partridge, *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, 1984); the female pudenda (nineteenth century); and, of course, the spreading cloud of debris caused by a nuclear explosion. Yet another meaning relates to the optimal growing environment for mushrooms: "The Royal Fleet Auxiliary crew considered themselves '*mushrooms*'—they were kept in the dark about almost everything" (*Guardian*, 1982).





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